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'APOSTLE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'

Frank N. D. Buchman: Founder of the Oxford Group Movement

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ABOUT twenty years ago an unknown and rather unimpressive man, then secretary of the student Christian association in Pennsylvania State College, began to speak to his friends with confident certainty about the imperative urgency of world-wide religious revival, *and* about its imminent possibility. He pointed to progressive moral disintegration the world over; he predicted its continued steady advance. He dismissed the buoyant, breezy, expectant self-satisfaction, the jaunty well-being of the then prevailing outlook (all this, recall, was at the height of the pre-war optimism); he reported men's poignant spiritual hunger, their readiness for radical conversion. He pronounced the futility of measures then universally trusted to assure human advance — education, scientific research, social reform, international sentiment and agreements. Nothing, he said, but religious revival of a most drastic and

sweeping kind could possibly save the world from impending catastrophe.

Furthermore, he clearly envisioned how the revival would be brought to pass. The day of mass evangelism was over, he declared; the key to revival lay in work with individuals one by one within intimate fellowships. He drew a vivid picture of a world-wide movement of 'peripatetic evangelism' — small bands of completely committed, disciplined, carefully trained men and women of different nations moving continuously across the face of the world, touching with new life individuals here and there, binding them into close-knit fellowships, and then bearing the contagion from group to group. It must be a work directed primarily to wealth and position and privilege, to the 'up-and-outs'; these, he felt, the churches were neglecting to reach with a message of radical transformation. The movement would begin in the universities; Oxford would

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kindle Yale; Princeton and Harvard men would be used to revive religion at Cambridge and Cape Town. From the great universities the influence would flow out into the newer and smaller colleges, thence on into communities and churches. From America and Britain the fire would spread throughout Europe, to the Orient, South America, South Africa, the ends of the earth. He reported that China, India, South Africa, the British universities, were as ripe for such revival as the American colleges. A radical regeneration of the entire church would be the final outcome.

His analyses and predictions were couched in an original and often mystifying vocabulary — as strange to the ear of that day as were the convictions themselves. He spoke constantly of 'sin' and 'evil thoughts,' of 'absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness, love,' of 'confession' and 'surrender,' of 'witness' and 'sharing,' of 'propagating Christians,' of 'Bible Christianity,' of a 'movement of life within the churches,' of 'social transformation through individual conversion,' of 'quiet time' and 'listening' and 'hunches' and 'luminous thoughts,' above everything else of 'God-guidance.' His habitual speech was studded with cryptic aphorisms repeated almost *ad nauseam* — 'crows are black the world over'; 'don't throw eye medicine out of a second-story window'; 'every man a force, not a field'; 'revival which continues in survival'; 'interesting sinners make compelling saints'; 'hate, confess, forsake, restore'; 'woo, win, warn'; 'J-E-S-U-S — just exactly suits us sinners, just exactly saves us sinners.' When questioned about the financial undergirding of so gigantic a world strategy, he was certain that 'where God guides, He provides.'

That was twenty years ago. How startling were such diagnoses and fore-

casts when they were first uttered can be appreciated only through a vivid recollection of the temper of the pre-war decade. To recapture the prevailing atmosphere of those years is no easy task for the imagination. Those were the days of commercial expansion and technical prowess, of daily miracles in almost every aspect of man's achievement, of peace conferences, peace treaties, peace pilgrimages, peace platitudes, of the unchallenged regnancy of the dogma of progress, of intense preoccupation with science, education, business, sport, of objective healthy-mindedness, of an exuberant and expansive self-confidence.

The transformation wrought by the intervening years is familiar enough. Not least striking have been the changes in the world's religious climate. They have been mainly in two directions. Those features of the above conviction which were then least novel, indeed lip-serviced elements in the accepted Christian thought of the day, — the emphasis upon sin, the insistence upon the surrender of each soul to God, the obligation to personal evangelism, — have almost disappeared from the current Christian message. On the other hand, those aspects which then provoked incredulity, — the threat of world-wide moral collapse, the need of world-wide spiritual revival *and* its possibility, — these are to-day matters of common discussion in circles far removed from orthodox church loyalty. Through all the kaleidoscopic events of these two decades, not a day has passed when that strange man has failed to proclaim the same diagnosis and to declare the same predictions to anyone who would listen — always with unwearied repetition of the same words and phrases, always with deepening confirmation of his own certainty.

To-day there is a movement of con-

tagious personal religion ceaselessly at work across the face of the world which is perhaps the most powerful as it is certainly the most striking spiritual phenomenon of our time. It has vigorous and rapidly expanding centres in England, Scotland, Holland, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, Rumania, Egypt, South Africa, the Near East, South America, India, the Far East, as well as in every corner of the United States and Canada. Its professed adherents number thousands, its sympathetic inquirers many times as many. The inner circle of its leadership includes several of the ablest minds of the Christian world and a considerable sprinkling of church leaders of eminence and wisdom. The Right Reverend Logan H. Roots, one of the most revered and beloved missionary bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, speaks of it as 'the frontier movement of Christendom . . . the expression of the greatest movement of the spirit of Christ in our generation.' And C. F. Andrews testifies that 'a new spirit has come in South Africa. . . . If the whole atmosphere of South Africa is different and full of promise, it is due in God's good providence very greatly to the Oxford Groups.' All over the world, sober men are querying whether the religious revival, which the churches have so long heralded and which they have so signally failed to bring to birth, may not really be upon us.

For the propagation of its influence this movement relies entirely upon touching the lives of individual men and women, one by one, and then binding them into the intimate fellowship of closely knit groups. Its work increases and expands through teams of devoted, carefully trained men and women from various nations who travel from land to land to the far corners of the earth as peripatetic evangelists,

carrying the contagion from one vital centre to another. It defines itself as a 'movement of life within the churches' for the enlistment and training of 'propagating Christians.' It promises a 'new world order through changed lives.' Its goal is the spiritual renewal of the entire church. Through its speech there echo and reëcho the words and phrases already mentioned which unfailingly identify its adherents, and which, when understood, furnish the key to its essential message. When inquiry is made about the financial support of so far-flung and prodigious an undertaking, members of the movement will invariably reply, 'Where God guides, He provides.'

This, very briefly, is the story of the emergence of the Oxford Group Movement.

II

By any possible calculus, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman is a man of very remarkable powers. Not a few people utterly fail to understand the Oxford Group Movement through ignorance of the personality, the background, and the convictions of its founder.

Mr. Buchman is a man just turned fifty-five years of age. By common consent, he has not been richly endowed with gifts of personality; very few people feel themselves drawn to him at first meeting. It is all the greater indication of the man's power that the intense personal devotion which gathers to him from all of his following has arisen in spite of this seeming lack of personal charm. Harold Begbie's description has become almost classic:—

In appearance he is a young-looking man of middle life . . . upright, stoutish, clean-shaven, spectacled, with that mien of scrupulous, shampooed, and almost medical cleanness, or freshness, which is so characteristic of the hygienic American.

His carriage and his gestures are dis-

tinguished by an invariable alertness. He never droops, he never slouches. You find him in the small hours of the morning with the same quickness of eye and the same athletic erectness of body which seem to bring a breeze into the breakfast room. . . . He strikes one on a first meeting as a warm-hearted and very happy man, who can never know what it is to be physically tired or mentally bored.

Mr. Buchman was born and lived through youth and young manhood near the heart of the 'Pennsylvania Dutch' district in Eastern Pennsylvania. It is from that simple, stolid, deeply religious German Lutheran stock that Mr. Buchman comes, — his paternal ancestry was German Swiss, — and to it he owes all the most formative influences upon his own inner life. In his home, English was spoken brokenly. Its atmosphere was Pennsylvania German through and through, of that very distinctive pietistic intensity made familiar to an earlier generation through the quaint and charming tales of Helen R. Martin. From the German Lutheran college of Muhlenberg, Mr. Buchman went to the conservative theological seminary of his church at Mount Airy, Philadelphia.

A few years later, while attending a conference at Keswick in England, a vivid and life-determining experience of conversion crystallized the dominant influences of youth and early training. By then, or very soon thereafter, all the basic certainties of his life and the directions for his life's work were 'given' to him; they have suffered modification at no vital point since. Subsequently wide travel and varied contacts have given him knowledge of the world and familiarity with diverse movements of thought, but he has felt no necessity to alter the structure of his early conviction. In extraordinary measure, his personal religion to-day is that of his simple and beautiful pietistic Lutheran

home, and his theology that which he was taught at Mount Airy Seminary thirty years ago.

This explains not a little in Mr. Buchman's religion, and in the Oxford Group Movement, which otherwise must be mystifying. He springs from a type of Protestant belief and practice which to most Americans is strangely unfamiliar. No one can understand him or the movement which centres in him without a deep appreciation of conservative Lutheran pietism. This also accounts for much misrepresentation of features which are in no sense peculiar to his work, but are characteristic of the school of religion which has given it birth — its otherworldliness, its loyal acceptance of existing political and social authority, its pessimistic estimate of human nature, its stress on 'sin' and 'faith' and 'rebirth' and 'regeneration,' its uncritical use of the Bible, its intense mysticism, even its practice of Divine Guidance. The voice of Martin Luther himself echoes through not a little of Mr. Buchman's personal teaching. To be sure, the Movement is committed to no distinctive theological position and embraces a considerable range of view. Moreover Mr. Buchman has usually rather disparaged stress on theology; among his favorite maxims are 'Study men, not books,' and 'Why talk to men about the Second Coming of Christ when they have never experienced His first coming?' Nevertheless his personal faith is exceedingly conservative, indeed premillennialist. And many of the features which so sharply distinguish this striking Movement, including some which are especially suspect, can be traced in the last analysis to the religious heritage of its founder. Far more than is recognized by its adherents, its presuppositions and its practices are colored if not determined by his personal faith.

III

The most important stages in the development of Mr. Buchman's career may be briefly reviewed. Fresh from the Seminary, he undertook to resuscitate a struggling parish on the outskirts of Philadelphia. With tireless energy and indomitable will he built a vigorous church and founded a settlement house and hospice, meantime sharing his pitiable resources with several destitute persons. But sharp differences with the governing board led to his resignation. He sought escape from this bitter experience in a trip to Europe, which had its climax in the profound awakening at Keswick; he has ever since regarded this as the starting point of his effective service. For seven years thereafter he was secretary of the undergraduate religious society at Pennsylvania State College; here many of his principles and methods were given their first thorough testing and confirmation. Two visits to the Orient furnished intimate acquaintance with the missionary enterprise, and especially with the personal inner struggles of individual missionaries, for it was to them that Mr. Buchman gave his special attention. In 1919 he returned to the United States to resume a lectureship on personal evangelism at Hartford Theological Seminary.

From this time his overmastering concern was given to initiating the movement of revival which should fulfill his vision — the vision which had gradually been growing upon him and now completely possessed him. True to the guidance of that vision, he began in the American universities. For several years his efforts achieved amazing influence. Something approaching revival began to stir the campuses of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Williams, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr — the most

unlikely colleges in the land. Men flocked into the leadership of the church. Of the fifty ablest younger ministers on the Atlantic seaboard to-day, somewhere near half were directed into their vocation through his influence at that time. During the summer holidays Oxford and Cambridge were the centre of activity. There began the international visitations by teams of youthful converts which are so distinctive a feature of the work to-day. 'Buchmanism' was widely discussed on both sides of the Atlantic. On a very limited scale, some of his extraordinary predictions began to come true.

But about 1924 the tide suddenly turned. Criticism and opposition, hitherto largely latent and spasmodic, became vocal and rapidly increased in volume. The officers of Princeton University, where the work had established its strongest foothold, felt compelled to conduct an investigation and to request Mr. Buchman not to return to the campus; soon his followers there also withdrew. Many of the early adherents fell away or turned to more usual types of religious effort. The Movement had failed to gain significant strength at Oxford or Cambridge. By about 1925 it is probable that not over a half-dozen persons on both sides of the Atlantic would have acknowledged Mr. Buchman as their leader. Success had been meteoric but short-lived. Almost nothing remained of the revival which was to have regenerated the church and shaken the world.

Mr. Buchman was disappointed, but undismayed. With his small nucleus of loyal followers he started afresh. The base of operations was shifted to England, where it has remained. Slowly a new and more careful strategy was beaten out. Quieter and less spectacular growth, a new emphasis upon rigorous discipline, much greater attention to the training of leaders, far more

exacting requirements for admission to the trusted circle, insistence upon unquestioning 'loyalty' to the Group and its leader, characterized the new phase. Gradually there began to take form much more cohesive and disciplined fellowships in local centres, each faithfully reproducing the same essential features, each captained by a leader who followed in minutest detail the tactics of Mr. Buchman.

After several years of unobtrusive consolidation, teams of trained and disciplined workers began once again to cross the ocean from continent to continent — this time to South Africa (where the name Oxford Group was first coined), later to America, to South America, to the Orient. To annual international house parties at Oxford, leaders and inquirers from widely scattered groups all over the world came on pilgrimage, first in dozens, then in hundreds, now in thousands. They give the Movement cohesion, furnish a focus for training, and demonstrate in impressive dramatization its ever-expanding outreach. In spite of its far-flung lines, the enterprise is thus held in a quite extraordinary unity and uniformity. Beginning cautiously, guarding its inner integrity jealously, the sweep of the Movement has acquired a steadily accelerated pace. No continent and hardly a nation is untouched. To-day at a dozen corners of the world something promising the possibility of national revival is suggested. Local groups are numbered by scores, their members by thousands. They boast as patrons and supporters not a few of the most distinguished statesmen, scholars, and churchmen of the world. To the house parties, not only at Oxford, but in New York or Quebec, come more enthusiasts than can easily be accommodated. And the end is not yet. For there is not the slightest indication

that the zenith of expansion has been achieved.

From so tiny a nucleus the Oxford Group Movement of to-day has sprung in something less than eight years. It is the fruit of one man's vision and indomitable determination. Without him it cannot be accounted for.

IV

As with all men of genius, the secret of Mr. Buchman's influence is not easily defined. One thinks at once of obvious qualities which distinguish him and make their contributions to his effectiveness — a quite extraordinary skill in administration; personal attention to the importance of the minutest detail; intimate solicitude for each person's needs and idiosyncrasies; tireless resilience of body and nerves; playful and unclouded gayety of spirit; financial sagacity, not to say shrewdness; tenacious memory; a sense for strategy which might quicken jealousy in a Napoleon; exuberant and contagious optimism. But one is driven to conclude that none of these is the gift of inborn equipment; all are by-products of some deeper secret. The ultimate sources of Mr. Buchman's personal power are, I think, four: uncanny prevision of the future, expert understanding of the inmost problems of the human spirit, unclouded certainty in his own procedure, and the absolute deliverance of self — his hopes, his necessities, his reputation, his success — into the direction of a Divine Intention, clearly and commandingly made known to him. How far the first three are themselves the result of the last, no human analysis can reveal.

1. Of Mr. Buchman's premonition of coming tendencies something has already been said. I do not know whether he prophesied the Great War. But long before the war's advent he clearly

foresaw and foretold the moral and spiritual chaos which has dogged the post-war era and America's wild orgy of prosperity. That is to say, he was acutely aware of underlying forces of which the war itself was only a first catastrophic expression. His understanding of history does not concern primarily political and economic events, but those profounder ethical and spiritual factors which, neglected by the shallow insight of statesmanship, fashion political and social destiny.

Even more striking has been his anticipation of the major spiritual trends of our time. Some indication of this foresight is suggested in the following fact. When Mr. Buchman began his public work twenty years ago, four of the features which most distinguished it then, and which have been central in its emphasis ever since, were widely regarded as just a little beyond the pale of respectability; in the intervening years, each of the four has established itself not only in the practice of the most respected Christian leaders, but also in circles far beyond orthodox religion. I refer to his emphasis upon problems of sex, his employment of private confession, the house-party technique, and his vivid mysticism.

Here, once more, only a deliberate effort of the imagination will succeed in recalling the atmosphere of those pre-war years. Then, Mr. Buchman's frank insistence upon problems of sex as the most serious inner difficulty of many people was regarded as unhealthy, dangerous, a trifle morbid, perhaps slightly perverted. To the healthy-minded objectivity of those days, sex was almost a banned topic. It is just the two decades since which have witnessed the deluge of books on sex, the advent of psychoanalysis, public discussion of the most intimate issues of personal life, the morbid preoccupation of increasing numbers of

people in this matter. Mr. Buchman's emphasis long antedated the vogue of Freud and Jung and Adler, of sex-saturated literature and sex-perverted movies, of sex appeal and sex drama and Oedipus-complexes, of the expensive and dubious ministrations of private psychiatrists.

Similarly, twenty years ago, private confession of personal failure was regarded as a distinctive practice of the Roman Church — to most non-Romans an obsolete and rather revolting practice. To-day, confession is the basic technique of all types of mental healing; and it is a regular element in the practice of many foremost ministers.

For the propagation of his work, Mr. Buchman has always relied not only on personal conversations, but also upon informal intimate group gatherings, — 'house parties,' in his own original parlance, — where spontaneous disclosures of the most private experiences of the spiritual life could occur quite naturally. In the early days these were viewed askance. To-day, retreats and informal intimate discussions for sharing personal discoveries are commonplace features of religious work.

Again, in its earliest expression Mr. Buchman's message was marked by an intense and vivid mysticism. From the beginning he has taught that every person should expect direct suggestion of God's guidance. In those hard-headed, preoccupied, blatant pre-war days he placed the very centre of his insistence upon this belief. Absurd nonsense it sounded to the ear of that time. His conception of 'guidance' is still one of the most serious stumbling-blocks to many. But no one who has felt the spiritual pulse of recent decades can have failed to detect the returning tide of mysticism. Even to the most skeptical, this unusual practice appears

far less unique and absurd than it then did. One can have no doubt that the currents of the time, outside formal church circles no less than within, have set strongly in the direction of Mr. Buchman's teaching — and at a steadily heightened pace. Clearly this is no ordinary prophet with whom we have to deal.

2. When we turn to Mr. Buchman's understanding of the ills of the human spirit, especially in its deeper reaches and secret struggles, we touch the gift which confounds most persons at first meeting and is the key to his magnetic power over them. I doubt if there is a psychiatrist in the world whose intuitive sensitiveness to spiritual disease can begin to compare with his in acuteness and accuracy. Years of unbroken concentration upon the inmost problems of personal life have furnished him with unique powers of instantaneous and piercing diagnosis.

But to equipment forged by experience is undoubtedly added remarkable inborn aptitude for character discernment. For Mr. Buchman is not only a mystic; he is a psychic as well. Not infrequently, after two sentences of casual conversation with a new acquaintance, he will suggest the presence of secret difficulties which the other has been hiding from his most intimate companions, or even from himself. When he enters a drawing-room, his rapier insight moves unnoticed from person to person. Within five minutes he has formed his estimate of every person in the room, fastening upon the inner keys to behavior in each person's life — all the while taking his part fully in the inconsequential patter. No faintest outward hint of the struggle with secret impurity, of sensuality, of insecurity or inferiority, of pride, of selfishness, of solitariness or disheartenment or defeat, of the false bravado which masks inner

uncertainty, of the cynicism which masks self-disgust or world-weariness, escapes him. Often, when outward sign is lacking, he recognizes their presence by some more immediate intuition.

No one who aims to take the measure of the man can afford to overlook this extraordinary power. Occasionally he badly misses his guess, sometimes with grossly impertinent accusations and unpardonable injustice to people's character; but not often. And, when he feels confidence in his diagnosis, he does not hesitate to confront the person with his failing or need, be he peasant or prelate, statesman or archbishop or Pullman porter, chance traveling companion or one of his closest associates. But, his message does not stop with diagnosis. In every instance, with equal assurance he prescribes the needed remedy — however obscure or chronic the spiritual malady, however shackling the other's defeat, however jaunty his self-confident exterior.

3. Here we meet another of the most conspicuous marks of the man — his unshakable certitude in his own 'leading.' Never for a fleeting instant or in any possible circumstances is he unsure in speech or action. It makes no difference whether the matter concerns the strategy for winning a continent or the relief of an over-solemn meeting by an injection of humor, the right word to say to impress an official whose favor controls doors of opportunity or the right necktie to wear to win the confidence of a particularly fastidious Eton boy. As a matter of fact, in his view, each of these matters may be equally important; that is why God guides us in the selection of our haberdashery. Momentous decisions are formed instantly, and then pushed to fruition with zeal bred of certainty that the Weight of the Universe is behind them. Mr.

Buchman's assurance is not the ponderous, impressive dogmatism of self-conscious importance, but the quick, gay, rapier-like abandon of one whose wisdom proceeds from gushing springs inaccessible to the ordinary soul.

Hence, in part, springs Mr. Buchman's extraordinary authority among his following, an authority not superimposed but gladly accorded. He is always quietly sure he is right; and he has been vindicated in the sequel too often to be lightly contradicted. Here, also, is the explanation of his imperviousness to criticism. Only from those who fully share his views and his technique of insight will he hear the slightest questioning. Even from them he is much more receptive to suggestions for improvement in his dress than for modifications in his theology or methods. Such certainty is possible because Mr. Buchman knows his every thought and action to be immediately determined by the Divine Mind; it is the direct corollary of his belief in Divine Guidance.

Eminent European leaders of the church who knew Mr. Buchman at student conferences twenty years ago are astounded when they confront him and his Movement to-day. The man is essentially unchanged. There is no novel note in his message, no modification in his methods. Their first impulse is to say that he has learned nothing from the years, or almost nothing. Then, they regarded him as a sincere but rather eccentric devotee of a particular technique of personal evangelism; above all, a very American American. To-day they find him one of the most powerful spiritual forces in the world, with influence far greater in aloof Britain and conservative Holland and insular South Africa than in his credulous homeland — a man who bids fair to bring to pass within their own country the religious revival for which

through all these years they have been impotently longing. Small wonder there is a claim of 'miracles.'

The critic may find an explanation in two facts. The tides of history have swung to Mr. Buchman. And through all those years he has never for one moment doubted God's appointed task for him. To which the friend will retort with two questions: 'How came the tides of history to turn in that direction? Why has such strange, almost fanatic, assurance borne such extraordinary fruit?'

4. But the central secret of the man's power must be sought at a still deeper level. It is in the absolutely unqualified gift of himself to his God and that God's intention for him.

A quarter century ago, there took form within him the inner certainty that God had a particular work — daring, difficult, momentous — for him to accomplish; and that, in the measure of his unquestioning fidelity, he would be supplied with explicit directions for his every act and adequate provision for his every need. From then until now he has lived from day to day and year after year in nearly unclouded trust — trust in the authenticity of his commission, trust in provision for his need. 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.'

To-day he is seldom seen except at the most fashionable hotels and on the most expensive liners, with apparently limitless financial resources flowing from mysterious reservoirs. But for years he existed precariously from hand to mouth, sharing his pittance prodigally with needier folk. More than once I have met him with fifty cents in his pocket and a bill many times that amount at his hotel. To-day he is the undisputed director of a powerful world-wide enterprise, revered almost to worship. But there were years

of crying in the wilderness, of criticism and calumny and cutting disdain; not long ago he saw the hard-won accomplishments of a decade crumble and found himself with only a handful of scattered followers. Not once or twice, but repeatedly, he has broken with colleagues, surrendered position, income, security, and the certainty of influence, and thrust himself into solitary isolation because he could not endure the temporizing and cowardice and selfishness of conventional Christian leadership. To-day he and his Movement exude a buoyancy, an optimism, a light-hearted well-being, which many who take the tragedy of their world's life seriously find almost repulsive. But behind the success of to-day lie periods of desolating loneliness and blank failure — failure of plans which were felt to be the dictation of God Himself.

Facile explanations of the Oxford Group Movement's astounding growth are rife to-day. Most of them are patently superficial. Even many adherents who have joined in the flood-tide of its importance fail utterly to comprehend the real key to its strength. No one can understand, or appreciate, the dogged resilience of this 'Movement of Life' who has not pierced through its obvious features and come face to face with the inner spring of all its energy — the rock-like consecration of its leader. Frank Buchman belongs in that tiny company of the centuries who have known themselves summoned to the surrender of all to the exacting demand of the Divine Will, and who, making the surrender, have pressed on through darkness and light in immovable confidence in the Divine Guardianship of their destiny. A like surrender he requires of every person who would share intimately in the leadership of his work. Dwight L. Moody was fond of saying that the

world had yet to see what God could accomplish by, in, and through a man completely given to His Will. Frank Buchman has earnestly endeavored to be that man.

V

I would gladly leave the matter at this point. However, our objective is not merely an appreciation of Mr. Buchman's sterling strength, but as impartial and complete a portrait of him as possible. If I am to be true to that aim, it is necessary to speak with equal frankness of his shortcomings. And all the more for this reason: I have urged that any adequate inquiry into the power of the Oxford Group Movement must find itself finally confronting a man; he is the answer to the inquiry. In precisely the same way, an attempt to account for what are widely regarded as serious dangers or weaknesses in the Movement will bring one face to face with him. Without exception they spring directly from the personality or conviction of its founder. This part of our task is especially delicate because the things most criticized are less matters of doctrine than of personal characteristic. I shall mention three.

1. It is reported that the first serious inner crisis in Mr. Buchman's life occurred when a fellow seminary student accused him of ambition. The deliberate selection of a difficult and obscure post for his first ministry was his response to the charge. Apparently the suggestion touched a sensitive point of consciousness. In the years since, Mr. Buchman has often been accused of ambition, of unfairness, of intolerance, of hypersensitiveness to criticism, of self-righteousness, of courting opposition.

Now the line between personal ambition and passionate concern for God's work may be a very narrow one. It is

clear that from very early in his career Mr. Buchman has felt himself designated for important tasks, and equipped with gifts adequate to their importance. Moreover, he has been driven by an overmastering sense of urgency and a corresponding impatience with cowardly or half-hearted or conventional measures. He has known God's Will for himself, for the church, and often for others. As a result, he has been unable to conceal his contempt for what he believes to be the incomplete dedication which characterizes most Christians, even those in responsible leadership. He has been unable to check a quick disdain for the lumbering and inept and ineffective efforts of most workers within the church. He has been unable to stifle sharp resentment at any who might raise questions as to the soundness of his own vision or the wisdom and effectiveness of his methods.

So certain is he of the indispensable importance of that which he knows himself called to do — winning individuals one by one to complete surrender of their lives, and then to the winning of others — that everyone else *must* be called to precisely the same task. In his view of the Christian enterprise, there is no division of responsibility in this matter; all are required to be 'soul surgeons.' This is the *sine qua non* of the Christian life. No one — statesman, physician, research scientist, bootblack, bishop — is excused from that primary responsibility. Nor is this all. No one is recognized as really winning souls effectively unless he is doing it in precisely the manner developed by Mr. Buchman.

This is one aspect of the picture. There is another. Not only is Mr. Buchman unsparingly rigorous in his estimate of the effectiveness of others; he will not abide the slightest questioning of his own work or that of his col-

leagues, except from those fully within the Movement. When queries are raised by outsiders, they are not met with reasoned rebuttal. 'Win your argument and lose your man' is one of his favorite warnings. The best defense is a vigorous attack. The validity of the slightest question is emphatically denied. Moreover, even if it come from a person of wisdom and experience and, as far as the questioner can read his own conscience, it be sincere and sympathetic, it tends to be labeled 'opposition.' On the other hand, honest opposition is labeled 'persecution.' Almost always criticism or doubt or even indifference is attributed to 'sin' on the part of the questioner — perhaps the rationalization of some grave hidden weakness or the sin of jealousy or laziness or cowardice.

It is easy to understand why Mr. Buchman has always found it exceedingly difficult to work with others except those who fully share his convictions and acknowledge his leadership. There were sharp disagreement and clash in his first position; he resigned, harboring deep resentment against the committee which had vetoed his policies. There were acute difficulties at Hartford Seminary during his tenure there. At various times he has been intimately associated with important Christian leaders and movements as a colleague; almost always the connection has finally been severed when his associates did not completely accept his views or would not fully accede to his plans for their work. It is not clear that these sharp differences always centred on matters of fundamental principle. It is significant that Mr. Buchman's career has left a trail of broken and raw relationships, of men and women branded as enemies because they ventured to raise doubt about some element in his programme or the infallibility of his judgment.

Only in the past few years, when he has been surrounded by a widening circle of loyal followers, have Mr. Buchman's personal relationships been unclouded.

Moreover, he has always found it difficult not only to understand but to forgive those who might differ from him. Here again he has been aware of his own temptation to harbor resentment. The experience which he speaks of as his 'conversion' and which determined the subsequent course of his life occurred as a climax to months of bitter rebellion against the committee which had blocked his plans; release and the gift of power came as he mastered ill will and bravely asked forgiveness from those who he felt had wronged him. It is possible that the weakness so courageously confronted on that occasion was rooted too deep within consciousness for complete exorcism. To sympathetic observers it has often seemed as though Mr. Buchman were deliberately inviting opposition, stirring criticism where none existed, discovering persecution in friendly but sincere query.

Now this marked characteristic is not to be put down as a serious failure of character without further comment. In greater or less measure it distinguishes most effective prophets with a vivid sense of personal mission. With them as with him, certainty of the rightness of one's own 'leading' carries, as its corollary, a poor estimate of others, a quick intolerance of inquiry, a tendency to regard honest questioning as deliberate opposition. The line between personal ambition and passionate concern for God's purposes is a narrow one. The same tremendous life energies flow out in two related channels. It is not easy to distinguish clearly between resentment at willful blocking of the Divine Cause and resentment at foiling of one's own plans. And it is not easy

to forgive criticism of self when one is so clearly the direct instrument of the Divine Purpose.

Moreover, as a practical tactic there is shrewd wisdom in never acknowledging weakness. So often, raising questions is a device for dodging the real issues. To consider criticism is to take up a defensive position and thus allow the critic to escape the positive truth of one's own message. As a friendly but careful appraiser has wisely said, 'Some antagonism comes from misunderstanding of and ignorance about the Movement; some opposition probably proceeds from jealousy that such vital results should be produced by a comparatively young group of workers; and much criticism undoubtedly comes from troubled consciences.' Mr. Buchman's sense for the failings of others is uniquely acute. Rare indeed is the honest soul who can face his exacting demands on life or the evident power of his influence for good without serious self-questioning. But there is a scriptural injunction about a 'mote' and a 'beam.' And the exigencies of 'effective tactics' may often furnish a subtle rationalization for personal pique or inner weakness.

In any event, the psychological factors at play are clear enough — a passionate, hypersensitive nature and an imperious will, with some native predisposition to suspicion, resentment, and self-pity, gifted far beyond the ordinary with insight, empowered far beyond the average by self-dedication, stirred to righteous impatience by evident half-heartedness and ineffectiveness, steeled in self-assurance by a mystic sanction of Divine Commission. 'The marks of "Messianic-consciousness" and "martyr-complex,"' a psychologist might suggest. 'The inevitable weaknesses of a true prophet,' supporters will affirm. In any event, here is the root of the self-righteousness,

intolerance, 'persecution-complex,' and spiritual pride of which the Oxford Group Movement is often accused.

2. No feature of the Oxford Group Movement so strikes the casual observer or furnishes such innocent merriment to friendly critics as its studious attention to position, title, and social prestige. No meeting is properly launched without its quota of patrons of rank and social standing. No reference to the work is typical without its listing of the important personages who have lately given their allegiance to it (or have expressed some friendly interest in it) — generals and bishops and M.P.'s and counts and baronets; or, failing these, sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, cousins and aunts, or friends of generals, bishops, M.P.'s, counts, and baronets. It is probable that no socially ambitious ecclesiastic of the most socially exclusive church ever made such habitual and unblushing employment of the names of the great, the near-great, the would-be-great, or the thought-to-be-great as the Oxford Group Movement.

Let it be said at once that this characteristic, likewise, proceeds directly from Mr. Buchman. All his life long he has paid an uncritical, almost childlike, deference to people of birth or social position, especially royalty or titled nobility. I suspect this is partly due to his own background; it is characteristic of many of humble but sterling birth to hold the socially élite in quite false reverence — a mistake not so easy for those more intimately acquainted with them. Partly it is the typical attitude of conservative German Lutheranism.

Closely related is the association of the work with comfortable, even luxurious living. It has long been Mr. Buchman's principle to stop only at the most fashionable hotels, and usu-

ally to travel in first-cabin accommodations on the most expensive liners. He encourages the same practice in his associates. Some years ago several of them, heading for Europe for a summer of training with the Groups, had engaged second-class passage; they received peremptory instructions from Mr. Buchman himself to exchange for first-class tickets in order that they might be assured of significant contacts on shipboard! When, on the opening day of an important campaign in Aberdeen, Mr. Buchman suddenly received imperative 'guidance' to leave the mission and sail for South America, it was a matter of surprise to no one that the guidance had directed him to go and return on the ship by which the Prince of Wales happened to be traveling. Let it be added that, while it is not recorded what result was achieved with the Prince, the ship's doctor was soundly converted and became one of the Movement's most effective workers!

At first thought, one is inclined to dismiss all this as a very human weakness. It has exposed the work to not a little playful chiding, as in the case of an American, himself a man of great ability, who, when told of all the big-wigs who were to grace a certain meeting, inquired plaintively whether there was any possibility that he might find there one or two ordinary citizens like himself. Or in the gently barbed limerick: —

There was a young man from Peoria
Whose sins they grew gorier and gorier.
By confession and prayer —
And *some* savoir-faire —
He now lives at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Sometimes it is difficult to take with seriousness a work which so completely falsifies the real values of life.

To be sure, all this is justified by Mr. Buchman in the certainty that his distinctive mission is to those of privilege and position, to the 'up-and-outs.'

It is his deliberate strategy to reach 'key people,' — those who set the pace and control the organization of our civilization, — in the faith that the influence will then filter down from the top until it touches the most obscure lives. But this raises serious doubts. For one thing, it suggests an employment of precisely the features of modern, high-pressure selling technique which are among the most repellent and unchristian features of our age. Again, it may open the door to very serious rationalization. It tempts, as we shall note in a moment, to a use of names and reputations which is not completely warranted by the facts. It tempts to a superficial analysis of the problems of poverty, injustice, and social struggle, a sentimental confidence in good intentions and personal holiness. It may tempt to a somewhat more lenient standard of devotion for those whose support is of strategic value.

Most of all, it is a little difficult to reconcile such philosophy and practice with the religion of One who came among men as a child of the peasantry and whose passionate solicitude was ever for the poor and the outcast. Nothing could be farther removed from the strategy and the faith of the Christian movement in its early outreach, which for its world-transforming influence trusted to 'not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble.' It invites the almost irresistible suspicion of rationalization. And that suspicion gains strength when we learn that, long before Mr. Buchman interpreted his mission as directed so exclusively to the top of the social scale, one of his favorite and oft-repeated epigrams was 'Good food and good Christianity go together.' That, too, is a principle not easily adjusted to the genius and practice of the first-century Christianity which he was

claiming to reproduce. In any event, here is the source of the social exclusiveness, the preoccupation with the externals of position, the indifference to social injustice, the blindness to the distinctive sins of privilege, which many find insuperable stumblingblocks in the Oxford Group Movement.

3. We come finally to a most sensitive point of inmost character which has been involved in the others. One of the four fundamental and inexorable 'tests of Christian character' demanded by Mr. Buchman is that of 'absolute honesty.' Many people question whether his work fully meets that exacting test.

Here again criticism must not permit itself to be unreasonable. It is a familiar trait of a consciousness convinced of the superlative importance of its own mission to see its accomplishments and those of its following through roseate glasses, and to undervalue the labor of others. Of Mr. Buchman's disparagement of outsiders we have already spoken. There is a corresponding tendency, almost juvenile in its naiveté, to see the virtues of his associates, the quality of their performance, and the significance of their achievements somewhat out of true perspective. This tendency pervades the entire Movement, but it is a contagion caught from Mr. Buchman's own habitual attitude. It is clearly marked in the literary apologists, especially those with a natural bent for the inveterate exaggerations of journalism. (It is noteworthy that the Movement's most striking expositions have come from the pens of professional journalists or advertising men.) Several of the characters in Harold Begbie's *Life Changers* (*More Twice-Born Men*) would hardly be recognized by their own families, so heroic have become their proportions in his portraiture. A critical eye will

catch a dozen misrepresentations or serious overstatements in a single chapter of *For Sinners Only*.

It is difficult to place the limit of excusable false impression. For example, the Movement still makes use of stories of 'changed lives' which long since severed active connection with its work, and in at least one instance of a remarkable life conversion whose final state was very close to its first. In the recountal of personal narratives which make up the great bulk of the spoken and written evangel, there is frequently heightened painting both of the gravity of pre-conversion vices and of the measure of post-conversion transformation. The same blindness obtains in the use of 'guidance.' In the course of a day I have heard Mr. Buchman report twenty or twenty-five instances of direct 'guidance' — predictions of definite events which God had told him were surely to occur. Perhaps a fourth or a fifth of them actually came to pass. They were triumphantly cited as vindications of the practice. The great bulk which at the end of the day remained unfulfilled were blithely ignored.

Generous allowance must be made for the very human exaggeration of a great enthusiasm. But exaggeration is a subtle and dangerous foe of the honest spirit. It is infectious and its contagion spreads rapidly through other chambers of the mind. All too readily imagination displaces fact; one believes true what one wants to believe. To exaggerate one's own experiences is natural, if unfortunate. But to misrepresent the attitude of others touches more profound issues. Two instances will serve as illustration.

When in Oxford three years ago, I stopped in at a training house party of the Movement then in session and chanced to meet Mr. Buchman. 'I hear you are going to F——,' I said, mentioning a city where the Groups

were soon to conduct a large mission. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'So-and-so [naming one of the most distinguished Christian leaders in Great Britain] wants us to bring a team there, so we're going.' Some months later, while visiting F——, I mentioned the conversation to Dr. So-and-so. I learned that, far from urging the Groups to come, he had been quite unfavorable to their plans; but, informed that they were coming willy-nilly, he had, with true Christian grace, urged his fellow clergy to lend sympathetic interest and had consented to chair an opening meeting.

Some years ago, when the work at Oxford was libeled by a college lampoon, several of the strongest college officials, moved by a sense of fair play, issued a public statement giving the true facts and exonerating the Movement from the more serious imputations. It was immediately heralded abroad that these officials were now active supporters when they had been at particular pains to make clear to the leaders of the Movement that such was not their attitude and that their statement must not be so interpreted.

These are illustrations which could be duplicated many times over.

In brief, a good word for the work, in the face of cruel slander, is represented as convinced support. Attendance at a meeting as a curious inquirer may forthwith be widely circulated so as to convey the impression of full membership. The vaguest expression of sympathy with the general objectives is quoted as though it were a declaration of complete approval.

Forthright and determined honesty of mind is one of the most difficult virtues. It is perhaps especially difficult for the religious spirit, always tempted to confuse dreams with realities, to mistake its intentions for achievements. Like all consummate qualities of character, it comes only

'with prayer and fasting.' It is born of a reverent passion for truth, and the exacting self-discipline which only that passion can beget. And it is sustained only in those souls whose central certainty is that, in the end of the day, truth alone prevails and endures — that is, in those who believe that God is Truth, as well as Love and Power. That certainty is a foundation stone of all true and profound and enduring religion.

VI

Many who are eager to understand the Oxford Group Movement might think we have drawn too great attention to Mr. Buchman. They are mistaken. It is *his* Movement. Quite naturally he dislikes the title 'Buchmanism,' partly because it is ugly, partly because it has become a nickname of derision. But there never was an initiator of a great religious awakening — Francis, Swedenborg, Wesley — who more deserved to have the movement take its name from him. There is not one single feature of this Movement by which it may be distinguished from conventional current Christianity which is not derived directly and wholly from the thought and practice of Mr. Buchman. There is not one feature of it to which men bring

violent objection which is not part and parcel of the life and conviction of Mr. Buchman. Many men of maturity and eminence and force of character have joined themselves to the work with the frank purpose of modifying certain of its attitudes and methods which they regarded as unsound. They themselves have changed, always much more than they would have believed possible, often very much more than they themselves realize. The Movement has not changed an appreciable iota in any one of its fundamental characteristics.

Quietly, unobtrusively, without the slightest overt dictation or domination, Mr. Buchman continues to be the determinative focus of the Movement — one of the most extraordinary men in a period which may be distinguished in the annals of history as the Begetter of Great Leaders.¹

¹ The great leaders I have in mind are not the Hardings, Coolidges, and Hoovers, but Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt, Barth. It is my conviction that Mr. Buchman really deserves classification with these figures, not only as regards certain very striking parallels in personality and influence, but even as regards stature. With all his shortcomings, which I have been at special pains to point out, I think he is one of the most remarkable men in an age which is characterized by the emergence of extraordinarily powerful and dominating figures. — AUTHOR

(The Atlantic will publish a second article by Professor Van Dusen appraising the Oxford Group Movement itself)

ROMAN SPRING

Patterns of Life. I

BY MARGARET CHANLER

I

My father, Luther Terry, achieved a modest success as a painter in the innocent '50s, '60s, and '70s. He sold pictures to his compatriots and often painted their portraits. In the '80s his clients became rarer. The public had become more sophisticated. The new manner had made the old seem obsolete; unknown visitors rarely rang the little jangling studio bell, and the studio became a hermitage. During the last twenty-five years of his life my father went on painting with unflagging ardor for the great pleasure that it gave him. He died in 1900, eighty-seven years old. The art world had gone by him, but I think his days passed very happily in the colorless studio light; for he lived in Rome, the city of his choice, and painting is of all the arts the one that seems to give most constant pleasure to the craftsman.

He was very gentle and conventional; he had left his own people and the land of his fathers for the sake of art; he had fallen in love with the Rome of the Popes, but he highly disapproved of anything that resembled artistic Bohemia, and he held unaltered his Calvinistic views on Catholicism and the Roman clergy.

In the year 1861 he married my mother, Louisa Cutler Ward, widow of Thomas Crawford, an Irish-American sculptor of some note. It was Craw-

ford who decorated the dome of the Capitol in Washington with the bronze statue of an Indian. Its bronze doors and some of the marble bas-reliefs surrounding them are also by him; and when he died in 1857 he had just completed the sculptures which adorn the Washington Monument of Richmond, Virginia. My mother was left a widow with three daughters and one son, the youngest child, Francis Marion, who eventually wrote *Mr. Isaacs* and *Sarcinesca* and many other novels.

My mother was beautiful and much beloved, a radiating centre of kindness and pleasantness. She could never cease from caring and providing for people. Our clothes were given away just when we began to feel comfortable in them; she had a drawerful of candle ends for a poor boy who wanted to study at night; books were in perpetual circulation; jellies for invalids; pumpkin pies for homesick American travelers. She had the gift of helpful understanding and was, I believe, wholly charming to all who knew her; she was a little shy and quite unworldly.

She really seemed to prefer the society of those she could benefit to that of people who could interest or amuse her, and was to a certain extent the victim of her virtues; she could not and would not deny her door to those who knocked. Bores and importunates

were never discriminated against; she considered it a part of Christian duty to suffer them gladly, and how they flocked! I think there must have been some sort of line drawn, for they were never invited to meals, nor did they come to the Wednesday afternoon receptions. They generally arrived about eleven o'clock and stayed till lunch was announced. They came to pour out their troubles; to ask for help, material or spiritual; to talk about themselves. They always found what they sought and went away comforted and assisted, but Mamma's morning had been laid waste and trampled by wild asses.

I think I owe to these very early impressions a certain hardness of heart. Our parents influence us incalculably by their example, but it sometimes works by reaction. I often overheard people saying I should never be like my mother and I realized that this meant I should be less beautiful, and less charming, but in my secret soul I hugged the assurance that I should never spend long hours closeted with dreary supplicants.

II

We lived on the second floor of the Palazzo Odescalchi, designed by Bernini, but not for the Odescalchi family, who acquired it in the eighteenth century. It is a sober specimen of Bernini's work, built in stone and brick around a handsome colonnaded court, its proportions very nobly Roman. (The modern wing facing the Corso was built at the end of the nineteenth century.) It had a broad white marble barrel-vaulted staircase and beautiful high-studded rooms with coffered ceilings. The hall, anteroom, and drawing-rooms formed a long *enfilade*.

First there was a *sala*, a big nearly empty hall with benches for waiting messengers or footmen; then the

camera verde, a large green anteroom-library furnished with old carved bookcases; the red room, which was used as a sitting room, where the family assembled before dinner and spent the evening when there was no party; then a stiff little square room hung with yellow damask, where the piano stood; and the so-called magenta room. Do not start at the name of the color. It recorded a French and Piedmontese victory and had not yet been associated with the ugly aniline tint it has come to suggest. This was the real drawing-room and much the most beautiful in the house. The walls were hung with panels of a deep oleander pink brocade with silver-gray flowers, the vaulted ceiling painted with a heavy trellis of grapevines on a burnished gold background. The centre of the vault flattened to a square picture of Bellerophon on Pegasus, slaying the Chimæra, painted in pale blue and white *camaieu*, like Wedgwood pottery.

Beyond this was my mother's room, all painted in flowers and light colors, and smelling of orris root and violets. My father brought home a bunch of them every day, bought on the Piazza di Spagna, as he walked back from his studio in the Via Margutta; they were placed on her dressing table, and I cannot think of the room without remembering their fragrance. The dressing table was hung about with pink silk under pleated flounces of lace-trimmed lawn; there was ample room for me to creep in and sit under it, in a lovely rosy solitude with a doll or a book, while Mamma was dressing or writing letters. Some friend or relative had sent me from America two picture books, one about Little Red Riding-Hood and the other about 'Who Killed Cock Robin.' This last I gloated over in a rapture of melancholy. Its doleful refrain seemed infinitely pathetic, —

All the birds of the air fell sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll for poor Cock
Robin, —

and moved me to delicious tears, especially when I had the book all to myself under the curtained table. Every time I read it I could cry a little more, and one day Mamma was disturbed by the sound of convulsive sobs. She raised the sheltering flounces and found me in a tempest of tears. The book was taken away from me, in spite of my protests and promises that I would never cry again, nor did I ever find another that moved me half so much.

My father's room was very handsome, with sober eighteenth-century landscapes painted on the walls, but less gay and inviting than Mamma's; at least I did not like it half so well.

I linger wistfully over the details of these rooms; their faded splendors were infinitely dear to me. How often do I visit them in my dreams, always with a glad sense of home-coming. They were swept by fire soon after we left the Odescalchi in 1878, so that gilded carvings, looking-glasses, brocades, and painted silks exist only in my memory of them, and when I try to put this into words I am describing a ghost seen only by myself.

But the best of all was our play room — a very large ballroom left nearly unfurnished for our use. Its walls were covered with panels of India silk decorated with classic arabesque patterns painted in *gouache*, alternating with very tall mirrors made in sections — those dim, eighteenth-century mirrors which reflect the light very softly and seem to hold the shadows of things long past. The six doors were elaborately decorated with mirrors and gold carvings, with classic medallions on the lower panels. The door knobs were in the shape of incense boats, for the Odescalchi claimed descent from Balthazar, one of the three Kings who

brought the frankincense to Bethlehem, following the Star. The whole decorative scheme was unusually rich, yet so delicate in its detail, its colors so skillfully blended, that all who saw it were in admiration of its beauty.

There were three French windows with iron railings, looking on to the Piazza and Church of the Holy Apostles, their embrasures so deep that by letting down the portières we obtained the cosy privacy of a small room. From these windows we watched the world go by. We could sit on the floor with our legs through the railings dangling over the great wooden shield painted with the armorial bearings of the Odescalchi family, a double-headed eagle and gold incense boats, surrounded by the collar of the Golden Fleece.

Stare in finestra — to stay at the window was a great feature of Roman life. There was always so much to see; the streets were so full of leisurely happenings; there were weddings and funerals in the church opposite which were always interesting. I remember a particularly magnificent occasion — the funeral of the last Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis VI, with whom that line of the Hapsburgs became extinct. There were endless processions of monks, Knights of Malta, and diplomatic representatives. The Roman Senate sent three glass coaches with outriders and footmen — real footmen in the sense that four of them walked by each coach holding long silken cords which were fastened to the top, presumably to steady the vehicle on bad roads. The Senatorial turnout was very gaudy — bright crimson and yellow, the footmen in knee breeches and white cotton stockings well padded with straw at the calf. To our great amusement we saw some street urchins dart out of the crowd and plant little pin flags in these while their owners walked on unconcerned.

III

Every evening the great bronze bell rang out the Ave Maria a quarter of an hour after sunset, and the Roman day began then. 'One hour of night,' 'Three hours of night,' were current expressions. Time was not regulated by clocks, but by the ringing of the Angelus. All opera goers are familiar with the phrase in Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, '*alle ventitre ore*'; few know that twenty-three o'clock means an hour before sunset and Ave Maria.

Then the lamplighter would come with his long stick on his shoulder at the end of which burned a little guarded flame. He opened a tiny iron shutter in the wall under the lantern that served as a street lamp and let this down by a chain; the lamp burned some sort of oil, perhaps kerosene — it had to be filled and trimmed and lighted with the burning stick and then drawn up again to its place and the iron shutter locked. This was always interesting to watch in the twilight; it seemed so kind and faithful of the man to take all that trouble every evening.

The Roman fire brigade — *pompieri* — are fine showy fellows with brass helmets, but they came in, I think, with the Italian régime. When I was a child the fire engine was a sort of pushcart with a tub and a hose and a little hand pump attached to it. I think it was part of the chimney sweep's outfit. A fire started in the Palazzo Odescalchi and burned for three days without doing much damage. No one suggested our moving out. My mother woke up one morning hearing a child whimper in her room. She looked up and saw a sad little black face looking out of a hole in the wall with tears streaking the soot-grimed cheeks. The poor sweep had lost his way in the labyrinth of black chimneys; he had been sent up to try and find out what the fire was

doing. In the thick stone and brick walls, the great oak rafters could stand a few days' smouldering.

When night fell the place was full of terrors and darkness. For the drawing-rooms there were Carcel lamps which had to be wound up from time to time with queer gurgling noises from the mechanism that pumped the oil up into the wick, but the halls and passageways, any rooms that were not being lived in, were lighted with tiny floating wicks, whose flickering flame merely outlined the darkness it could not dispel. The high ceilings were lost in blackness. The house was full of strange noises and unaccountable shadows. The carpets were laid over a thin layer of straw which rustled a little at every footfall. At night in my bed I heard footsteps and was sure of ghostly presences.

We seem to have been encouraged to believe in ghosts; the grown-ups believed in them and were sure of their visitations. Mr. Augustus Hare was a frequent guest. He came to Rome every winter for a few months, and I think he dined with us every Sunday night. He was a dapper little man with a narrow aquiline nose and rather beady penetrating eyes, with an extraordinary gift for story-telling.

My brother Arthur and I had our supper with the nurses in the ballroom, but when Mr. Hare was expected I was allowed to sit up after supper and join the family in the drawing-room in order to listen to his wonderful tales. It was not a case of listening, but almost of actual experience. Mr. Hare was a master in the art, and exacted conditions which precluded any possible distraction or interruption among his listeners. The lights were turned low. No one was allowed to do fancywork. The doors were locked; no servant must come in to put wood on the fire or even to deliver a message. And in this

crepuscular stillness he told us with nerve-racking vividness of the Secret of Glamis Castle, or the terrible story of the Vampire, or of Madame de Trafalgar's night journey with his sister. All his stories seemed to have happened to members of his own family or to intimate friends. He told them slowly in a curious, rather nasal voice which had an extraordinary variety of tone and pitch — as he neared the climax it would tremble, and break, and rise almost to a shriek while he writhed on his chair, twisting and wringing his hands, tortured, as it were, by the intolerable horror of what he was telling.

Some of these stories can be found in his *Story of My Life* and they make excellent reading, but it is impossible to convey how much more thrilling they were as he told them. And when the dreadful thing had happened and left us all shattered with mysterious terror the lights were turned up and the fire was poked into a blaze, the servant came in with the mulled wine, and life resumed its reassuring reality. But I had been up long enough and must find my way through the outer darkness of the ballroom, the corridor, and many rooms and passageways, to my shadow-crowded bedroom where I lay for hours quaking in a sort of ecstasy of fear: Was the Vampire rattling the window lock? Was it the werewolf howling out in the storm?

Lord Houghton¹ was another English friend whom we all liked. He was a frequent visitor. I can only remember that he was charming in spite of a curious but to me very fascinating grimace. He wore false teeth, which must have been uncomfortable to him, for every now and then in the course of conversation he would click them together and dart his tongue out above the upper row — to relieve, I suppose, the distress of the ill-fated gums. It gave

¹Monckton Milnes. — AUTHOR

for a flashing instant an indescribably Satanic look to the otherwise kindly face. This moment was so brief that one must not let one's eyes wander for an instant for fear of losing it. Perhaps I embarrassed him with my rapt and steadfast gaze.

IV

Some of our happiest hours were spent in Roman villas. Even as children we would be sent with our nurses to spend an afternoon in one or another of these beautiful places to vary the monotony of going to the Pincio.

But in midsummer Rome became unbearably hot, and July, August, and September were spent either in the mountains or by the sea, generally in a villa hired by the family after endless debate. My father never felt the heat; he would stay behind and write us of afternoon breezes which cooled the atmosphere. We knew that it was his great love of Rome which made him prefer almost any temperature to absence from its precincts.

The summer of 1870 we spent in the mountains south of Turin, memorable to me for my first experience in hero-worship. Those were the days of the table d'hôte. The guests assembled and sat together at long tables, one talked with one's neighbor, occasionally the chance acquaintance ripened to friendship. Perhaps the traveling public was more homogeneous then than it is now; people were less on the defensive against fellow travelers and we never dreamed of asking for separate tables in the dining room — there were none.

One day there appeared at luncheon sitting opposite to us a rosy, gray-bearded, bald-headed, gold-spectacled little old gentleman who captivated my attention. My mother must have met him before, for they greeted each other as friendly acquaintances. Something seemed to bubble and sparkle in his

talk, and his eyes twinkled benignly behind the shining glasses. I had heard of uncles; mine were in America and I had never seen them. I whispered to my mother that I should like to have that gentleman opposite for an uncle. She smiled and did not keep my secret. The delighted old gentleman, who was no other than Edward Lear, glowed, bubbled, and twinkled more than ever; he seemed bathed in kindly effulgence. The adoption took place there and then; he became my sworn relative, and devoted friend. He took me for walks in the chestnut forests; we kicked the chestnut burrs before us, the 'yongy bongy bos,' as we called them; he sang to me 'The Owl and the Pussycat' to a funny little crooning tune of his own composition; he drew pictures for me.

I still have a complete nonsense alphabet beautifully drawn in pen and ink and delicately tinted in water colors, done on odd scraps of paper, backs of letters, and discarded manuscript. Every day Arthur and I found a letter of it on our plate at luncheon, and he made a title-page for the collection with a dedication and a portrait of himself with his smile and his spectacles, as the 'Adopty Duncle.' The drawing is much finer, more masterly than would appear in the rough reproductions in the published copies of his work, for he was a professional painter. He had been drawing master to Queen Victoria and her children. His health had suffered from the English climate and he had come to Italy for the sunshine. He published some delightful books of travels in Italy with very carefully drawn illustrations. These have been forgotten and overlooked. His immortal nonsense is part of English literature, some of it, indeed, part of English poetry. I never saw him again, but he has never faded from my memory — a fixed star twinkling across the waste of years.

V

The winter that I was twelve I was sent to a very small boarding school in Florence. It was hardly a school; Fräulein Johanna Müller took a few pupils to live with her in a sunny apartment with a pretty walled garden in the Via del Mandorlo. She had been a governess, the old-fashioned type of really cultivated teacher and educator to whom her work was a vocation; ardent to communicate her knowledge and contented with her lot if she succeeded in forming and guiding a few young minds and morals.

Nowadays a woman of Fräulein Müller's attainments would be at the head of some college, organizing liberal education for the many, a great deal busier and better paid, but missing perhaps the intimate satisfaction of kindling the love of learning and thinking in this or that well-disposed child, in establishing a close, often lasting, and almost parental relation with the girl or boy whose mind she had brought to bud. The born teacher is a living torch and cannot but pass the flame to all that are capable of fire.

Under her guidance I became passionately interested in my lessons — history, languages, literature, music, all it was then thought necessary for a young girl to know. Science and mathematics were left aside, but languages were taught very carefully. Literature was the corner stone; we read a great deal of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

I was only allowed to stay with Fräulein Müller for seven months. Then my mother learned that she was an 'atheist,' that her friends were all free-thinkers, that my soul was imperiled. But my education did not come to the complete standstill foreseen by Fräulein Müller when I was taken away from her school. It became more desultory,

less scientifically planned; I was allowed to study the things I liked and had interesting teachers to humor me in my choice. One of these was a very learned German governess, Fräulein Hoepfner, who wrote articles for the *Deutsche Rundschau* and knew more history than anyone I ever met. She had some degree of literary reputation, for when the Dowager Empress Friedrich Karl (mother of Emperor William) came to Rome she sent for Fräulein Hoepfner to come and see her. She wrote an excellent little handbook for travelers about the saints in Christian art, giving a short outline of their lives and the attributes by which they may be identified; and she could write out the genealogies of every reigning house in Europe, including those that had long ceased to reign. She was not at all good-looking, but had a vague likeness to Botticelli's portrait of the Tornabuoni lady that made her face interesting. She fell in love with my handsome brother Marion and wrote a good deal of melancholy verse on the subject of her unrequited affection, speaking of herself as the poor pale flower left to wither by the roadside. Marion liked her well enough and enjoyed talking to her; she was a brilliant woman in her way, but doomed to dimness in the field of romance.

Jean Paul Richter, who later made a name for himself as an art critic and collector, first came to Rome as tutor to some little German princes, children of the Grand Duke of Nassau, which was still an independent principality. He became so interested in art and archæology that he gave up his position and remained in Rome to study these, supporting himself by giving private lessons. He used to take me and my governess sight-seeing once a week, and the history of art was diligently studied under his direction. Germans have a sense of 'high seriousness' in this field

and a happy combination of spiritual enthusiasm (*Begeisterung*) with intellectual thoroughness.

Twice a week the learned Don Raffaele Pagliare came to read Dante with us; my mother always shared these lessons and they were delightful. Don Raffaele seemed to have stepped out of a Longhi picture, in his buckled knee breeches and shoes with larger buckles, his broad-skirted coat and tricorn hat — the eighteenth-century abbé. His clean-shaven face had a Socratic nose which he liked one to notice. He was profoundly learned and owned one of the most important collections of Dante editions. He was chaplain to the Prince Gabrieli, who had married one of the Bonaparte princesses. We sometimes went to see him in his rooms in the Palazzo Gabrieli, literally stacked with books, partitions made of bookcases dividing and subdividing the by no means spacious apartment till there was barely room for Don Raffaele to sleep there in a little corner behind a bookcase.

He had the heart of a child, with great but entirely specialized learning of that infinitely painstaking, accumulative, unproductive variety to which Italian scholarship often tends. He was over sixty when he came to give us lessons and had spent his whole laborious life studying the *Divina Commedia*, making endless notes, following up every allusion. He knew where and how all the people mentioned had lived and all their private feuds and happenings. He intended some day to write a book about it, but was, I suspect, incapable of synthesis and lost in the great forest of which he so faithfully studied the trees.

It took us three years to read the *Divine Comedy* through with him, giving two or three lessons to each of the hundred cantos. I suppose no human work takes in more human experience,

no poet has combined such eagle flights of the imagination with such deep sense of the ultimate, inexorable order of divine justice. Dante's poetry, his philosophy, his faith, sank very deep into my soul, and I am always grateful to Don Raffaella for his painstaking initiation.

So we grew up in several creeds and several languages. I cannot remember learning to speak German, French, or Italian. English was taken for granted. We spoke it with a foreign accent, but it was the mother tongue. To this day I cannot quite refrain from a sense of pity for those who grow up with only one language. What pleasure do I not owe to this freedom of the Western World!

VI

While I was with Fräulein Müller, music had suddenly become more important to me than all else; I suppose it was part of my general awakening; it came upon me with the intensity of a conversion. I happened to read a life of Beethoven in a German periodical. Not unlike Michelangelo, Beethoven, that other Promethean Titan, completed and transcended a great cycle of classic art. His tragic story seemed to kindle my spirit with some of the fire he had brought down from heaven; it was another initiation. We are told that reading Beethoven's life had the same effect on Richard Wagner when he was a boy and was the spark that kindled that mighty beacon. The same torch may set fire to a palace or a haystack.

From always having enjoyed music, I found myself transported by it; from practising half-heartedly for an hour a day, I began to work seriously at scales and finger exercises, to study Czerny, Cramer, and Clementi. In a couple of years I began to feel the need of a more

interesting teacher, my first teacher, poor old Mr. Ravnkilde, being one of the many called by the Muse and then not chosen. Mr. Ravnkilde was very pathetic. I think I was the only pupil he ever had who worked hard and ambitiously. 'I knew,' he said with tears in his eyes, 'that you would have to go to Sgambati, but I thought I was good enough to teach you for another year.' Youth is cruel; I was sorry for Ravnkilde, but entirely happy when Sgambati consented to give me lessons.

Giovanni Sgambati was Liszt's pupil, an admirable pianist and composer of merit. From Liszt he had received the Chopin tradition at first hand.

He would not teach unless he felt there was something to be done with the pupil. His method of eliminating the undesirables was to go to them once and never again. This was said to happen very often, and it was for this reason that he never gave new pupils lessons in his own house. Once interested in a pupil, he was the kindest and most stimulating of teachers.

Several attempts were made to thrust him out into the greater musical world. He actually went to London once and played there with so much success that a manager engaged him and arranged a string of concerts for the following season. When the time came to leave Rome and undertake the journey, his valises were on the cab and he in it on his way to the station, when a horror of the adventure overcame him, and the futility of fame. The *vetturino* was told to go back to the house in the Via della Croce, the valises were unpacked, the London manager was notified that the Maestro was unavoidably prevented from appearing in London, and he, the dear Maestro, since he remained in Rome, felt he had chosen the better part.

(To be continued)

THE GODS' LOOKOUT

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

Not long ago I glanced at a book called *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which had a great vogue in its time, half a century ago. Having never read it, I had a moment's curiosity to find out why it was so popular. I did not get far with it, because I saw at once that it dealt mostly with 'great matters which are too high for me,' and, like the Psalmist, I was diffident about meddling with them. The title, however, served to precipitate a notion which had been vaguely in my mind for some time, that, whatever may be the case in the spiritual world, certain laws and principles have a wider application in the material world than they are commonly supposed to have. I had been thinking in particular of three laws that are officially recognized in economics, but I believe nowhere else, and it seemed to me that they operate about as regularly and powerfully outside this restricted sphere as they do inside it. The first of these is called the law of diminishing returns, the second is called Gresham's law, and the third one is so seldom cited that it has no pocket title. I shall say a word about the first two now, and consider the third later.

The law of diminishing returns is fundamental to industry. It formulates the fact, which strikes one as curiously unnatural, that, when a business has reached a certain point of development, returns begin to de-

crease, and they keep on decreasing as further development proceeds. Thus I suppose, according to the logic of the deacon's one-hoss shay, it is theoretically possible for a business to be so big that it would not bring in any returns at all. I know nothing of such matters, having never been in business, but I am told on good authority that the law of diminishing returns is much more effective than the antitrust laws for protecting society against the oppression of industrial monopoly. The idea is that when a business becomes overgrown and returns decrease, small independent concerns can begin to compete profitably, eating in around the edges of the big concern, and meanwhile reaping the fruit of the big concern's labors in developing the market.

Gresham's law has to do with the nature of currency, and the common formula for it is that 'bad money drives out good.' That is to say, it is always the worst form of currency in circulation that fixes the value of all the others, and causes them presently to disappear. This law bears the name of Sir Thomas Gresham, an eminent English financier of the sixteenth century, who made observations on the law, but was not the first to formulate it. Gresham's law usually comes into play whenever a government undertakes to settle a bill for its misfeasances by the larcenous expedient of 'man-

aging' its currency; hence of late years this law has been very busy with the currency of many countries. In Germany, for example, shortly after the war, the flood of paper money sent all metallic money out of circulation in a hurry, because it was worth more as old metal than as currency. For the same reason, whenever a paper or silver token is no longer the same thing as a gold token, gold tokens disappear at once; and then, if a government resorts to highwaymanry and forcibly robs its subjects of whatever gold may be in their possession, it can do quite nicely by itself.

The Belgian Government raided its currency after the war, cutting down the franc from twenty cents to three cents and less, and the mint began putting out an odd-looking sort of one-franc piece that seemed to be made of tin. A few days after this, a man gave me a pre-war silver franc as a curiosity; he had got it somewhere in change. I have never seen another. As far as I know, silver francs have not been demonetized or confiscated, — certainly they were not at that time, — but I doubt whether there were half a dozen of them in circulation in all Belgium a week after the tin franc appeared.

II

The term 'natural law' is a pocket form of expression, handy enough, but inexact and easily lending itself to improper assumptions. As a matter of fact, what we call a natural law is nothing more than a registration of experience. If human experience of some natural phenomenon has been uniform, it sets up a correspondingly strong expectation that subsequent experience will be likewise uniform, and we call the formula for that experience a natural law, even though the term be a misnomer, strictly speaking,

for we actually know of no 'law' anywhere in the universe that guarantees the fulfillment of our expectation. It is always with this understanding — or it should always be — that one speaks of the laws of optics, the law of gravitation, Huyghens's law, and so on, as 'natural laws'; and thus likewise when one speaks of Gresham's law and the law of diminishing returns.

Mr. James Truslow Adams and others have commented on the social incidence of the law of diminishing returns, so we need give only two or three illustrations showing how this law works in the realm of æsthetics and culture. There is a whimsical saying current among music lovers that the way really to enjoy the music of a string quartette is to have the performers group themselves around your chair. This is no great exaggeration. Let us suppose that a string quartette plays the *Kaiserquartett* to an audience of five qualified amateurs in a music room of ordinary size. The five get a distinct æsthetic experience in a high degree, probably the highest of which they are capable. It is the nearest thing to a sense of actual participation. Logically, if five get this, forty should get it in the same degree, so next evening they ask in as many amateurs as the room will hold comfortably, say thirty-five, the strings play the *Kaiserquartett* again, but the thirty-five do not have the same experience to the same degree, nor do the original five have it. Next evening the strings play the *Kaiserquartett* to three hundred qualified amateurs in a public hall, and while all hands get something very interesting, pleasant, delightful, nobody gets just *that*. It is simply not there to be had; it is gone.

We all remember how our tourists used to plume themselves on the nice little places they had found in Europe, 'where nobody ever goes,' and we may

remember, too, that we were sometimes tempted to put this kind of talk down to snobbishness. Far be it from me to suggest that snobbishness is not an inveterate trait in our nation, but I think that in this instance our tourists are entitled to a clean bill. I think instinct warned them that a great influx of qualified seekers after an æsthetic experience similar to theirs would carry their own experience over the margin of diminishing returns; and their instinct was sound, for that is precisely what it would do.

I spent a month last summer on an island in the Mediterranean, a small one, difficult of access, and almost uninhabited. It has great natural beauty, but no doubt other islands have as much. Its peculiar charm is in the sentimental associations created by an unbroken run of rich and fascinating history which reaches far back beyond the Christian era. Hence, from the time of Nostradamus and Rabelais down to the present, men of letters have sung this island's praises, poets and romancers have found in it an abundant source of inspiration. The few qualified persons who go there have an experience so rewarding that I know of none of the same kind to compare with it. Suppose now that other persons, persons well furnished with the rather special qualifications necessary for the purpose — suppose that they heard of this experience, assumed that because a few had it any number might have it, and began to flock thither in large droves: the æsthetic returns would promptly decrease, and not only would the many fail to get precisely this experience, but the few would no longer get it. Nobody would get it. Instances where this has actually occurred will suggest themselves at once, for they are many.

We may take one more illustration, this time recalling the old and sound

definition of a university as a student sitting on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other. One may assume that the student was a qualified person, for otherwise Mark Hopkins would not be sitting there; he would have got up and gone home. That student got a specific return, peculiar to just those circumstances. Suppose now that twenty qualified persons notice this, think it is a good thing, go in for it; well, they too get pretty much the same thing in the same degree, but probably not quite. Hopkins is still there, the log is still there, but the margin of diminishing returns is close at hand. Then a hundred come in, three hundred, five hundred, only to discover that the margin was crossed somewhere far back in the beginning of the stampede, and that nobody is getting anything like what the original student got, or even the next twenty.

In the foregoing illustrations I have been careful to premise that all the persons cited are qualified. The listeners to the concert, the visitors to the island, and Mark Hopkins's students, are all supposed to be qualified in intellect, character, temperament, and a certain degree of preparatory experience, to take in and assimilate whatever benefit the several occasions may offer. I do this to show what happens when the law of diminishing returns works 'straight' and without any complications; in other words, to show what happens on the theory so commonly held, that if a few qualified persons get a certain benefit, any number of qualified persons may get the same benefit under the same circumstances.

If, now, we substitute the theory which is much more widely held, that if a few qualified persons get this benefit, anybody, qualified or unqualified, may get it, we may perceive at once, I think, that the margin of diminishing returns would move considerably for-

ward; also that the more unqualified persons tend to predominate, the further forward it would move. Going back to our illustrations, the larger the proportion of unqualified persons among the concert audience, the visitors, and the students, the sooner the law of diminishing returns would set in. This is a matter of such common experience that it needs no comment, so we will pass on to consider the appearance of a second 'natural law' in the premises.

III

Suppose the concert audience of three hundred or more were made up largely of casual and miscellaneous persons; the natural thing for the musicians to do would be to change their programme. They would not play the *Kaiserquartett*; they would play something that they thought would hit nearer to a common denominator of their audience's capacities. In fact, it occurs to me at the moment — I had not thought of it before — that I have never seen the *Kaiserquartett* on an American programme; which of course is by no means to say that it has never appeared on one. It is a mere commonplace that programme making for a qualified audience is one thing, and that for a popular audience it is quite another; and this is true because popular programme making finds itself always striving against the iron force of the law that 'bad money drives out good.' One might doubt that Mr. Kreisler, let us say, makes up his programmes out of the kind of thing that he would choose to listen to himself. Programme making like Mr. Damrosch's, for example, does its best to slow down the operation of Gresham's law, but even Mr. Stock's, to name the best we have in the way of programme making, shows that it cannot be successfully withstood. The development

of the gramophone and the radio has encouraged the notion that by keeping a great deal of poor music in circulation one creates a larger demand for good music and helps a taste for good music to prevail. But we are discovering that things do not go that way; and the reason is that a 'natural law' is moving them in a direction exactly opposite.

The current repertory of the radio shows this, quite as the current repertory of the cinema shows the same law at work in the field of drama. The radio enables Mr. Damrosch to pick up eligible persons, one by one, all over the country, and offer them advantages which they would otherwise be unlikely to get. The gramophone performs a like service, and it is a very great one. But the stated repertories of both instruments are evidence of the continual tendency of an enormous volume of indifferent music to press upon Mr. Damrosch and crowd him out; they, like the repertory of the cinema, are an impressive study in the operation of Gresham's law. It is the worst music in circulation, and the worst motion pictures, that fix the value of all the others, and continually tend to drive them out.

By way of example in another field, two or three recent experiences have made me wish that some competent person like my friend Mr. Duffus would undertake a study of literacy in the light of Gresham's law and the law of diminishing returns. Not long ago I looked over a library said to contain a copy of every book published in America down to the year 1800. It bore witness that in those days reading was a fairly serious business; I could find nothing resembling what we should call popular literature on the shelves. The inference was that literacy was not general, and that those who read did so for other purposes than mere pastime, purposes that were pretty strictly non-

sensational; and there is every collateral evidence that such was the case.

Mr. Jefferson laid great stress on literacy as an indispensable asset to good citizenship and sound patriotism. He was all for having everybody become literate, and those who have examined his own library (it is preserved intact in the Library of Congress) may easily see why. *Mutatis mutandis*, if everybody read the kind of thing he did, and as he did, he would have been right. But in his laudable wish to make the benefits of literacy accessible to all, Mr. Jefferson did not see that he had the operation of two natural laws dead against him. He seems to have jumped to the conclusion that, because certain qualified persons got a definite benefit out of literacy, anybody could get the same benefit on the same terms; and here he collided with the law of diminishing returns. He seems also to have imagined that a general indiscriminate literacy would be compatible with keeping up something like the proportion that he saw existing between good literature and bad; and here the great and good old man ran hard aground on Gresham's law.

I spent some time last year in Portugal, where the status of literacy and the conditions of the book market are about what they were in Mr. Jefferson's America. One saw very little 'popular literature' on sale, but an astonishingly large assortment of the better kind. I made my observations at the right moment, apparently, because, like all good modern republicans, the Portuguese have lately become infected with Mr. Jefferson's ideas about literacy, and are trying to have everybody taught to read and write; and it interested me to see that they are setting about this quite in our own incurious, hand-over-head fashion, without betraying the faintest notion that any-

thing like a natural law may be a factor in the situation.

Doubtless what has happened elsewhere will happen there. In the first place, the Portuguese are likely to discover that, while no illiterate person can read, it is a mere *non distributio medii* to conclude that any literate person can read. The fact is that relatively few literate persons can read; the proportion appears to be quite small. I do not mean to say that the majority are unable to read intelligently; I mean that they are unable to read at all — unable, that is, to gather from a printed paragraph anything like a correct idea of its content.¹ They can pretty regularly make out the meaning of printed matter which is addressed to mere sensation, like news matter, statistics, or perhaps an 'informative' editorial or article, provided it be dosed out in very short sentences and three-line paragraphs; but this is not reading, and the ability to do it but barely implies the exercise of any faculty that could be called distinctively human. One can almost imagine an intelligent anthropoid trained to do it about as well and

¹ In the interest of accuracy, I submitted these statements to a prominent educator who says that his experience fully bears them out. He carried on experiments over a dozen years with college freshmen — that is to say, with persons who were not only literate but had gone so far as to pass their entrance examinations. He experimented in this way: selecting a paragraph of very simple but non-sensational prose, he asked the freshmen to read it carefully; then to read it carefully again; then to read it aloud to him; then to write down in their own words the gist of what they had read. Hardly anyone could do it. He made the interesting remark that the reflective faculty is more easily stirred by speech than by print, because the communication of ideas by hearing is an older racial practice; their communication by sight is something comparatively new, to which the race's capacities are not as yet well adjusted. Therefore, he said, the indiscriminate spread of literacy puts into people's hands an instrument which very few can use, but which everyone supposes himself fully able to use; and this, obviously, is mischievous. — AUTHOR

to about as good purpose; in fact, I once heard of a horse that was trained to do it in a small way. Reading, as distinguished from this kind of proficiency, implies a use of the reflective faculty, and not many persons have this faculty. According to the newspapers, Mr. Butler, the president of Columbia University, was complaining the other day that the practice of reflective thought had pretty well ceased among us. There is much to be said on this topic, but it is enough to remark here that literacy will not do duty for the power of reflective thought where such does not exist, nor does a state of literacy presuppose its existence.

To cite a rather comical illustration of this truth, a clerical friend lately told me of the troubles that a candidate for confirmation was having with the Nicene Creed. This candidate was a man of more than middle age, completely literate, and of considerable prominence and wealth. The article that he balked at, curiously, was non-theological and non-metaphysical; it was the one which sets forth that the Saviour 'was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate.' He wanted to know why they crucified Pontius Pilate. He knew who Pilate was, and what his rôle was in the great drama, but he had never before heard anything about Pilate's being crucified, and he wondered why the circumstance should be brought in here as one of those things which a Christian should know and believe to his soul's health.

A person of any literary experience, even the slightest, sees such instances time and again, not usually so bizarre perhaps, but essentially quite the same — instances which show beyond peradventure that the persons concerned simply cannot read. When confronted with a paragraph requiring the most moderate exercise of reflective thought, they are helpless; and no equipment of

sheer literacy can possibly make them less helpless. I have published so little and in such desultory fashion that I can claim nothing for my own experience with the public; yet I regularly get letters from persons who have manifestly gone as far with my writings as literacy will carry them, but who are as manifestly unable to make out correctly the content of English prose as simple and direct as the prose I am writing now.

As for the operation of Gresham's law, one need say little; it is so easily discerned that a glance at the nearest news stand will show it well enough. The average literate person being devoid of reflective power but capable of sensation, his literacy creates a demand for a large volume of printed matter addressed to sensation; and this form of literature, being the worst in circulation, fixes the value of all the rest and tends to drive it out. In this country, for example, it has been interesting to see the reluctant and gradual submission of some of our few 'serious' publications to this inevitable fixing of value. They have brought their aim continually closer to the aim of journalism, addressing themselves more and more to sensation, less and less to reflection, until now their policy favors almost exclusively the kind of thing one would naturally look for in an enterprising Sunday newspaper. Only the other day I came across a market letter put out by a firm of literary agents, and I observed with interest that 'the serious essay, travel, foreign-affairs type of article is unlikely to find a good market, unless by a well-known name.'

I had occasion lately to look up something that one of our 'quality' magazines published in 1874, and as I went through the two bound volumes I noticed the relative space they gave to material addressed to the power of reflective thought. For curiosity I made

a comparison with last year's issues of the same magazine; and I cannot suggest a more convincing exercise for any person who doubts the validity of Gresham's law in the premises, nor can I suggest a more substantial basis for generalization.

Gresham's law has, in fact, done far more than revolutionize publishing; it has set up a brand-new business. In the face of this fact, which seems none too well understood, we see publishers and authors occasionally showing something of the splendid intrepidity that one admires in the leader of a forlorn hope, and one thinks of them as perhaps the most public-spirited of all created beings. A little while ago my friend Mr. Van Loon, for example, who is a very learned man, brought out a superb book, quite the kind of book that he himself would be glad to read; one need say no more for it than that. He and his publisher must both have known that they could not turn a penny by it; if it paid for itself it would be lucky. The full force of Gresham's law was pressing them instead to put their time and money into another of Mr. Van Loon's ingenious and attractive vulgarizations of history, which would be 'sure fire' with a large literate public; yet they went on — went on in the teeth of the fact that under Gresham's law a 'good book' must be a book as much as possible like another book that has sold a great number of copies.

What I have been driving at in all this is the suggestion that if we must reëxamine our social theories we should do so with an eye to natural law. Everyone seems a little uneasy about these theories at the moment, and many of our leading publicists say that they must be overhauled; well, if that be so, the practical thing would be to keep on the lee side of natural law while we do it. We have been a little careless

about this hitherto, and the consequences are suggestive. Our idea of mass education, for example, does vast credit to our intentions; like perpetual motion, the thing would be fine if it would work, but the mischief of it is to keep it from colliding with natural law. As results stand now, a graduating class of two, three, or five hundred persons is practically nothing but a tableau display of what the law of diminishing returns can do when it tries. Again, the promotion of mass literacy is a noble experiment, but apparently there is no way to accommodate our idea of it to the insidious action of Gresham's law. With regard to these and all other aspects of our equalitarian social theory, my only aim is the humble one of suggesting that we bear in mind the disregard that nature has for unintelligent good intentions, and the vixenish severity with which she treats them.

IV

Finally, since various aspects of political theory are much to the fore just now, I suggest that we follow the same procedure with regard to them. Our ideas about the function of government may be very praiseworthy, very creditable, but surely the first thing is to find out whether natural law is with them or against them; and it is in this connection that I cite the third law which I mentioned at the outset. This law is fundamental to economics, though for some reason our professional economists seldom say much about it; its formula is, *Man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion*. Not, it must be understood, that he always *does* so satisfy them, for other considerations — principle, convention, fear, superstition, or what not — may supervene; but he always *tends* to satisfy them with the least possible exertion, and, in the ab-

sence of a stronger motive, will always do so.

A candid examination will show, I think, that this law is also fundamental to any serious study of politics. So long as the State stands as an impersonal mechanism which can confer an economic advantage at the mere touch of a button, men will seek by all sorts of ways to get at the button, because law-made property is acquired with less exertion than labor-made property. It is easier to push the button and get some form of State-created monopoly like a land title, a tariff, concession, or franchise, and pocket the proceeds, than it is to accumulate the same amount by work. Thus a political theory that admits any positive intervention by the State upon the individual has always this natural law to reckon with.

At the time our government was set up, a century and a half ago, some political thinkers, notably Franklin, had perceived the incidence of this law. Their idea was that it should be no function of the State to intervene upon society's economic life in a positive way, but only negatively as occasion required, to punish fraud and to safeguard the general régime of contract.² Aside from this, the State's only function should be that of safeguarding the lives and liberties of its citizens.

Contemporary British liberalism had the same idea; it advocated a rigid policy of State abstention. Liberalism's career was remarkable in presenting a most instructive object lesson to

those who study it in the light of natural law. Its programme missed one point, admitted one exception; and the consequences of this imperfection forced liberalism in the end to turn squarely around on its basic principle, and become godfather to the most elaborate series of positive interventions ever conceived in England.

This imperfect policy of nonintervention, or *laissez faire*, led straight to a most hideous and dreadful economic exploitation; starvation wages, slum dwelling, killing hours, pauperism, coffin ships, child labor — nothing like it had ever been seen in modern times. Mr. Gradgrind, Mr. Bottles, and Mr. Plugson of Undershot worked their will unhindered with a fine code of liberalist social philosophy behind them, and the mess they made shortly stank in the nostrils of all Christendom. People began to say, perhaps naturally, if this is what State abstention comes to, let us have some State intervention.

But the State *had* intervened; that was the whole trouble. The State had established one monopoly, — the landlord's monopoly of economic rent, — thereby shutting off great hordes of people from free access to the only source of human subsistence, and driving them into the factories to work for whatever Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bottles chose to give them. The land of England, while by no means nearly all *actually* occupied, was all *legally* occupied; and this State-created monopoly enabled landlords to satisfy their needs and desires with little exertion or none, but it also removed the land from competition with industry in the labor market, thus creating a huge, constant, and exigent labor surplus.

Franklin saw this clearly; he used Turgot's language almost word for word to show that the 'labor problem,' *qua* labor problem, really does not

² Franklin wrote, 'Perhaps in general it would be better if government meddled no farther with trade than to protect it and let it take its course. Most of the statutes or acts, edicts, *arrêts* and placarts of parliaments, princes and States, for regulating, directing or restraining of trade, have, we think, been either political blunders or jobs obtained by artful men for private advantage, under pretense of public good.' *Works*, Vol. II, p. 401. — AUTHOR

exist — it is purely a problem of State intervention, State-created monopoly. He said: —

Manufactures are founded in poverty. It is the number of poor without land in a country, and who must work for others at low wages or starve, that enables undertakers [i.e., enterprisers] to carry on a manufacture. . . . But no man who can have a piece of land of his own, sufficient by his labour to subsist his family in plenty, is poor enough to be a manufacturer and work for a master.

But liberalism did not see this, never saw it; and the consequence was that in the end it was forced by political necessity to sponsor an ever-lengthening, ever-widening programme of regulations, supervisions, exemptions, subsidies, pensions — every measure of positive State interference, almost, that one could think of.

When the State has granted one privilege, its character as a purveyor of privilege is permanently established, and natural law does not permit it to stop with the creation of one privilege, but forces it to go on creating others. Once admit a single positive intervention 'to help business,' as our euphemism goes, and one class or group after another will accumulate political power in order to command further interventions; and these interventions will persist in force and frequency until they culminate in a policy of pure Statism — a policy which in turn culminates in the decay and disappearance of the society that invokes it.

Such is the grim testimony borne by the history of six civilizations, now vanished, to the validity of the law that *man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion*. We ought to be quite clear about this, as a matter of understanding the course of our present governmental policy. Some of us incline to regard the New Deal as something out of the run of our

national history and unrelated to it, whereas it is exactly what the run of our history must inevitably have led up to.

One need only shift a yard switch at the Grand Central Terminal some three inches to determine whether a train shall go to Boston or to Chicago. We shifted the switch a hundred and fifty years ago, and set the national train going toward the Chicago of hundred-per-cent Statism, with our old friend natural law furnishing abundant steam. The New Deal means merely that we are now somewhere near South Bend, Indiana, and going strong; and if anyone knows how to reverse that train and head it toward Boston without an awful catastrophe, he is just the man that a good many of us would like to see.

The American State at the outset took over the British principle of giving landlords a monopoly of economic rent. That shifted the switch; it established the State's character as a purveyor of privilege. Then financial speculators sought a privilege, and Hamilton, with his 'corrupt squadron in Congress,' as Mr. Jefferson called them, arranged it. Then bankers, then industrialists; Hamilton also arranged that. Then, as the century went on, innumerable industrial subgroups, and subclasses of special interest, were heard from, and were accommodated. Then farmers, artisans, ex-soldiers, promoters of public utilities, began to accumulate political power with a view to privilege. Now, since the advent of universal suffrage, we are seeing the curious spectacle of the 'unemployed' automatically transformed into the strongest kind of pressure group; their numerical strength and consequent voting power compelled Mr. Roosevelt to embrace the extraordinary doctrine that the State owes its citizens a living — an expedient little noticed at the

time, I believe, but profoundly interesting to the student of historical continuity.

Moreover, as we saw in the case of Mr. Bottles and Mr. Plugson of Under-shot, when the State confers a privilege, natural law impels the beneficiary to work it for all it is worth; and therefore the State must at once initiate a whole series of positive interventions to safeguard, control, and regulate that privilege. A steady grist of 'social' legislation must be ground; bureaus, boards, and commissions must be set up, each with its elaborate mechanism; and thus bureaucracy comes into being. As the distribution of privilege goes on, the spawning of these regulative and supervisory agencies also goes on; and the result is a continuous enhancement of State power and a progressive weakening of social power, until, as in Rome after the Antonines, social power is quite extinguished — the individual lives, moves, and has his being only for the governmental machine, and society exists only in the service of the State. Meanwhile, at every step in this process, natural law is pushing interested persons, groups, and factions on to get clandestine control of these supervisory agencies and use them for their own advantage; and thus a rapid general corruption sets in, for which no cure has ever yet been found, and from which no recovery has ever yet been made.

V

In a sense, no doubt, it seems officious to write a paper that squints toward a vindication of natural law, because natural law is quite competent and handy at vindicating itself; it

needs no help, and has no notion of being any man's debtor. Tiberius Cæsar said in his strong common-sense way that 'offenses against the gods are the gods' lookout,' and perhaps it would be as well, certainly less thankless, if one should leave in their hands such little matters as those I have been discussing. Indeed, one must do that finally, for one cannot hope that criticism based on nothing more pretentious than the plain natural truth of things will be much regarded; so probably as much or as little would be gained by doing it in the first instance.

Yet, in another view, it may be worth while to point out to simple-minded persons like myself, who are perhaps a little confused by the outpourings of publicists and the din of eager innovators, that natural law still exists and is still a respectable force. I have read many words about social reconstruction, industrial reconstruction, political reconstruction; in fact, as I write this paper I am inspired by the latest efforts in the great new enterprise of 'economic planning.' All these, in their innocent disregard of natural law, remind me of a piece of music I once saw, written for a cornetist. The music was good, but the composer had not put in any rests for the cornetist to take breath; well, as soon as one saw that, one knew that further examination of the piece was pointless. So, in what the journalists call 'these hectic days,' a suggestion that natural law is still at work, and that there is really not much that one can do about it, may be somewhat of a time saver and trouble saver to minds of the simpler sort, like my own; and to such, and such only, I offer it.

JUST PLAIN NUTS

BY WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

I

Most linemen act crazy at times. But Feldow *was* crazy. I should of knowed it the first time I seen him. It was a crazy sight. And the last I seen of him was worse than that. I still do see it when I've eat or drank something that don't set good in my stomach just before I turn in.

I parked my car by the insulator dump and taken my belt and tools and walks across the tracks to where I could see the wire trains laying on the siding. It was about midnight and rainy; every wire in that yard was hot, and all the insulators was crackling and spitting flame where the rain run acrost them. You could just about feel the kilowatts chasing each other around in the wet. And they was plenty of kilowatts in that yard.

Outside the train I stopped and just looked up at it a minute. It's good to be coming back to work when you been loafing. I liked seeing all that wire overhead again. And I kind of wanted to size up the yard, too. But it was too dark to see anything but the arcing, so I figured I'd just as well to go on in and learn it off the blueprints.

They was a lineman standing in the vestibule of the shop car as I swung into the train. I did n't know then it was Feldow. I did n't know who it was. He had his back turned to me and I could n't even see that beard. All I could see was his size and them big arms stretched up to where a leak was

spitting flame acrost a couple of bells in a cross-track feeder. He seemed to be trying to talk to it.

'Master! Master!'

It sounded so crazy I figured I was n't hearing it right. I thought they must be someone up a pole on the other side of the train and this guy was talking to him. So I just walks right by him and into the shop car. I hung my belt in the working end and went on in to the end where the men loafed. They was in there loafing, too. You could n't never get a track to work on in that yard till after two o'clock. The traffic was too heavy in it.

I did n't know no one in the gang, but I seen the Duke hanging over his blueprint table serious as ever, so I gets a cup of water and pours it in his back pocket and in a minute he feels it and turns around.

'Jig!' he says. 'I was n't looking for you till to-morrow night. How'd you get here so fast?'

'Drove straight through when I got your wire. You says hurry, so I figures you meant just before now.'

'Well, son, you're a sight for sore eyes. Sure you ain't too tired to work to-night?'

'I ain't worked since that damned horse put me in the income-tax lists. But I got it all spent and I'm fixing to go back to work like a honest man now. My belt's hanging in the shop car.'

'You can leave it there. You're

foreman of this wire train from now on. I'm general foreman of the whole job, but I ain't dared get off the deck of this one train in a week. Slim and Bitch are the only two first-class men I got, and each of them is running his own train. I had a guy running this one that the company sent out here as a catenary expert. The night he come out he walked acrost a wood-stick insulator with both hands on the body span!

'Where'd they bury him at?'

'There was n't much to bury. I was so disgusted I did n't even go to the funeral.'

'Everything in the yard hot?'

'Just about. Work everything on a clearance basis. Some of the new stuff's cold yet, but everything else is hot. And there's a third rail to every track. I'd take you out and show you around, but it's too dark to see anything. You'll have to get it off the prints. Come over here and I'll show you what we're doing to-night. It's plenty.'

II

It was plenty. That job was one of the worst messes I was ever in. It was an old yard, one of the first ones ever to be electrified, and we was rebuilding all the old overhead wiring. We did n't have nothing to do with the third rail, of course, only to keep out of the way of it. But everything overhead had to be rebuilt and replaced and they was a sight of new stuff to build, too. Traffic was so heavy there we could only use the tracks for about four hours a night. And we had to leave all the wire in the yard in shape for service by six-ten in the morning when the commuters' trains begun again.

I did n't think much of the gang the Duke give me. They was young and they looked green. The only one I knowed was Beckett Jakes, so I made him straw boss. He was a good line-

man. He could read a print and follow orders and keep his head in tight places. He did n't have no imagination about figuring out new stuff, but he was dependable and he was the best I had. By and by the Duke went over to Kincaid's train and I calls Beckett in to me.

'Glad to see you, Jig. How was Havana?'

'Good. And richer now than when I went there. And God knows it's warmer than this, but spring's coming. What kind of linemen we got in this train?'

'Sorry. They're willing, but they're young and dumb. And they're scared.'

'Scared of what?'

'Hot wire. They seen that guy burn hisself up and they ain't forgot it. But they're willing and you can steady 'em down all right.'

'I and you,' I says. 'You're my straw boss, Beckett.'

He liked that. 'Jig, I'm right obliged to you. I'll put out the work for you if it kills me.'

'It won't. I'll be here with you and I'll back you up on anything you do. Now tell me about this gang man by man.'

'Nothing to tell. They was all grunts before they come here and still would be if we could get good men. But the Eastern's got most of the best men in the country. So we have to get along with these. They're all green — that is, all but Feldow. Did you notice him?'

'Is he that big guy with the full beard that's just come in off the vestibule and sets there by the stove reading?'

'Yeah. Notice what he's reading?'

'No. I just noticed it because it ain't a paper. I think I seen that guy outside when I come in. What's he reading?'

'The Bible.'

'The Bible?'

'Yeah. The Bible. If you don't believe it, take a look.'

I taken a look. I been in a few wire trains and I did n't figure nothing could happen in one would surprise me. But this did. Feldow was the biggest lineman I ever seen. I guess he was six feet six; with all his working clothes on he looked like a transposition tower. He had a full beard, too. He looked like some of them pictures of Klondikers. And he looked tough and nasty, too; like the guy that would be the trouble maker in a gang, the guy that kicks on the weather and always wants to do the job the way he seen it done somewhere else before. He just looked ugly as hell. But there he set hugging that Bible like he'd found something good in it.

And then I taken notice of something else. They was n't no rough-housing in the train. No one setting fire to newspapers, no one throwing water, no jokes, no one laughing. There was n't nothing in that train but the sound of the motor in the lighting plant humming quiet and even and the men setting around in two or three little groups talking in low tones like somebody'd just been hurt; and Feldow, setting there reading his Bible. It was too quiet. Outside they was a gale of wind blowing by the windows and the sound of the other trains whistling and clanking acrost the yard. But inside they was n't nothing but the men whispering and the hum of that motor. That was all.

'Cheerful bunch,' I says to Beckett. 'Anyone killed last night?'

'No. One of Imber's men stepped off a span and broke his leg, but it ain't that. They're always like this.'

'That fellow always reading his book so careful?'

'That's all he does but work.'

'How's his work?'

'That's the funny part of it. He's

the best lineman we got. I seen damned few anywhere was better.'

'Funny I would n't know him. Where does he come from?'

'That's funny, too. No one knows where he comes from. And we got men here been on every job in the country. He must of come from one of them jobs in the far West. He knows catenary work, though, and knows it good.'

'What kind of guy is he?'

'Nuts.'

'What do you mean, nuts?'

'Just plain nuts!'

'Well, how does it show?'

'Religious. When he first come out here he could n't talk about nothing but God and sin. All the time trying to reform everyone. The guys just laughed at him. Then that gold-bricker got burned up and Feldow he claimed it was punishment for sin. He talked so much about it that Slim Kincaid kicked him out of his train. But he's such a good hot-wire man the Duke wanted to keep him; so he put him over in this train. He used to rave about it over here, but I shut him up.'

'How?'

'I asked him, if he was so crazy about God, why did n't he touch something hot and go have a look at Him. That stopped him.'

'How is he since?'

'Nuts as ever, but he keeps it to himself. He won't have nothing to do with the others only at work. And not much then. He mostly works alone. He works good, too — careful and fast and uses his head. And he can climb like a squirrel, big as he is. But if you try to talk to him about anything but work he just pops off at you with something about God or Jehovah or someone like that.'

'You say he likes to work near hot wire?'

'Yeah. Nuts about it. That's about all we use him for. He's the only man

in the outfit except me that's safe with it. And he gets jealous when I work any of it. He loves it. The only time you'll ever see him grin is when he's right close to something hot. Then he grins to himself and talks about God. I guess maybe he figures God and electricity are about first cousins.'

'I don't know nothing about that, but they ain't nothing could introduce him to God faster than a hot wire. Is he careful when he's near it?'

'Yeah. Steady as a rock. He's jealous. He wants to do it all alone. He's got the other men scared so they lay back, but he can do more than the whole bunch of them could anyway, so we're better off as it is.'

'You say he hates you?'

'Hates my guts. He knows I ain't afraid of his nonsense.'

'You can fire him if you like. I'll back you up. I always stand behind my straw bosses.'

'I don't want to fire him. I got nothing against him. He's just plain nuts. But I can look out for myself all right and he's a good man to have in the train. We got too few of 'em as it is.'

'You don't reckon he's just trying to get up nerve enough to burn hisself up like that guy over at the Eastern done this fall?'

'No. What's he waiting for if that's what he wants to do? He's had plenty of chances.'

'All right. I'll talk with him when I get time. Now when did you last inspect belts in this train?'

'Monday night.'

'All right. Go inspect them now. Body belts and safeties both. I'm going in to talk to the gang.'

III

I walks in to the other end of the car and stands there a second looking

at them. I knowed they'd been talking about me. A gang always talks about a new boss. But no one says nothing when I went in and Feldow never even looks up. So I says:—

'Boys, I want to talk to you a minute.'

One or two that was reading put down their papers and they all looked at me — all but Feldow. He goes right on reading like I was n't there. I stood it a minute and then I seen he was n't going to stop, so I says:—

'Put down that book, lineman, and pay attention!'

I figures if I was going to have trouble with him, then was the time to have it. But we did n't have no trouble. He looks up perfectly calm and closes the book and listens.

'I'm your new boss. You can call me Jig. I only got two rules; if you follow them I'm the easiest guy to get along with you ever seen. One of them is to work safe and the other is to work hard. Beckett Jakes is straw boss from now on. You'll obey his orders the same as if they was mine.'

They all nod, the way guys will when they ain't sure whether you want them to say something but want you to know they heard what you said. Feldow was the only one who opened his mouth. He just kind of bows and says:—

'I see thy hand.'

He did n't say it like it was meant for me, either. He did n't say it like it was meant for no one. The minute he says it all the other guys look around at each other like they was doing when I taken that squint at them through the door — kind of scared. It puzzles me, but I figure I better not let it go. So I looks right at him and says:—

'Don't be stingy with yourself, lineman! You can see both my hands any time you want!'

The other guys set up right smart and looks from me to Feldow and back

again. They about half figured a fight out of it. But Feldow either did n't want to fight or he had n't meant nothing by it. Cause all he does is set there still looking not quite at me and say it again: —

'I see thy hand.'

'Well, if all you want to do is to look at it, I guess I won't break no bones in it for a while!'

And then I goes over to my table and starts trying to find a night's work in the blueprints.

About two-twelve the special-duty man comes in and says we can have Track 3 for fifty-six minutes. I'd got the work figured out all right, so I tells him to roll us down under the signal bridge and hang the train there for a while.

I went out and inspected my ground sticks and then I woke up the boys and told them it was last chance for coffee for about a hour. After that we just set around and waited till the train taken us out there. When we got there we had to wait on a clearance report, cause everything down at that end of the yard was hotter than a electric chair. I took notice the boys seemed a little nervous, so I says to them: —

'It's all hot down here, boys. You stay right in the car till I've seen the ground sticks on. After that you're all right. If you got any doubt about anything, don't go near it till I O.K. it.'

That cheered 'em up some. As soon as the clearance man come in for me to sign the slip, I taken the whole gang outside and showed 'em the ground sticks with my flashlight.

'All right, boys. You seen them grounds with your own eyes. Nothing with a ground stick can bite you even if they make a mistake and shoot it hot from the dispatcher's office right while we're working it. Let's go!'

They come laughing up the ladders

after me just as cheerful as you please. I was in front of 'em and I stood right in the glare of a dishpan light and stuck my bare hand on the wire where they could all see me do it. It's remembering to do little things like that that gets a gang to trust you.

You would of thought them old-time designers laid out yards with the special purpose of burning up linemen instead of running trains. This old yard was full of death traps. I guess that was one of the reasons we was rebuilding it.

We was tearing out old feeder wire that night. I'd started with that because it was easy and it give me a chance to size up my men before we got to anything tough or tricky. The feeder run right along the messenger there and the messenger was low. I had all the towers on my tower cars run up high and we could work most of it right from the decks. All we had to do was take the wire locks off and let the old feeder right down on the deck. We cut it into short sections as we done it, of course, so they was n't no danger of a long piece swinging around and kissing something hot over one of the other tracks.

Wherever it was too high to reach right from the deck, I made the boys use ladders. They would of clumb right up on the messenger and set there while they worked, but I stuck to the ladders. A man on a ladder is safer. He ain't so apt to lose his balance and grab for something. And they was too many places in that yard where a man could grab something hot.

The men done fine. It was dark as sin and they was a gale blowing, for it had stopped raining and turned off cold. But we had a good lighting plant and plenty of dishpan lights. And they was a good spirit in the gang. Each of the guys was taking his regular turn at all the parts of the work. They

did n't wait on turns, either. They crowded each other to get at the work, which is one sign of a good gang. All but Feldow, that is. Feldow was n't crowding no one.

While we was out in mid-span farthest from the hot wire, he just stomped up and down the deck, picking up a wire lock or handing someone the bolt cutters once in a while, but not really doing nothing. I would of arced at him, but I remembered what Beckett had said, so I just kept quiet till we come to some hot stuff. There I arced at him, but it was to hold him back.

The feeder finally run into a bus line about fifteen foot above the deck. And they was only about a four-foot section of that bus dead. But I had n't no more than stopped the train under it when Feldow hooked a long ladder into that dead section and starts up. None of them other guys tried to crowd him out and do it theirselves like they done with each other, neither. He barks at one of them: —

'Hold that ladder from swinging!'

And up he went climbing like a scared cat. I did n't really doubt him, but I did n't like so much hurrying around hot wire.

So I arcs at him: —

'Just a minute there, lineman!'

He stops about halfway up the ladder and looks down at me. They was something in his eyes like I never seen nowhere before. I could n't tell what it was. I had a funny feeling it was n't Feldow behind that face at all. It was something else, something looking out of his eyes, something — well, goofy. The other men had quit talking and the light made them look funny, too. They just stood there not saying nothing; all you could hear was the whining of the wind and the hum of the kilowatts in the hot wire all around us. And nothing to see but a bunch of faces looking all strange like deck lamps make guys

look and Feldow looking down at me from the ladder. I had a kind of a feeling maybe he was going to jump off that ladder right onto me. But just then a blast of wind knocked the ladder out of the hand of the guy who was holding it. The hooks held the ladder all right, but Feldow taken a long swing on it. And that seemed to make things all right again. I grabs the ladder and tells the guy was holding it to watch his work. And when I looks up at Feldow he looks like a man again.

'You understand that whole bus is hot on both sides of them section insulators, Feldow?'

'Yes, sir.'

'All right. See to it you keep in the clear. And don't drop the end of the feeder. Pass it down to someone's hand no matter how short it is when you cut it. I ain't taking no chances with even a scrap bouncing off this deck and into that third rail.'

'Yes, sir. I'll get it all right.'

He did, too. I ain't seen many men work easier. He swung up that ladder just as easy as he'd of rolled into bed. He belted hisself up short to it and went to work, elbows close to him, body still, no quick motions, no reaching around, no struggle. He kept the handles of the bolt cutters close to him, too. You could of passed his whole body through a eighteen-inch pipe and not bothered his work. He could keep it that close to him. He balanced hisself good on the ladder and when he was done he come down it like oil flowing down a stick. After I'd seen that I made up my mind to keep him no matter how nuts he was.

IV

He was just as nuts as he was good, though. He would n't do a stroke with no one else. He always made out a good reason. Just when I stopped the

train at a new place he'd be splicing a line or working the stiffness out of a wire lock or fooling with some hardware or any damned thing to keep him busy till the other guys got paired. Then he'd jump in and find something they had n't found and do it himself — and do it good. He was smart about finding work and what he done counted. Only he just would do it alone. And whenever we got near something hot the others would lay back till he'd found what he wanted and went to work on it — alone. And they did n't kid him about it like they done each other.

He loved that hot wire. I never seen nothing like it. I did n't catch on to how much till I went to pull the grounds after our first shot. We was all done and the conductor was standing down on the track rawhiding me to be off there. They was a express due on the track I was on in about seven minutes and I guess the conductor did n't trust me to have sense to clear for it. Lots of conductors are like that.

'For God's sake get that thing off there!' he bawls.

'Quit crying!' I tells him. 'It won't be God's worry when I get mine. It'll just be a joke on the Devil. I'll be off here in one minute if that engineer's awake.'

He stomps off toward the signal tower and I guess he would of throwed the block against that express in another two minutes. But we was only about thirty seconds from the switch and I was all set to move.

'Everybody down! I'm pulling the grounds and giving up the power. No one on deck again till I O.K. it!'

The boys jumps for the ladders, tickled to death to get a chance at the stove and coffee, and I starts to take off my ground when I seen Feldow. He was standing in the shadow of a dish-pan light, just standing there watching

me. When he seen I seen him he give a start.

'I'd like to pull that ground for you, sir.'

'Did n't you hear me say, "Everybody down"?''

'Yes, sir, but I understand hot wire. Let me pull that stick for you while you signal the engine for your move.'

He was about half asking me and half telling me. He was looking at the end of the ground stick where it was hooked on the wire. And his eyes was all funny again. Mad as I was, I was scared. Not scared of sticking the express and not scared of Feldow. It was something else — something that come into his eyes whenever he got near anything hot. I walks over to him kind of shivering inside and feeling like I was in the wrong. I never had no one make me feel like that before.

'Feldow, get down that ladder before I knock you down it!'

His eyes come right the minute I said it. He jumps for the ladder and tumbles down it without a word. I went back and unscrewed my ground stick. Then I ducked, cause the yard was lousy with induction, and lifted it off the wire. It give a little spurting snap and they was a arc of flame spat about four inches from the wire to the end of the stick just like it generally does. But just with that arc I heard something else. It come from the end of the shop-car vestibule where Feldow had just went down and it made my blood run cold.

'Master!'

Just that. I whips my head over the side, thinking someone must of stuck his foot in the third rail. But they was n't no flash down there nor no stink. And then I seen the door of the shop car was open, though none of the boys would of left it open as cold a night as that. But that scream — if I'd had time to think about it I might

of took to believing in a Devil again. I did n't have time, though. I had to move the train. So I signals the engineer and in a minute we was up in the clear and I goes down into the shop car.

The boys was standing by the stove drinking coffee. But they was drinking it quiet, not laughing and kidding like they ought to be, to be in out of the cold for a while. I looks over beyond them and there set Feldow with his face in the Bible. He had n't even pulled his gloves off. He was just setting there reading like he had n't been out all evening. I walks over to him.

'Feldow.'

'Sir?'

'Did you holler at me when you come down off the deck just now?'

'No, sir.'

'Did you holler at all?'

'No, sir.'

'Did you hear anyone holler?'

'No, sir.'

Beckett steps up. 'What's wrong, Jig?'

'I heard something funny just when I pulled that ground. All hands in the train?'

'Yeah.'

'Take a flashlight and go back there where we just come from and make sure one of them grunts from the other train did n't fall and hurt hisself on the way over to our train for something.'

Beckett goes off and I turns to the gang.

'Boys, when I say, "Everybody down," that's what it means. If I catch any of you waiting on deck after I've said it, he'd better have a parachute on!'

The guys nod to each other and Feldow he waits for a second to be sure I'm through and then he picks up the Bible. In ten minutes Beckett comes in and says everything's O.K.

It might of been the wind. They was

a awful wind blowing, and sometimes at night it makes mighty queer sounds over a railroad yard. I'd just about decided that was it when I come to remember that open door. The wind never blowed that door open. And then I remembered how I seen Feldow looking up at them arcs over the leaky insulators when I come into the train. He'd been saying, 'Master!' then. And the more I thought about it, the surer I was Beckett had it right. The guy really was nuts. And he must of thought God and electricity was just about first cousins the way he acted when he seen a arc. I thought about canning him right off for that lie. But he was a good lineman no matter what he thought, and I'd seen enough of my train to know I needed a good lineman in it.

V

The rest of the night everything went smooth as a good garter. Feldow did n't take no more spells. It got cold and they was n't no arcs showing the way they will when it's wet and warm. Beckett done fine with the straw bossing and the rest of the guys done the best they could, which was n't too bad.

In the morning, after we'd cleared up and I'd sent the gang home, the Duke come in. I was making out my swindle and he taken a look at it and grins all over.

'That's the kind of a progress sheet I've been wanting to see for three weeks. How's your gang?'

'You can read what we done.'

'No. No. The work's all right. I mean the men themselves.'

'O.K. I would n't want to go into a four-track breakdown with 'em, but in a month I'll have a good gang out of 'em.'

'Beckett all right?'

'Doing fine. I cut the train oncet

and give him half and he done good with it.'

'What do you think of Feldow?'

'O.K. on the work. Goofy otherwise. But I ain't no missionary. He's got just as much right to read the Bible when we're cleared up as the other guys got to read the racing charts.'

'That's the way I figure it. You can can him any time you like. But he's a valuable man if you can get the work out of him.'

'That's what I'm paid to do, ain't it?'

The Duke mostly left us alone on that job. He trusted me and Slim and Bitch and he had men in the substation he did n't, so we never seen much of him.

For a week or more we done fine. It was clear and cold and we rawhided to keep warm and done a lot of work. Feldow, he done more than any three men in the train. I'd just begun to forget about that queerness the first night when we hit another wet warm spell.

We was changing over switches on some sectionalizing feeders and the work had to be done away from the train. The switches set up on bracket racks on the poles. Changing 'em was tricky work. The racks was about forty foot above the ground in the first place, and in the second they was so small a man could n't work on them and keep more than about fifteen inches from the hot side. If it had n't been for Feldow I'd of done it myself. It ain't right to send kids like I had into a mess like that. Beckett could of done it, but I'd had to lend him to Slim for tensioning. So Feldow done them for me and he was a wizard at it.

Well, the night it turned warm, Feldow was over changing a switch for me. I could n't even get my train on the track next to the pole. He'd clumb up to the body beam and gone acrost on that.

'I've sent a grunt with a water lamp over to the butt of the pole, Feldow. Drop your hand line to him and he'll land the old junk for you and pull you up the new. And remember, everything's hot on the west side of that switch.'

'Yes, sir. I'll get it all right.'

I could only hold the track I was on about twenty-five minutes, so I put the gang to riveting and put the spotlight over onto Feldow to help him.

'I got to be off here in about twenty minutes, Feldow. If it gets to raining too bad or you can't see with just that lamp after I've gone, you can come down and walk over to the train and get some coffee and finish up when we get that long shot after four o'clock.'

'I'm all right. Take that light offen me. It blinds me.'

It kept getting wetter and wetter and everything in the yard was spitting and flashing by the time I had to move, so I calls to him again.

'Got to clear up, Feldow. You can knock off if you want till we get back.'

'Even in darkness and doubt I shall serve thee!' he shouts. And the minute I hears his voice I knowed he was nuts again. But just then the conductor come running out with a order I got to clear right away. As luck would have it, it was a freight about a mile long, and by the time I got my train up to the siding, that freight had cut me off from walking over to where Feldow was at. I could n't get up on deck to put the spotlight on him, either, cause we was lying under low hot wire.

The tail end of that freight had n't no more than cleared when I starts to walk over. I could n't get my train off the siding for ten minutes and I was worried about that nut. His voice had sounded awful bad when I had to clear. I'd just stepped around the end of the freight when I bumped right smack into Feldow's grunt.

'For God's sake, Jig, come over here!'

'What's wrong? Feldow burnt?'

'No. He's all right that way. But I think he's gone nuts!'

'He could n't. He's nuts already. How's it showing?'

'Ever since this rain come on so bad just after you cleared, he's taken to shouting about would n't the mast arm be guyed. They ain't no mast arm on that pole, is they?'

'No. They ain't one in six poles of there. And it ain't got nothing to do with what he's working noway. Are you sure you heard him right?'

'No. He was n't saying it to me noway. He was just shouting up at them big transmission insulators where they're leaking.'

'Well, we'll go take a look.'

'Jig, I ain't going back there. I'm quitting.'

'What do you mean, quitting?'

'I'm through. I won't work around a guy like that.'

He was just a kid or I'd of smacked him.

'Come on, son, take a brace. I'm going back there and you're coming with me. He ain't going to hurt you with me there.'

'I'll go if you will, then. But it's something awful. No good ever come of a guy reading the Bible and praying like he does all the time noway.'

'Or shooting craps and drinking and tomcatting like the rest of us do, either! What do you care what he does? You don't have to do it!'

'You come over and see!'

I went and the kid was right. It was something awful to see. You could n't see much of it, either. The light from the water lamp did n't get up that far and his lantern was n't showing nothing. All they was was little patches of moonlight showing through the clouds. We could just see him kneeling on the

rack. He must of been within six inches of the hot side and he had both hands raised up over his head like he was reaching for something. Every little while a swirl of that fog would close in and then we could n't see him. And what he was reaching for I don't know. They was n't nothing above him but them transmission lines spitting and flashing and making that noise like a million mad rattlesnakes. It give me the creeps.

'Feldow, you all right?'

He acted like he did n't hear me, though the men on Kincaid's train looked up and they was a quarter of a mile off. And then he taken to talking.

'Master, guide me! Master, guide me!'

The moon come out full for a minute and there he was, cap off, beard dripping rain, and about half crying and half whining.

'I await thy word, Master. Guide me!'

The kid beside me shook all over.

'God, ain't that awful?'

'I got to get him. He might stick his hands right into them kilowatts if he goes on like this. Hold that lamp to give me all of it you can!'

'Don't go up there alone, Jig! Something awful'll happen if you go up there in the dark with him! Get some help!'

I seen the kid was like to faint. I did n't want to go up there myself. But I did n't want that fool to burn hisself up, neither. And I knowed if I did n't go after him I'd spend the rest of my life knowing I was yellow.

'Hold that light like you're told before I take these pliers and beat your brains out!'

It was hard to climb in the dark. I did n't have no steel skates, neither, but I was just as glad of that cause they make a racket and I figured my only chance was to get at him quiet. I

kept in to the back side of the pole, where he could n't see me. I did n't like that climb much. I knowed where all the hot wire on that pole should of been, but I did n't know what changes he might of made. I did n't want to climb into no hot lead just because I could n't see it. I could hear good, though, and, wet as it was, I figured I'd hear the hum in anything before I got to it.

Well, I got to the beam and over it all right. I was just going to stick my hands on the hang brace above it and swing up onto that when I struck my chin right smack into a wire. It give me a awful scare. Of course, the minute I felt it I knowed I was safe. You never feel the wire that burns you up. But all the same it scares you to find a lead like that where you know it ain't got no place to be. I could n't see it, it was that dark again. But I knowed better than to move till I could. I just stood still and waited. A gust of wind and rain hit them transmission insulators again and they begun to spit harder than ever. The minute they did, Feldow begun to talk to them.

'Guide me, Master, guide me! In darkness and doubt have I waited thy word. Faithfully and well have I served thee. Thy weapon waits in my hand for thy guidance. In flame shall I cleanse their sins that they may come to thy presence purged of evil! Guide me, Master, guide me!'

Just then the moon come out and I taken a look at that wire I'd bumped. It was a scrap of feeder tap, part of the junk he'd dismantled. But it was n't dismantled. It was wire-locked to the new cold side of the feeder, and the tail of it was run back over the hang brace. The way he had it rigged, all he would of had to do was to stand on the beam and throw that tail into the hot side of the switch. The minute it hit there it would shoot every damned one of them

fourteen thousand volts right through into the messenger of Track 3. And every man in Slim Kincaid's train was working on that Track 3 messenger a quarter of a mile away.

But here was the funny part of it. Slim had a ground stick on that messenger. And Feldow knowed it, cause that same ground was protecting him. He seen me and Slim check it before he went over to the pole to work. And so he could n't of burned up Slim's train if he'd wanted. He could scare the sin out of them, but he could n't hurt them and he knowed it. I could n't figure that out.

I tied his freak lead to the brace where it was grounded good and then I slips up the pole to where I was just behind him. He was still kneeling on the rack with his back to me, but he was n't talking no more. I got close enough to grab him if my voice made him jump and then I says: —

'How you getting on, Feldow?'

I had my pliers in my hand and I thought I was going to need them. He whips around and glares at me like the animals in a zoo when people stick umbrellas through the bars. Dark as it was, I could see his eyes shining like a couple of burning torches. I held my pliers right where he could see them catching the glare off the water lamp. It was a bum place for a fight, but I had the best of it, cause I had one leg locked through a step and he was out on the rack with nothing to grab but insulators and half of them hot. He looks at me.

'I'm finished stripping. I was waiting on you to bring the train back with the new junk. I sent the grunt over for it and he said it ain't done yet.'

As soon as he spoke about the work he was just as steady as you'd want. I calmed down, too, hearing him talk so natural, and I taken his lantern and got a look at what he'd done. I kept in

good position to kick him off if he acted funny. But he did n't. His work was done and done good.

'What you got that lead running off the cold side of your switch for?'

'Extra ground for double protection. If one of Kincaid's men was to stick a long hanger into something hot the surge would come this way.'

'The hell it would! It's grounded on the signal bridge between here and there!'

'I don't trust other people's grounds.'

'If you put it on for a ground, why did n't you lock it to that brace instead of just laying it acrost the top like that?'

'The weight of it's enough to make all the contact it needs on as wet a night as this. I was going to take it off the minute I finished anyhow.'

And they was just enough truth in all that to make me half believe it. No matter what he said in that crazy prayer, he had enough lineman's sense to know he could n't burn up Kincaid's train as long as that ground stick was there. And he knew enough about Slim to know he'd be using his test pantograph for a extra ground anyway.

'Feldow, did you hear me holler at you from the butt of this pole a minute ago?'

'No, sir.'

'It's funny you would n't. The men on that train halfway acrost the interlocking heard it and looked up!'

'I did n't hear a thing. This leakage is making an awful racket.'

It was, too. He was cunning as hell, that guy. Everything he done he had about a half excuse for.

'How long you been done?'

'Maybe ten minutes.'

'And you did n't hear me?'

'No, sir.'

'What you been doing since you finished — smoking?'

'I have not. Nor have I ever smoked

or sinned in any form, though I know that I am born in sin, live in sin, and will die in sin with the single hope of redemption in the service of . . .'

'Cut out that nonsense! Do you like your job?'

He got down on his knees at that. Right down on his knees and held up his arms to me like he'd done to them arcs.

'Forgive me, forgive me! Please forgive me! Make me your tool; use me as you will, but forgive my erring ways. I will do anything for you, anything. I will save your soul if you but forgive me. I . . .'

I felt foolish as hell to have the poor nut begging me like that.

'Look here, Feldow. I got no fault to find with your work. It's first class. But I would n't let them other guys spend the company's time sinning on the job and I can't let you spend it praying when it fouls the work. You're only working ten hours a night. Suppose you rig it to get your praying done by day.'

'Yes, sir.'

'And take that crazy grounding contraption off right away. Kincaid's got two grounds protecting you.'

'Yes, sir.'

VI

He'd come right again and he was so set to please I did n't have the heart to say no more. I wondered as I slid down the pole whether I ought n't to of canned him. But I needed him like the devil. He was worth any three men I had, now that I'd had to give Beckett to Slim. And he proved it the rest of the night. He rawhided it all alone up there in the cold and wet and left a sweet job behind him. I was just giving him a good word on it when Slim Kincaid come through the door of the train. We was cleared up for the night and the men was standing around the stove

taking off their wet clothes. Slim looks at me like a thundercloud.

'Jig, what the hell was the idea of taking my ground stick off that signal bridge?'

That burnt me up. Slim knew me too well to think I'd move a ground of my own, much less anybody else's, without warning everyone in the yard.

'I never touched your damned ground. What do you mean?'

'Somebody pulled my ground stick off the signal bridge and just left it laying . . .'

'Master, forgive me! Forgive my erring . . .'

I jumped, but I missed him. He'd broke for the door, bawling and screaming, just ahead of me. On the vestibule I stops long enough to throw my pliers at him and I hit him, too — hit him right in the back of the head. They knocked him down, but he was up again and running like a deer before I could catch him. I chased him awhile, but I did n't have a chance. So by and by I give it up and come back to the train.

'I could n't catch him, Slim. But I bet if I ever do, him and that God of his shakes hands two minutes later.'

I drew Slim a plan of the way that nut had it rigged to burn him up, and Slim he scratches his head.

'It's all right as far as it goes, but he did n't figure far enough. Stealing that ground offen the signal bridge was n't enough. I had my test pantograph up and he knowed it. He could of throwed a hundred thousand volts right acrost our train and never done no more harm than scare us as long as that test pan was up. That's how come us not to get no static when he taken our ground offen the signal bridge. The yard was lousy with static to-night.'

'Slim, let's take a look at the ground-ing on your test pan and mine.'

We done it, and both grounds was

cut. They'd been cut by a man that knowed his business, too. He'd left just enough copper there to ground static. But it never would of grounded no hot surge.

'Well, Jig, I'm right sorry I was so hot with you. I reckon they can't no one be blamed for what a crazy man does.'

'You reckon he wanted you and Beckett special and was willing to burn up the whole train to get you two, or do you think he just wanted all he could get?'

'Can't tell. He hated me. He was in my train before you come back from Havana and I told the Duke I would n't keep him. He had all my guys sore from telling them they was sinners.'

'Did you have words with him?'

'Not special. I just told him they was a whole big world around us and God could run every last bit of it to suit Hissself except just that one train I'm paid to be boss of. Then he taken to hollerin' about blasphemy or some such nonsense and I got the Duke to transfer him.'

'Well, I guess that's the last of him.'

'If it ain't, the next time I see him will be. I bet I could break that thick skull with my pliers even if you could n't!'

VII

You never seen a change in a gang like they was in mine after we'd got rid of Feldow. The boys taken his tools and throwed 'em in the river and then they burnt his belt and safety in the stove, and after that everything was just right. They shot craps when the train was cleared up and laughed and joked and told lies about their women and really acted natural again. And, much as I missed Feldow's work, I was glad to be shut of him.

We had a lot of trouble building that yard, though. We got a carload of bum

insulators, for example. Every time we'd cut in a set and move the train away from them for a hour, they'd smash. Just shatter. The metal fittings held all right, but them porcelain skirts just shattered from the strain. None of the boys got cut because they never done it while we was near them. We got a bunch of insulator experts from the factory and wasted a week fooling around with them, but they could n't find out nothing. They finally guessed it was a bad strain of clay in the porcelain.

And then our wire would n't hold a tension. It was n't the turnbuckles slipping, neither, cause we wired them. It did n't lose no tension out in the hot parts of the yard, but in the new tracks we just could n't seem to hold it from one night to the next. Slim and I like to had words over it. I figured it was some of his green men using the instruments careless, though it was n't like Slim to have that kind of stuff going on in his train. And he seemed to figure I was n't reading my tension charts right, though he knowed me too well to figure that way.

And then one wet night a big kite with a long heavy cord on it got away from somewhere and come right down acrost a couple of hot tracks. It blowed the breakers and burnt a lot of wire up and generally made a hell of a mess. It's a wonder it did n't kill half of us.

But somehow we got the job done and come to the last night. The work was all done. All we was doing was taking the permanent grounds off where we had 'em wire-locked to the new stuff and making a last inspection before they give it the load. They was just them two new tracks of the new stuff that was going to be shot hot at two o'clock. They was sectionalized from the rest of the yard with air breaks that was cut in right under the signal bridge.

A air break is just a insulating rig. You use it to cut a yard up into sections so you can get the power shut off while you work in one section and leave the rest of the yard hot for service. It's a tricky thing to work near, cause in the break itself you only got about sixteen inches between hot and cold wires. And all them fourteen thousand volts in the hot are always just waiting for someone's hand or arm or shoulder or tool to give 'em a path to surge acrost into the cold.

Well, that night I and Slim had our trains laying side by side just under the signal bridge and at the cold end of our breaks; his train under his and mine under mine. We was making the last adjustments and making 'em mighty careful, cause a surge or flash in there might of got us all.

Beckett, he was over in Slim's train and he wanted to get something off mine. Instead of going down off the deck and walking acrost on the ground, he clumb up onto the signal bridge and starts to come acrost it. It was pitch dark up on the bridge and the first thing we knowed of it was the scream. It was the awfulest thing you'll ever hear. Slim sticks a light up and there was Feldow.

He must of been laying on that bridge right above us all night. From the look of his hair and beard he'd been laying there a month. And Beckett had stepped right on him. We seen him stand up and lift Beckett over his head like a crate of insulators. Beckett had his pliers out and was beating him over the head like you would a mad dog, but Feldow did n't pay no attention, though his face was already streaming blood. He just reached Beckett higher and higher. Slim give the light to a grunt and jumps for the bridge just the same time I did.

'Watch out, Beckett! He's trying to throw you acrost that break!'

He was, too. Beckett was stout, but he was small. Feldow could of throwed him any time he wanted. But he did n't. He just held him there and turned that bloody face up to the sky while Beckett beat it.

'Guide me, Master, guide me! In thy name shall I visit them with destruction! With flame shall I purge them that they be pure in thy sight!'

It give me and Slim time to get up onto the bridge and get our hands on Beckett. But we could n't even pull him down. Feldow held him there like the bolts hold a cross arm on a pole.

'Catch Beckett, Slim!'

I had n't dared hit Feldow cause he was holding Beckett right over the air break. But I was afraid he'd drop him any minute. Slim braces hisself to hold Beckett and I reaches back for a good swing with the pipe wrench I'd brung. But I never swings it. Just then he stops screaming and hands Beckett to Slim like he was giving him a cigarette. He looks at that air break fifteen foot or so below us and then he looks up at the sky again. Slim catches on right away.

'Duck, boys! Flash!'

I heard the guys throwing themselves down on the decks just as Feldow tore hisself out of my hands. He hollered once more: —

'Master, I come!'

And he jumps right into the air break. . . .

VIII

I and Slim paid for the funeral. They was n't no one else to do it. All the names of relatives and addresses he'd give the company was fakes. We never learned nothing more about him and I guess we never will. After we'd cleaned up the mess that morning I and Slim and Beckett set around talking.

'I bet he knows who's first cousin of them kilowatts now,' says Beckett. 'I bet he's giving the Devil a worse time than he give me.'

'You ought n't to kick,' says Slim. 'I thought we was going to lose a lot more than just our eyebrows when that flash hit us. We come out lucky. He could of throwed you into that break if he'd wanted. He could of killed the rest of us, too. He must of had any God's number of chances while he was living in that lousy drainpipe by day and sneaking around busting insulators and slacking tension by night. It makes you sorry to see as good a man as that wind up that way.'

'I ain't kicking,' says Beckett. 'But I ain't sorry, either. I hope he's in the bottom of hell. That's the only place for a guy like that. He was just plain nuts.'

FRAGMENTS FROM A FLOWER DIARY

BY NORA WALN

'HABITS and customs differ, but all peoples have the love of flowers in common.'
— CHINESE PROVERB

I

It was in northern Hopei. The clouds had failed to gather in their season, and the time of showers had passed without rain. Parched by the midsummer sun, the earth was a dull beige in color. We had traveled three days over plains, valleys, and hills and seen nothing green except in the artificially irrigated plots near hamlets.

The ancient stone-paved trail led up along a narrow ledge. We waited at the foot for a line of pack coolies to come down. They were heavily laden with inland produce which they were transporting to the coast for foreign export. The containers roped on their backs towered high above their heads. Yet, despite his burden, the foremost man swerved out suddenly to the very edge of the cliff, and, as they came on, each of the nine men behind him did the same.

When they had passed us, we began our climb. My pack coolie was before me. When I came up to the place round which the others had swerved, he had squatted down and was pouring the last of the contents of his drinking canteen into a crevice in the paving. There, through the dust between the stones, a wild rose had grown—a slender fragile tendril with five pale leaves and an open flower. A perfect flower, beautifully tinted, and sweetly

fragrant. 'It is from such a one as this,' my coolie said, 'that we learn fortitude.'

II

It was in the province of Kwangtung. The temple had once been beautifully furnished, but was now dirty and neglected. I chided the abbot concerning the dust on a Buddha's face. He did not answer me immediately. He led me across two courtyards and along a dark narrow passage.

At the end of the passage he opened a door and motioned to me to pass him and go through it. Beyond the door, I stood in a tiny garden above a deep ravine. All was neat and tidy there. No weeds grew in the rich, much-worked loam. A low wall of carefully placed rocks kept the garden from sliding down the mountain side.

In his garden, the abbot spoke to me, saying, 'The furniture on an altar is but the symbol of religion . . . in the face of a flower the heart of God is revealed.'

I had no answer. At my feet were tall white lilies, each with a golden heart. Over my head a magnolia was in bloom.

Lifting a clump of pansies with a careful trowel, the abbot planted them in an earthen pot. 'Take this home,'

he said. 'If you are one who sincerely seeks the truth, by living with a flower you will find it.'

III

Bald-the-third, my serving matron, was stiff with anger. A filthy beggar had erected a mat shed against the wall of our residence at Nanking, and settled down to live just by the gate which led from our garden to the hill path.

He would have to go, she declared. Disease would be carried over the wall by every breeze. We should all be sick. Probably Small Girl would die of cholera.

Bald-the-third went out to clear him away. Sometime later I discovered her seated on the sewing-room floor hem-stitching a sheet, an occupation she often uses to calm herself when she has been overwrought.

'Has the beggar gone?' I asked.

'No — he is still there,' she answered.

'Oh! He defeated you in argument, did he?' I pressed her.

'I did not speak to him,' she said. 'He has a sprig of jasmine growing in a broken pot, and has given it the least drafty place in his miserable shelter. He certainly had n't much tea, but he was sharing what he had with the flower. I do not think that such a man will do us any harm. People can be too concerned regarding physical health and neglect the health of the spirit. I've sent him out a gift of rice and fish.'

IV

The Chinese love of flowers has been rewarded by genius in their cultivation. Certainly this is a transcendent capacity for taking trouble. Aided by their lovers' patient skill, blossoms

open for their festivals all over the land despite the diversity of climate which makes the weather below zero in some districts when it is swelteringly hot in others.

Flowers are coddled, nursed, and coaxed. They are fed religiously. There is a vast lore of wisdom passed orally from generation to generation concerning the whims and peculiarities of different plants — also a voluminous detailed gardening literature in which the observations of centuries are garnered. In the House of Exile library there are forty books, considered classics, on the culture of chrysanthemums only, and nearly as many relating to dwarf trees.

In heat, plants are sheltered in the coolest places in the homestead, and shades are erected for blossoming trees, vines, and flowers which are stationary. I have seen people sit all through the breathless tropic noon fanning a drooping flower. In cold, plants are housed in paper shelters, their roots set in loam warmed by subterranean air pipes heated by buried charcoal.

These are constructed to-day exactly as decreed by a ruler of the state of Wei who lived more than two thousand years ago. He ordered that they should be so simply designed that even the poorest and the stupidest of his people might make one. In the most severe weather, florists clothe buds in little paper coats perforated with breathing holes.

Although they perform an infinite amount of toil in bringing their flowers to perfection, florists charge astonishingly low prices. A florist once explained this to me. He told me that a country in which flowers — a necessity for the refinement of the heart — were priced so as to make them a luxury was a country which had yet to learn the first principles of civilization.

V

According to Chinese legend, a flower presides over each month of the year, celebrating her anniversary on the fifth day after the rise of the new moon. It is usual for a minstrel, when he knocks at a homestead gate on a flower birthday, to ask to come in and sing the flower's ballads. Many tea shops have a story-teller as an attraction to patrons; and, passing on a flower's day, I have often heard the blind-man entertaining the laborers, who gather round him when the day's toil is done, with the flower's fables.

Narcissus is hostess of the first month, violet of the second, peach blossom of the third, which is a favorite month for weddings. In China the peach blossom is the wedding flower as the orange blossom is in America, and in ancient times marriage was celebrated with a festival at the season of the flowering of the peach orchards. Peony gives her name to the fourth month, but rose presides over the month. This is because 'the peony is the millionaire's flower, symbol of riches and power; but the lovely rose belongs to everyone, as she graces cottage and palace impartially with her beauty.'

The gentle jasmine is hostess of the fifth month. The lotus, symbol of purity because she grows out of the mud and is not soiled, reigns over the sixth month; balsam, famous for healing virtues, over the seventh; cassia flower, so small but so fragrant, over the eighth; chrysanthemum, beloved of scholars, over the ninth. Bright cheerful marigold is hostess of the tenth month; camellia of the eleventh; the flowering winter plum, whose petals are like the snowflakes, of the twelfth.

And that no flower shall feel neglected, just because there are not

enough months for all, a Birthday of All Flowers is celebrated on the twelfth day of the second month.

On All Flowers' Day it is polite to make 'flower calls,' taking gifts of seeds and slips to one's friends. Every flower birthday is an appropriate occasion for a party. It is not even necessary to possess a garden to give a blossom tea. I know a Chinese lady in Peking, an invalid with neither the means nor the strength to achieve a garden, who has a blossom tea every year. A branch of her neighbor's wisteria extends over her courtyard wall, and each spring, when the wisteria flowers, she asks her friends to come. One year the wisteria did not bloom. She had her party, gay as the previous ones, in memory of the blossoms.

Wealthy families, who can, often give parties which are magnificent flower shows. These usually begin in the morning and last until well into the evening. After sunset the homestead is lit with silk lanterns placed to show each plant or flowering tree to the best advantage. Good manners permit one to go for as long or as short a time as one chooses.

Chinese people do not like to cut their flowers, and seldom do. The flowers displayed at a party are growing, either in pots or in the ground. Poetry and art through the centuries have endowed each tree, vine, and plant with a symbolic significance, and the cultured are guided by this in their arrangement. In the home of a scholar one is certain to see the 'three friends' — that is, the bamboo, the pine, and the plum — grouped together.

The purpose of a flower party is to view the flowers, and tables for cards or mah jongg are considered in bad taste. Sometimes there is an open-air stage on which actors play the flower classics. At one party I attended, the little children of the house, dressed in

flower costumes, danced a flower ballet of their own improvisation. Often someone who reads well is asked to read flower poetry.

Flower picnics are also popular. The Lins give an orchard party when the fruit trees bloom each year. Friends make up travel parties and go from all over China to admire the azaleas near Ningpo. When the lovely lotus opens her tulip-shaped blossoms in the shallow bays of the water highways, families in every province give boat picnics.

When I was preparing to attend the first flower festival to which I was invited, my mother-by-affection spoke to me about my dress. 'One should honor the occasion by care in one's costume,' Shun-ko said. 'But according to an ancient rule of decorum observed by the refined of heart, it is impolite to outdress the flowers. The flower-party gown should be dainty, clean, delicate in color, and fashioned on simple lines. A new fashion, however lovely, is out of place at a flower's party. The courteous hostess and her guests remember that it is to celebrate the flowers that people are gathered, and to wear a gown which distracts attention from the blossoms is rude.'

VI

I had been abroad for six months. Shortly after my return I needed a length of silk. I went to the place where Shih, the silk merchant, had opened a new shop just before I went away. The place was closed and appeared uninhabited. I made inquiry and I was told that he had gone back to his old address, where his father and his grandfather before him had done business.

I found him there. When I had made my selection and my bargain,

over a cup of tea, I asked why he had left the Big Horse Road. He replied that it was not a good location.

'It is such a prominent place,' I said in astonishment. 'Did n't you find that you had more customers there than here?'

'A merchant,' he informed me, 'lives the major part of his life with his customers. The place was too prominent. Many came in just because it was convenient. They had long purses and they paid, but money is not everything.'

The merchant's son, a boy of fourteen and heir to the business, further enlightened me. 'This place is better for the future of our house,' he said. 'On the Big Horse Road there was one who came who let the breath of February blow in on a flowering plum tree which we had set on the counter for the delight of gentlefolk.'

VII

I had lost my way and I had need to ask a policeman for direction. I drew my car up to the curb and waited. The policeman was occupied. Dressed in the splendid uniform copied from the city of San Francisco in which the American-educated governor of the town had clad all his republican police, this one was busy. Using his teapot as a watering can, he was watering the phlox which he had placed around his stance on the modern concrete road.

When he had finished, he gave me the information I requested. But before he signaled the permission for me to move on into the traffic he made a statement and asked a question: 'There is no day in the year when flowers fail to bless China with their lovely charm,' and, 'Is this also so in the Outer World?'

OPEN DOOR OR GREAT WALL?

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

I

NOTHING could be more typical of our age than the way in which the name of a hard-headed, realistic man of enterprise like Marco Polo has become a symbol of pure romance. We think of Columbus, on the other hand, as both a dreamer and a doer. He is the patron saint of the American tradition, from which came Edison and Ford and Alexander Graham Bell. They were all visionaries, but their visions issued in concrete realities. Columbus, who might have been no more than a crack-brained theorist, did actually cross the Atlantic; and in spite of the fact that what he was really looking for was China, so that it was all a colossal mistake, and in spite of the fact that he died in poverty, his was the first American success story.

As for Marco Polo, he turned his back on the West, the sea, and the future. He did travel by ship from China to India, but that we have almost forgotten. What we remember is that he traveled by caravan through Persia and Central Asia into the domains of the Great Khan. He reached China, which Columbus, a couple of centuries later, failed to do. Yet the story of Marco Polo is, for us, nothing more than a fable; good source material for plays and romances and saccharine Donn Byrne whimsicalities, but not important in practical history. Even the China in which Marco Polo's father and uncle were successful traders, and

in which Marco himself was a thoroughly practical social and financial success for about seventeen years as an official and administrator under the Mongol conquerors, is not, for us, the real China.

Marco Polo has become a cliché of the kind of journalism which lays it on thick. Any tourist who travels beyond the Treaty Ports and railways — the 'hard facts' — of the modern China is 'treading in the footsteps of Marco Polo.' This means that he is doing something that is glamorous, but has nothing to do with the office, however much it may appeal to the women's clubs.

Yet the Marco Polo of the thirteenth century was no Halliburton. The Venetians of the thirteenth century were the Yankees of Europe. Their romance was business romance, like that of the Standard Oil and the British American Tobacco Company in creating markets in China. Their successful men were adventurers, as Herbert Hoover was an adventurer when he mined coal in China and gold in Australia; but we do not think of the romance of Herbert Hoover as romance of the imaginative, bookish kind. It is only another incident in that prosaic thing, 'the romance of modern business.'

Somewhere between the original Marco Polo — 'Venice Boy Makes Good in Orient' — and Marco *II*

Milione, the teller of tall tales, who would have been a 'wow' at the Explorers Club, there is a great gulf fixed. Nor is the gulf, strange to say, at all hard to find. The Turks made it. When the Turks came down and took Constantinople in 1453 they cut Europe off from the overland trade to India, Central Asia, and the Far East. The caravans which had served the Venetians as Canadian Pacific, Dollar, and Nippon Yusen Kaisha liners, ever since the Crusades, were laid off. Europe floundered for forty years until Columbus led the way across the Atlantic, and the Portuguese, rounding Africa, opened up India and the remoter East by way of the sea.

II

The East with which the West began to trade by sea was quite different from the East of caravan trade. Marco Polo moved gradually and arduously from land to land and people to people. Languages, customs, religions, were things that he had time to note as the camels lurched from hither Asia to Central Asia and on into ultimate Asia. He rode hawking with the men of many nations, knew the women of many cities, heard all the commerce and affairs of Asia discussed around the camp fire or in the bazaar, was brought before viziers and men of state. By the time he reached China, he was adjusted to China.

When, on the other hand, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and after them the Dutch and British burst out of the sea to anchor off the ports of Asia, they broke in on a world which they startled by their strange appearance, and which they themselves found alien and incomprehensible. The sundering sea lay between East and West. Adjustment was harsh and abrupt. Whether the strangers gave goods for goods, or

whether they simply fought and took, there was no mutual comprehension. A wholly new tradition was created. Marco Polo and the men of his time — William of Rubruck, Pian de Carpine, many others whose names are known and a host who are forgotten — were participants in the affairs of Asia. The men of the seaways, Portuguese and Spaniards, Dutch and British and finally Americans, were anything but participants. They were intruders; and the chief American contributions to the history of intrusion in Asia have been Commodore Perry's forcing of Japan in 1854 and the Open Door Policy in China.

Marco Polo, that figure of romance, had no theories about Asia. He had to go by his own shrewd insight into the realities of the Eastern world in which by merit and hard work he rose to be a trusted servant of Kublai Khan. The British of John Company, on the other hand, and such later potent British agents in the Western history of China as 'Chinese' Gordon and Sir Robert Hart, and such Americans as Anson Burlingame, who proclaimed in 1868 the hunger of China for Western civilization, and John Hay, who labored with the British to set up the Open Door formula, were not figures of romance. They were hard-headed, practical men, and servants, they said, of civilization. It is true that their knowledge of the facts was more one-sided than that of the old plodding caravan travelers, but they had plenty of theories. Plenty of theories, and plenty of confidence. They backed their theories to override the situation as they found it, and the result of this process is the Far East of to-day, in which the appalling contradictions between fact and theory have brought the West up short, more puzzled and less confident than it has been for a hundred years.

III

Perhaps the most pregnant of all the theories in the catalogue has been the Theory of the Chineseness of China. This may seem a paradox; but the fact is that the China of Chinese history and culture, the China of the Chinese people, and the China which we call the Chinese Republic are not at all the same thing. Nor can we understand the difference without going back to the standards of Marco Polo.

When Marco Polo reached China, he found it under the rule of the Mongols. When the Western sea adventurers reached China, they found it first under the rule of the Ming dynasty, which was of Chinese origin. In 1644 they saw it come under the rule of the Ch'ing or Manchu dynasty; but, because they were in direct contact primarily with the Chinese, they continued to think of the country as the Chinese Empire. Marco Polo had been in contact directly with the rulers of China, and only indirectly with the Chinese. The Westerners of the age of sea power were in contact all the time with the Chinese; their relation to the rulers of China was only secondary.

Marco Polo, emerging from the vast hinterland, and learning to understand it in the long, slow journey before at last he reached the coast, was more closely in touch with the forces of history than were the seafarers who, touching first at the coast, gazed inward in perplexity at the incomprehensible hinterland and finally decided that the whole business was mediæval, if not primitive, and ought to be taken in hand. Yet the phenomenon which Marco Polo saw, and of which he was a part, was quite normal. For twenty centuries or so China has been subject to barbarian conquests from the north. These conquests have alternated with

periods of Chinese recovery; but the barbarians, in their conquests, have always penetrated deep into China, while the Chinese, in their periods of recovery, have rarely penetrated far beyond the fringe of the territory north of the Great Wall. Thus barbarian conquest has been the positive pole, and Chinese recovery only the negative pole, of the forces which have shaped the character of China for century after century.

The fact of these conquests is generally known, but their importance is always neglected. This is quite natural. For one thing, we speak always of the Wei, the T'ang, the Liao, the Chin, the Yuan, or the Ch'ing dynasties. Inevitably, in using the Chinese names, we think of them as Chinese. We forget that the Wei dynasty was founded by Toba Tatars. We skip lightly over the share of the Turks in founding the T'ang dynasty. We underrate the un-Chineseness of the Manchurian tribes who founded the Liao and Chin dynasties. We even speak of China as Cathay, a thing which the Chinese would never do, because the name is derived from the Khitan tribe, the barbarians who founded the Liao dynasty. We discount the Mongolness of the Mongols and the Manchuness of the Manchus who ruled under the Yuan and Ch'ing dynasties. How many people think of Kublai Khan, K'ang Hsi, and Ch'ien Lung as 'Chinese' Emperors? How many people realize that not one of these rulers would have called himself a Chinese, any more than Lord Curzon, when Viceroy of India, in spite of his profound interest in the culture of India, would have called himself a Brahmin?

The importance of these foreigners from beyond the Great Wall is that they ruled large parts of China, and sometimes the whole of it, for some

850 out of the last 1500 years. Nor have all the foreign conquerors been listed here. Other minor conquests bring the tale of foreign aggression and control to an even higher figure.

We increase the illusion of the Chineseness of China by uncritical acceptance of the dogma that the Chinese absorb all their conquerors. We repeat the formula that 'China is a sea which salts all the streams that flow into it,' and let it go at that. We forget that it is also true that a salt-water tide which flows far enough inland will be turned to fresh water by the streams discharging into it. This counter-formula, incidentally, might be of use in estimating the significance of Westernization and modernization in China at the present day, as a kind of tidewater phenomenon.

We should remember also that, while all the barbarians who have ever come down into China have suffered a sea change, all Chinese who have pressed beyond the Great Wall have suffered a comparable change. The barbarian, in barbarian territory, has absorbed or modified the Chinese as decisively as the Chinese has absorbed the barbarian within China. Where this is not true, as in modern Manchuria, it is because of the intervention of alien factors, brought by foreigners from over the sea. In the past, many of the Chinese in Manchuria were willing to join the Manchus in the conquest of China. Even in the modern period of suddenly altered values, the Chinese who moves into Manchuria tends to modify his Chinese characteristics in proportion as he becomes 'Manchurian.' In other regions, not yet affected by railroads and the new economic impact of the West, the old rule still holds. The Mongols who invaded China were absorbed; the Mongols who remained in Mongolia are Mongol to this day.

IV

In order to understand this type of history, we have to remember that it functioned in a definite rhythm for about two thousand years. It established precedents. All the populations affected by it grew to understand it instinctively, in the same way that the population of the Rhine Valley 'feels in its bones' the turn of every tide between France and Germany, in the same way that the peoples of the Balkans respond instinctively to alternating pressures from East and West.

No such precedents guided the reaction of Chinese and Westerners to each other when they came into contact along the seacoast. China had never been controlled from the sea. Hard knocks had to be given and taken before the relative strengths of opposing values could be appreciated. The West, in establishing its domination, had to determine not only the fact of domination but the form in which it was to be exercised. Nor could action and reaction follow the same pattern as before, because a superiority of power, working from the sea, is organically different from an invasion by land. The Westerners, because they did not occupy China, escaped the counter-cycle of absorption.

In controlling China from the sea, the foreigners overthrew the tradition of the control of China from north of the Great Wall. They went even further. Because they were in no position to appreciate the concept of China as the exploited part of empires founded north of the Great Wall, — such empires as Marco Polo had seen in working order, — they quite ingenuously adopted a view of the frontier regions beyond the Great Wall as part of the Empire of China. Even in the nineteenth century, we find it an all but universal practice to speak of the Chi-

nese Empire, when what existed in fact was a Manchu Empire, of which China formed only one part. Such territories as Tibet, Chinese Turkistan, and Mongolia were also parts of the Manchu Empire, but they were organically separate from China. They did not belong to China any more than Canada belongs to Australia. In fact, apart from proximity, there is less connection between China, say, and Mongolia than there is between Australia and Canada, because Australians and Canadians have much in common, while Chinese and Mongols are divided from each other by race, language, religion, and by political, social, and cultural tradition.

Manchuria, because the Manchus themselves formed the link with China, was more closely connected. As the Manchus within China came under Chinese influence, they themselves tended to reflect this influence back into Manchuria. When, however, it is stated that a territory like Mongolia has been Chinese 'for hundreds of years,' it is proper to inquire into the nature of the connection. It will be found that the relation between Mongolia and China is primarily one created under non-Chinese dynasties, when the Mongols were either conquerors of China or allies of the conquerors of China, as they were under the Manchu dynasty. It will also be found that purely Chinese control, as under the Ming dynasty or the present Chinese Republic, has never affected anything but the fringes of Mongolia, and that the Mongols have always been as distinct from Chinese as Germans are from Frenchmen. The same thing is true, in somewhat different degrees, of such territories as Chinese Turkistan and Tibet.

Since the impact of the West on China was not one of invasion, the form of control developed in the nineteenth

century was bound to be different from that exercised by such historical invaders as Mongols or Manchus. The Open Door policy was an inevitable derivative of the maritime domination of China; and as China stands between the Great Wall territories and the sea, it was inevitable that Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkistan, and Tibet—the whole vast semilune of the so-called outer dominions, which together are greater than China—should be subordinated to China. No Open Door policy can do anything with these territories but tell them to stay put and stay quiet until foreign influence can reach them through China, from the sea. They must be forced to deny their history and surrender their national and racial identities. 'Why,' I have often been asked by Mongols, 'did n't President Wilson ever do anything about Mongolia?' 'Because,' I have always been forced to answer, 'President Wilson looked across the sea, and saw nothing but China.'

V

We speak of the Open Door as if it were an American invention; or, if we have formed the habit of not believing in any intelligent American foreign policy, we speak of it as a British-American invention. As a matter of fact, it was a policy inherent in the situation. Granted the control of China from the sea, and a division of sea power among Americans, British, Germans, French, and latterly Japanese, in such proportions that it was impossible for one nation to act without reference to the others, it was as nearly inevitable as anything in history that the early tendency toward carving out spheres of influence should break down, and be replaced by an Open Door policy of unlimited trading exploitation, together with a most-

favorable-nation theory of equal opportunity, a self-denying ordinance against exclusive territorial occupation, and a general tendency for maritime interests to act in concert against any development of power on land.

A sharp distinction must be drawn between the exploitation of China, largely by indirect control, and the colonial partition of a continent like Africa. The difference is that Africa is open to the sea from every side. It was natural that countries competing in the partition of Africa should enter independently from different points on several coasts. International rivalries in Africa are therefore focused most acutely somewhere near the middle of the continent. China has only one coast, and international rivalries therefore begin immediately at the coast, because control of the points of entry by any one nation restricts the opportunities of all nations. Moreover, all nations which approach China from the sea have an interest in common against any nation which approaches China from the landward side.

Actually, it is not hard to discern that the true underlying inspiration of the Open Door policy has less to do with the Anglo-German rivalry of an earlier period, or the Japanese-American rivalries of the present, than with the major issue of sea power against land power. In this respect some illuminating passages can be found in *The Education of Henry Adams*. They are all the more illuminating when it is remembered how intimately Adams was associated with John Hay, and how closely he was in touch with the inception and formulation of the Open Door idea. This need not mean that Adams, Hay, and the British and American Governments actually analyzed the problem in the terms in which, with the advantage of the perspective we now have, we can now

express it. If we can divine that they felt the pressure of conflicting land power and sea power in such a manner that they felt compelled to attempt an artificial stabilization, it is enough.

This much, I think, is indeed clear. The passage here quoted refers to 1903, when the Russo-Japanese War was incubating; but it is easy to cast back a few years and see how the same ideas must have been operative when the Open Door policy was first enunciated.

For Hay and his pooling policy, inherited from McKinley, the fatalism of Russian inertia meant the failure of American intensity. When Russia rolled over a neighboring people, she absorbed their energies in her own movement of custom and race which neither Tsar nor peasant could convert, or wished to convert, into any Western equivalent. In 1903 Hay saw Russia knocking away the last blocks that held back the launch of this huge mass into the China Sea. The vast force of inertia known as China was to be united with the huge bulk of Russia in a single mass which no amount of new force could henceforward deflect.

The issue is plain, and not the less plain for the fact that Adams, a true Open Door thinker, was unable to distinguish any difference between China and Mongolia and Manchuria. It is even plainer now that we have to read 'Bolshevik conviction of destiny' instead of 'the fatalism of Russian inertia.' The whole Open Door theory of the future of Asia rested then, as it still rests, on the assumption of an indefinite continuance of the control of China from the sea. The rise of a new continental power in Asia would 'knock the blocks from under' the whole thing; and Russia was then the only power with an almost exclusively continental relation to China.

It was therefore impossible to admit, even later, when the Manchu Empire fell in 1911, that Manchuria, Mon-

golia, and the other outer dominions were not parts of China. It was impossible to admit that historically and geographically they were distinct from China. The theory of the control of China from the sea, under terms of equal opportunity in exploitation by trade, demanded that 'China' be defined to the maximum depth inland, and that any intrusion from the landward side into the China thus artificially defined must be resisted in the interests of the maritime powers as a group. The Open Door, as a practical device, was a sea-power coalition in restraint of Russia; and the first nation willing to fight it out in defense of the Open Door was Japan.

VI

The later history of the Open Door, and the difference between the policy as it operated at first and as it became by subsequent legalistic interpretation, can be dated from this point. Japan, in fighting Russia in 1904-1905, was the favorite of what used to be called, so charmingly, 'the civilized world'; but the civilized world was even more interested in seeing a Russian defeat than a Japanese victory. It came very near getting the permanent stalemate which it would have liked to see, as the best of all possible settlements. Theodore Roosevelt helped to bring about a peace which neither let Russia retain a satisfactory position on the coast nor allowed Japan to get a satisfactory footing on the Asiatic continent.

The implication of a continental position for Japan as an alternative to the successful development of the natural continental position of Russia then became the sore point of the whole Open Door coalition. Japan, alone, was neither wholly a sea power nor primarily a land power. The ambiguous position of Japan, as the

doubtful element in what had been a simple case of maritime interests against continental interests, was mainly responsible for the sophisticated, legalistic later manipulation of the Open Door thesis. America, as the most maritime of all the Western powers, with the least commitments to vested interests ashore in China, became more and more the leader in restraining Japan.

It was inevitable that Japanese policy should become increasingly disingenuous. Japan, in the middle, had necessarily to play both ends against each other. It would have been disastrous to let the potential continental position go by default; but it would have been equally disastrous to disavow the maritime coalition before the land position had been made secure. Japanese policy therefore became a series of efforts to reach the land without letting go of the treaties which bound other nations to treat Japan as primarily a naval power whose interests were identical with theirs.

In 1915, under the Twenty-one Demands, Japan very nearly won a permanent position on the mainland; but most of what had been gained had to be surrendered at the Washington Conference of 1921. Having got halfway out of the sea, Japan was hauled back in again, chiefly by Great Britain and America. The treaties resulting from the Conference embodied a purely naval interpretation of the balance of power in the Far East, designed to prevent any one naval power from exerting undue control in the Asiatic seas. They created a state of artificial balance in the overseas relations of China; but this balance itself rested on the assumption that the ratio between land power and sea power would also remain in permanent equilibrium — that Russia, in other words, was done for.

It is this ignorant assumption which underlies the disasters of the last few years. The spectacular legal aspects of Japan's 'quarrel with the world' since 1931 have quite obscured the real underlying causes. Among other things, the significant incidents of recent Russian history in the East are now overlooked, forgotten, or simply misinterpreted. Yet they are an essential prelude to Japanese policy.

Russia, since 1924, has recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia — a fair parallel to Japanese recognition of Manchurian independence. It is true that Russia admits a nominal Chinese sovereignty in Outer Mongolia, while Japan does not admit Chinese sovereignty in Manchukuo. This, however, is a mere finesse, because Outer Mongolia itself refuses to admit Chinese sovereignty, and Russia supports Outer Mongolia in practice, although deferring to China in theory.

Then again, in the direct military action which settled the dispute between Russia and China over the Chinese Eastern Railway in 1929–1930, Russia anticipated the Japanese method in the invasion of Manchuria in 1931, though without carrying the process so far. Russia also anticipated Japan in snooting (if this accurate but undiplomatic word may be allowed) the State Department, and in establishing the principle, now internationally accepted, that a nation strong enough to act as it pleases always acts in self-defense, and is never guilty of breaking the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

All points of this kind, however, which are used in diplomatic skirmishing, are no more than symptoms of the underlying truth. Russia, in fact, had built up a position in the Far East more than equivalent to the old position of Tsarist Russia; and as the legal framework of the modern international treaties had not been designed to cope

with Russia, it was possible for Russia to play in and out through the holes, while other nations, like Japan, could not break a way through without a spectacular smashing effect. All the time, however, the truth of the situation in itself, of which the disparity in position between Russia and Japan was only a distorted shadow, was that the Open Door was on the way to becoming a legal fiction. The Open Door is the front door of China, opening on the sea, and it becomes devoid of meaning when there is a back door opening on the frontiers beyond the Great Wall, controlled by a land power which the Washington Conference nations are unable to restrain.

The logical vice of the Open Door principle is that it forbids the domination of China by action on the land. It therefore depends, for its effectiveness, on the retention of Japan among the purely sea-power nations. Yet once a hinterland influence over China begins to develop, out of reach of the immediate seacoast, the interests of the sea powers cannot be maintained except by action on the land. Moreover Japan, while in theory a sea power, is in fact largely a land power by necessity, and therefore, in any period of crisis affecting the balance of continental power in Asia, Japan is forced to take action before Great Britain, and certainly long before America.

VII

The Open Door policy in its inception, under the disguise of a moral attitude, was realistic. It is one of the comparatively rare instances of *Realpolitik* in the history of American foreign relations. It defined the logical cleavage between maritime interests and mainland interests in Asia. Once Japan had defeated Russia, however, there was no longer a clean break be-

tween the land and the sea. A marginal problem was created, and Japan became an amphibious nation, half on the land and half in the sea. In attempting to apply Open Door principles to questions that were no longer black and white, but gray, it therefore became necessary to rely more and more on legal interpretations. The problem developed away from questions of fact toward questions of legality. This process has now gone so far that it is several degrees further removed from the plane of fact. Legalism has become an awkward, unmanageable engine which may fittingly be described as legalitarianism.

This legalitarianism has crowded us all away from the crux of the situation into vicious disputes over 'justice' and 'justification.' The inexorable truth is that all analyses of the 'justice' of Chinese claims or the 'justification' of Japanese policy, all legalistic debates over the creation of Manchukuo, all heart-searching over the problem of 'who would be in the right' in a war between Japan and Russia, are just so much verbiage. The truth, the yeast in all the ferment, is that the age of domination over China from the sea is done with — unless, indeed, the maritime nations are willing to go ashore in China, either to 'help' China or to help themselves.

The Japanese 'Asiatic Monroe Doctrine,' and the demand that Western nations shall not supply China with munitions or even with economic aid, mean precisely this. The 'rehabilitation' of China by aid from over the sea would not, in reality, threaten the share in the sea trade with China which Japan already holds. The threat would be in the tendency to bolster up China against Japanese domination from the north, from Manchuria and Inner Mongolia.

The Japanese challenge is designed to

test the strength, or rather the determination, of the Western powers before allowing a real struggle to begin. It has, like so many Japanese declarations, been unfortunate in manner, but it has at least been serviceable to the extent of making clear the magnitude of the issues before any of the Western nations have definitely committed themselves in such a manner as to make it difficult to withdraw.

The main issue is nothing less than intervention. If any power is to devote itself to the vindication of the Open Door, it can no longer content itself with staying at sea and uttering pronouncements. It must be prepared to go ashore in China. The events of the last two years have so shattered the structure of the Chinese Republic that, if Japan were to withdraw, the Republic would still collapse, unless propped up by Western 'assistance' amounting to international control. That is the clear implication. No disguise of League of Nations Economic Commissions, or international loans, would eliminate the necessity for an active participation in Chinese domestic affairs, fully equivalent to intervention — an intervention for which the Chinese are prepared, if as a result they can escape the domination of a single power like Japan. The only way of countering the intervention at present operative through Manchuria is positive intervention from the sea.

Unless the Western nations are prepared to go to such positive lengths, involving definite commitments and an open acceptance of responsibility, the Great Wall must remain more important than all the navies of America, Great Britain, and the Lake of Geneva. Whether the Great Wall is to be dominated by Japan or Russia is a merely incidental question. The acid test is easy to apply. Suppose Russia were to defeat Japan. How would

the situation be changed? Would not China still be overshadowed by Mongolia and Manchuria? Would not the Great Wall be just as dominant over the Open Door and the Treaty Ports as it is now? Would not Chinese Turkistan, far in the heart of the continent, far out of reach of any schematic theory that could be regulated by Washington or Geneva, become a Flanders between Russia, China, and India? Would not the purely maritime interests of America be just as effectively reduced to secondary importance as they now are?

Suppose, again, that the Western nations were to force Japan to withdraw from Manchuria and resign its new continental power. Would China, unaided, be able to enter Manchuria again and stand confidently between Russia and Japan? Would the Great Wall frontier lands, which have begun to break away from China in autonomy movements in Inner Mongolia, rebellion in Chinese Turkistan, and defiance in Tibet, return meekly to China for the sake of a political theory which to them is abhorrent? Would it not be necessary to extend international aid to the lengths of undertaking the 'pacification' of these regions on behalf of China?

It is because Japan doubts whether the Western powers, once they see

what is implied in intervention, will be willing to commit themselves that the Japanese Foreign Office is confident, not to say arrogant. After having had almost a free hand for more than two years, Japan is in a strong position, and can even afford to compromise, if other nations are prepared to define and limit the extent to which they propose to munition and supply China — especially if Manchukuo can be jockeyed into place for international recognition.

We are, to be brief, up against it. Whether Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkistan, and Tibet should or should not theoretically be considered 'integral parts' of China is now irrelevant. They are important, now, in their own right. They are no longer mere names, and the fact that we have not been taught to consider it important to know what Mongols and Tibetans think and feel about it all does not alter the fact that they are now in the forefront of historical events. For us they are something new in international affairs, but really they are only resuming a function which they exercised for centuries. The fact is that the descendants of Columbus have exhausted the legacy of the sea. The heirs of Marco Polo, approaching China from the hinterland, are in the ascendant once more.

INVISIBLE KINGDOM

BY FREDA C. BOND

Down the long London street the light cut keen
As a knife blade, hard and white: the winter day
Walked shoulder to shoulder with me — but between
Myself and the London noon, the scent of hay
Struck suddenly, as I passed an open stable door,
And the woman, the time, and the hour were there no more.

I was a child, and I felt beneath my knees
The rough boards of the hay cart, saw the painted side
Swaying against the dull sky and the heavy trees;
Thunder purpled the air — and when they cried
'Look out there!' and a truss of hay was flung
Billowing over the side of the cart,
It seemed, a moment, that the heavens hung
Suspended in great waves — that fell apart,
Fell round my knees in strands of grass and clover,
And a lark sang, because fear of the deluge was over.

The light cut keen as a knife between eyes and brain,
And the woman, the time, and the hour were back again.

Until I smelt the hay, I did not know
That I was carrying about with me
A hayfield and a cart — and it must be
That everywhere I go
There goes an unseen realm, unconquered still
By the assault of will,
But yielding up its green and sacred ground
To the random touch of scent and sound.

Time and space can scarce contain
The crowds that throng the unsuspecting brain,
Where every soul assumes a hundred guises,
And the child lives immortal though the man is born,
Where, when the sudden challenge of a questing horn,
Or a bell ringing through the dusk, surprises
The sentries of the unseen realm, its skies appear
All languorous beneath the hand of June, or clear
At the golden fall of the year —
Where winter night goes hand in hand with summer morn.
How can the brain enfold
Fields that five counties are too small to hold?

Down the long London street in the wintry sun
The people walk with less security
Than tight-rope walkers — for each one,
Holding his course in space and time,
Is poised above a gulf, where he
May sink at the sweet bidding of a chime,
Of a tune tinkled on a music box,
Or a bird singing, or may fall
Encountering suddenly the scent of stocks
That weights the air on summer eves,
Wood smoke, or rain-drenched leaves,
Or peaches ripe against the wall.

Of these invisible realms, who can descry
The boundaries, or who can say
Which of the passers-by
Walks down the London street, and which is far away
Under another sky
Whose beams eclipse the winter day?
Kingdom is heaped on kingdom, and the wonder is
How London streets can hold such realms and dynasties.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

A New Way to Teach the Very Young

BY RUTH FAISON SHAW

WHEN Daisy Ashford's *Young Visitors* was first published, doubters had to be assured by no less a person than J. M. Barrie that that gently ironic tale was really written by a small person of nine. I now find myself called upon to vouch for a collection of naïve stories written, or rather for the most part dictated, by children from four to eight years of age.

These youthful authors went to my school in either Rome, Paris, or New York. Their stories are the natural, spontaneous expression of childish realism or fantasy, such as any normal child is capable of producing under the guidance of a teacher who has won his confidence, so that he feels safe in revealing to her his inner thoughts.

When you first read these coherent, logical stories, you may be inclined to accuse me of having polished them. It is true that punctuation has been inserted, but otherwise they are printed here exactly as they were told, in the children's own words, with nothing else added and nothing taken away. Perhaps I owe it to the doubting Thomases to explain a little by way of preface how I teach and what I mean by education.

First it must be confessed that I am not what is understood in America as a 'progressive.' In all the years when the volcanic doctrine of untrammelled liberty for children was rocking educa-

tional circles in this country, I was isolated in my own school for British and American children in Rome. Only faint echoes of the eruption reached me. I was far too absorbed in personal discoveries in the fascinating field of teaching to 'pay them any mind,' as we say in my native North Carolina.

I was finding out that a child is a sensitive plate, recording every impression, good or bad. His teacher, it seemed, could best serve him as an interpreter, to help him discern the good from the bad, assimilate the one and eliminate the other. The child needed most of all, not a preceptor, but a reservoir of understanding and sympathy, a pilot to help him steer clear of rocks and shoals.

Secondly, he needed his own materials and media of self-expression, not hand-me-downs from the adult world calling for intellectual grasp beyond his development. For example, give a child a medium for painting suited to his years — such as brightly colored mud, in which he can dabble with his hands without having first to master a brush — and he will achieve surprising decorative effects without any instruction, just the natural, unhampered expression of his inner fantasy. The children call them *Finger Paintings*. My slender claim to fame in America rests largely upon the sensation caused in art circles last year by an

exhibit in a Manhattan art gallery of Finger Paintings by some of my children.

That educational innovation was simply an outgrowth of the same educational theory which is responsible for the stories which the children tell when allowed to use their natural direct medium — the voice — instead of having first to master writing and spelling.

Most of these stories were dictated. In the case of very young children, they were usually taken down by me or by one of the older children. Some of them were spoken into a dictaphone and later transcribed by a typist. But do not for a moment picture the child sitting quietly at my knee as he dictates. More than likely he is acting out every word of the story as he goes along. From infancy a child needs to use his body muscles, and the more freedom he is allowed in the use of his body while absorbing his A B C's, the better.

Here may be as good a place as any for another confession. I do believe in teaching children their letters. Letters are so fascinating in themselves. I send them to the dictionary when we play word games, and they have to know their letters to use the dictionary.

The idea of writing as a means of communication interests the youngest. His imagination is stimulated by the thought that he may write something, and somebody else far away will be able to read it. He learns that writing is different from printing, because your writing is your own, just as individual as your face. You can recognize a person's handwriting.

First steps in reading follow storytelling as the night the day. Suppose one of the children wants to tell a story about an elephant. Then, while his interest is caught by elephants, I print the word ELEPHANT in his book for him, let him draw an elephant on

the same page, and gaze at the picture and at 'his' word until he recognizes it whenever and wherever he may see it again. And he always will. It is just as easy for him to learn 'elephant' at the propitious moment, when his mind is filled with the idea of elephants, as it would be to learn 'cat.' Incidentally, it teaches him seven letters instead of only three.

But, though the child's interest in reading and writing may be stimulated at an early age, his story-writing need not wait until he has mastered their technique. You read him stories out of a book written especially for children. The author is far away somewhere and cannot be thanked personally for his story. But the child can pay back just the same by telling a story in his turn and giving it to the world. Thus he plays his part in the give-and-take of life, the warp and woof of the universal pattern.

Some stories come tumbling out so fast that the scribe must race to keep up with them. Others, like the one called 'Colors of Life,' come intermittently, like a serial, lasting a whole day.

Such a simple one-sentence 'poem' as that entitled 'A House' sums up a child's whole philosophy of his need for privacy and noninterference from grown-ups as clearly as Virginia Woolf does it for her sex in *A Room of One's Own*.

Something of the child's mute acceptance of the strange ways of grown-ups in whose hands his fate lies may be glimpsed in the sketch of Livingston Fairbank by another child who missed him when he had to go to Paris with his family 'because of grown-up ways.' It almost seems as if children had some mysterious telepathy of their own for communicating when thus cruelly separated.

'A Feathered Maid' raises the question of racial memory. How else could

a child born in London of English parents, who had studied only the Greek and Roman myths, have conceived of ideas peculiar to Teutonic sagas, reminiscent of *Siegfried*, *Rheingold*, and *Der Ring*?

Emotional upsets occasionally reveal themselves in gruesome stories like the one entitled 'A Spider and a Woman.' Here the blessing of unhampered expression is unquestionable. Lucky is the child with a free passage for his thought stream. He will soon purge his own soul of horrible concepts and escape the tragic consequences of bottled emotions.

The author of 'A Funny Story' was heir to the titles and estates of an old reigning prince. Always, except at school, he was surrounded by servants and relatives doing him obeisance. This strange behavior of adult persons toward a small boy plainly bothered him. In school he chose to call himself Smith so that he could just be himself.

Poems come in the same way as stories. Children have a natural feeling for rhythm; sometimes, not always, a gift for rhyme. Blank verse is the earliest expression of the primitive, and in that sense children are primitive.

Rules of grammar and metre may safely be left to manifest themselves later in the free expression of the child's ideas. I once overheard a child explaining to another the phenomenon of perspective in finger painting, which she had found out for herself. 'It's simple,' said the friendly mentor. 'You make the far-off things first. And they are far away. Then you make the close-up things last. And they are close up.'

By now the reader may suspect that my credo of education is to teach children to think for themselves, to let them discover universal laws in applying them, and finally to help them establish friendly relations with the adult

universe through the simple medium of give-and-take.

I hope these stories will give others as much pleasure as their authors took in telling them to me.

STORIES

(Age, five years)

I can't tell a talk-story. Why can't I? Cause it is too hard to do. Urbano and George can tell stories because they think it's easy. But somehow their stories are not like mine. Mine are not stories, but just dreams out loud. I don't think them up; they come like dreams and like babies. They are not 'spected.

But you have to work to get stories and babies. For stories, you have to think very much; and for babies, you have to please God. But that's something I don't know. But stories — I've written fourteen, or maybe more.

COLORS OF LIFE

(Age, six years)

Green Life: Life like when you want something when somebody else has it. You are green, and it is wants that turn you green. The world wants something so bad. That's why it turns green in spring.

Red Life: Red life is like fire. Red is hot and full of things like a circus — hot sun and pain and blood and excitement.

Purple Life: A jolly life, when you wanted things — real things — and you get them. When you get wanted things you feel nice and comfortable and soft, like a warm purple night. Purple flowers and purple velvet are full of smell, and soft.

Brown Life: Brown is worry, when you don't want to dance or want anything to happen for fear of what will come. And like you feel when you stay in at recess.

Orange Life: Orange life is like when

a bee stings you. You see orange, and it hurts.

Light Blue Life: Is one of the nicest. It is good and like high skies and blue-bells and my mother's blue eyes. You are happy and you have not pain or excitements. You walk on tiptoes and laugh without much noise — that's a smile.

Black Life: Is when a mother is cross to a child and the child is wrong, and feels like no one loves him. That is black life. You walk heavy on your whole foot.

Gray Life: Is when all the colors have faded, and some black has come into it, and your eyes are teared.

Yellow Life: Is sunshine-like. It is bright like yellow flowers, golden birds, and yellow curls on Mary's head — and Mimsie's smile.

Pink-Rose Life: Is having jolly times, and laugh out loud, and wear new clothes, and go to parties, and throw serpentines, and eat ice cream, drink orangeade, and be merry.

White Life: Is the mixing of all the colors and is a life of when the sky is white and beautiful. Sometimes a red sun comes in it and gives heat into its radiators, and gives heat to a clean soul. Blue comes, and brings in happiness; pink brings festas; purple brings shadows from the soft, velvet night which is so full of wanted things. Green comes in with spring and gives new love with which you can decorate your life. Brown comes, and is like a brown shadow across the sky — like worry. Orange is like the lightning, which can flash so quick, and may kill or wound. The black is like black, black rain-clouds that walk heavy on your soul. The gray is all the others fading out, but you are so tired and lonely until the yellow, happy sunshine comes out — and then I wake up, take my life to the end, and give it to God who made me and the other angels.

MR. STERLING AND HIS MANNERS

(Age, four years)

Once upon a time there was Mr. Sterling. And he, Mr. Sterling, had good manners, and he had five manners and sometimes more. One was for his family, one was for use in his garden, one was for his 'husband' [for use when he was a husband], one was for his little schoolboys, and the other was for his godmother, and another for himself.

One morning he went to look at the flowers and the roses in his garden. He used his garden manners. Then he went in his house and writ and smoked all he wanted. He used his Mr. Sterling manners. His family manners he used in his house, never outside.

Then Mr. Sterling went out to help the children at school and he said to Miss Shaw, 'Do the children know to write poems?' And Miss Shaw said, 'Yes, they do know to write poems.' Then he said, 'That is nice school manners that the children know how to write poems. I will use my school manners now.' And he did.

Then he went to see his friends and used his quick good manners, the best he had. He had such good manners that he knew enough to teach!

DIXIE AND JULIA

(Age, eight years)

Dixie is our gray cat.
She is a great lump
Of 'purrs' and 'meows'
Of cat-contentment,
And
She has great jumping desires.

Julia is our white Persian.
She is the Empress.
She gets in lovely poses,
And turns not to you,
But as if to a king
In far-off times.

A HOUSE

(Age, five years)

A house is to get in
And to close the doors
And be by yourself,
Or sometime with your friend John.

LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

(Age, five years)

One morning Livingston came to school, and he looked around to all the children, and said 'Good morning!' to me inside his head, and forgot to say it out loud because he was so new in school.

He sat by me, and when even we were singing he wanted me to read to him, and I did afterwards. I read 'The Little Red Hen' nearly nineteen times. Now he does n't come to school any more because he had to go away to Paris, because of grown-up ways.

He did n't go to church one Sunday, and he bumped his car on the rocks. He was not hurt, or even killed or frightened. It was because his mother told him he was n't scared.

I am sad because he is gone, because he was so little and had on such soft clothes. He was pretty, and blue, pink, and white, and he loved me and thought I was his truly friend, and liked my dress. He would look for me when he came in, and when he found me he would talk, while away, and while close to me.

And he said, 'Read, my Mimsie!' — and I read most a whole book one day. And he liked Julia and every pussy, and still I read and read. And he loved Julia so much that she squeaked a little bit. But I did n't squeal because he loved me so much.

I am so sad. I want him to come again, because I did love him, and the little spot on my heart is lonesome for him.

A FEATHERED MAID

(Age, four years)

Once upon a time in England, I was a little baby. But before I was a baby I was borned. And before I was borned I was a princess from a long way ago.

I could fly. I had feathers, and I could take off my feather dress and be a beautiful girl.

Once I went swimming in the water in the sea with a beautiful boy. I pulled off my feathers so they would n't get wet. I put them on a rock to keep them safe.

The beautiful boy stole my pretty feathers and ran away. I ran away, too, to catch him and switch him for touching my feathers.

He ran so fast that I could n't catch him. He hid my feathers, and I ran away to the fairies to keep him from finding me.

I stayed a long time with the fairies, until I wanted to see the beautiful boy. I wanted to come back.

I came to my mother and was her baby. I have n't found my beautiful boy now, but I will another day when I am bigger.

THE POPE

(Age, six years)

We went to see the Pope one day. That was a big day. It was a Saturday. We kissed his finger and he did n't kiss me back. (It was we because I did n't do it alone.)

He talked to me and to Louis. He said, 'How old are you?' Not these words, but Italian words which mean that.

Miss Shaw said, 'Tell him *cinq*ue,' because she was excited and wrong. But I felt that I must n't say a wrong number to the Pope, because then you would be telling him a joke, and you

can't joke with a Pope. He is a great man.

So I said, '*Sei anni.*' It took me a long time to say it, because my breath went out. It went down to my toes and curled in again and back to my face. Then I could say, '*Sei anni,*' but by that time he was ready to move on. I was n't disappointed, because it is much excitedness to talk to big people.

The Pope is big and children are little, and he must have been excited to speak to a child, because he did n't speak to another child and there were twenty other ones.

Just the same the Pope and I are good friends, because the Pope likes me and I like the Pope. I have known him one half of my life, and he has known me three years.

CORN

(*Age, eight years*)

Corn grows in the summer. You plant it in March before the full moon, if the land is not too cold. If it is, you have to wait until about the first of April.

Corn grows to be about as tall as me, then it grows on, till it's over six feet, and sometimes seven. Then you go and cut it and fix it for food for yourself, or to sell, or something like that. You can do much with corn.

It can be cooked in all ways. You can eat corn on the cob, and not on the cob, and from cans.

Corn is a very useful thing, I think. For you can do a lot of things with it. You can sell it, you can eat it on or not on the cob, you can save it up for the winter, and all those sorts of things.

People grow corn nearly all the time in America. And some people earn their living by selling it. All the people most like corn to eat, on or not on the cob or from cans; but I like it on the cob best, because it is so pleasant.

You can't get corn much in Rome unless it comes from America or England in cans, on or not on the cob. We had it just out of Paris on the cob, and the French people are beginning to have corn, too. It shows they are improving in appreciation of good things, especially to eat.

Corn is the great American sport. To eat corn on the cob is to me much worth while — and a trip to America.

TOMATO SOUP

(*Age, six years*)

I like tomato soup. I like it indeed, because I am just that way, and tomato soup is its way.

Tomato soup is cooked tomato juice. It is good tomato juice, with a few good peas, celery, and smoke coming out of it. It *is* good, and good for me.

A SPIDER AND A WOMAN

(*Age, five years*)

A spider has children. They are playing inside a woman's shoe. The woman is asleep in the bed. The shoe is under the bed. There is dust under the bed. Spiders with children come and make webs under her bed, and swing on the webs. Flies are flying around.

The woman is the kind who wears scarfs over her head. Her hair is unwashed. Spider webs and dust on it. Her finger-nails are bitten and unclean, because she does not becare of them. Her neck is never washed, and every skin of her is dirty. She is kind of old in her head. The doctors have even left her alone now. She is completely runned over. Her life has been a war. She has a leg broken and a thumb without use. But she is lazy and 'per-tending' like rich. She is covered with flies.

She has only cold water, which you can't get clean in. Even her hot water

is cold. She lies there late every morning, and all the evening. She puts drops up her nose, herself; they fall on her covers. She laughs at crumbs in her bed. She cries when she peeps at the spiders, who look at her out of round dotted eyes. She trembles when she touches a spider web. She screams, she hollers, she takes the knife out of the kitchen to kill the million spiders, when there is just one spider and his family there.

She thinks the spider gets bigger and bigger, with six feet turning into hands with long scratching nails which are like kitchen knives.

The spider creeps up the pillow and kisses her, and she screams and then sleeps. She has gone dumb.

She will never be better. She is getting badder and badder all the time. There is no cure for her but to die.

ADAM AND EVE

(Age, six years)

Adam and Eve were first. God made a great big garden for them, and put in some fruit trees, besides everything else. They did n't have a house; perhaps it was because in such a big garden with no clothes and summer time they did n't need a house. Before it was cold enough for a house and clothes, they sinned and were sended away.

This is how they sinned. They had fruits in the garden, and God said, 'Now don't eat the fruit, the one fruit in the middle.' Then God went away just to work — work to make and find things. Because, you know, if things are lost, people say, 'God knows where it is,' and how could He know unless He had found them already?

When He came back in the afternoon at tea time, He went way back into the garden and could n't see Adam and Eve, because they had hid in another

place behind a place where they had walked away, because they did n't want to see God anyhow.

Because, when God had gone away in the morning, a big snake came walking on his tail and said, 'Eat the fruit!' God had said, 'Don't eat the fruit!' But Eve and Adam thought it smelt good and looked good, and they ate the fruit, and hid themselves because of *vergogna* [shame]. They did not want God to see them when they ate fruit. They did n't have any clothes, but could n't find any but a thing around here.

God called them and they did n't want to come, but He found them and said, 'Just come on here and tell me what you have done!'

Then Eve said, 'I ate the fruit because the snake gave it to me. Anybody would eat things if a snake talked to him!'

Then Adam said, 'I ate the fruit because Eve told me to, and anybody would eat the fruit if Eve told him to.'

Then God said, 'Get out, you two people! Out of my garden! Because you ate the fruit!'

Then He called His angel to guard His garden gate and not let Adam and Eve or anybody in, because they ate all His fruit, even His special.

Then afterwards at tea time, when God came in from work, He could have His tea in quiet, and not be disturbed about people eating His fruit.

Adam and Eve just went out and lived in another place where they had to work hard. But they did not steal any more of God's fruit. The angel saw to that.

A FUNNY STORY

(Age, eight years)

Once upon a time there was a donkey which had so many friends and relations that no one knew them all —

1259. His name, therefore, he called Ruspoli.

One day he went out in the forest of Rome, and he went to look for himself, because he was n't sure that he himself was himself.

He saw a piece of glass and looked into it, and he was himself in it. 'Then,' said he, 'I know I am the real Ruspoli donkey, because I have two long ears, and with these two ears and the singing mouth below, I am quite good-looking. Therefore, I am myself. Now that I know that I am myself, I will go home and feed myself.'

He walked home, putting on airs and very proud of himself, until he met a distant cousin who looked so much like himself that he was all upset again.

He had to go to bed because all friends and relations had gone; but every minute or two in the night he went to look at himself in the mirror to be sure he was himself. He was so unhappy that he changed his name to Smith, and then it made no difference who he was.

THE WAY TO DRAW

(Age, six years)

When you draw anything, first you get your piece of paper, and you get your pencils, then you have a 'fought' in your bean ('No, Louis, your mind') — then, in your *mind*. Then what you have in your mind you try to draw on your paper. If you have a horse, you make a head and some ears, eyes, and a mouth. Then you connect it with a neck to a body which has four legs and a long tail. A rat has a long tail, but not like a horse's. A rat's is long and thin, and a horse's is like a long-

haired switch. Then you put on some other little marks, and *ecco* the horse!

If you want to do a cow, you make a head with horns and ears, a different kind of mouth, eyes, and connect by a fat neck to a square, fattish body which has a tail like a shoeing brush on the end of a long rope. Then you do cow-legs, four of them, and shoes, cow-shoes, which are not like us, but are like two thick finger-nails. When it is on the ground, running, the nails or hoofs open somewhat. When you have done all this, there you have a cow. Do a small cow, but a little different, and you have a calf.

To do a goat, do about the same as of a cow, but change enough to look like a goat and not a cow. The horns are longer and the tail is different, and the hair and the size and the smell.

When you draw a boy, that is easy. First you make a head, then some hair and a nose, ears, and mouth. Then, instead of doing a body, you do trousers and stick legs out; a coat or sweater, and stick on arms and five fingers, and five more for the other hand. Make some shoes, make some stockings and a hat and a book in his arm, and you have a boy going to school.

To make a girl, I really don't know. She is somewhat the same as a boy, but some difference, such as hair, skirts, and such. Well, no, they are not alike, and, yes, they are different after all.

To draw a man and woman, just do the same difference as for a boy and girl. It depends on what is in your mind.

To draw pictures, remember to think first, and make your think. That's what I do, and Mother says I do well.

GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THERE are three positions which can be taken with respect to the public ownership or operation of public utilities. One position assumes that government is essentially corrupt or incompetent, or both, and that business is properly the affair of private initiative, which government has no right to usurp. Those who take this position hold that government should keep its hands off the ownership and operation of public utilities and other business, except to supply private initiative with necessary or desirable powers, such as the power to condemn land for right of way, or in some cases to regulate prices and service. Many men who take this position hold that if any government activity competes with private business done for profit, then that fact alone should lead the government to withdraw from that activity. As an example, the printing of return addresses on government stamped envelopes can be done more cheaply and more conveniently when the stamped envelopes are being manufactured than it can be later by private industry. Yet there is a constant drive, widely supported, to stop the government from printing return addresses on stamped envelopes, on the ground that it competes with private industry.

Another position is that of the socialists and communists. They hold that the one and only right purpose of public utilities and other public services is to

meet the needs of the whole people, and that for public service properties to be owned, operated, manipulated, and speculated in for private profit is wrong in principle. They hold that it leads to exploitation of the public, to economic despotism, and to political corruption through the improper influencing of public officials when an increase of privilege and power is wanted. They believe also that it leads to the development of false social and economic ideals, so that the attention of people, rich and poor, is diverted from productive work to social and economic competition, speculation, and stock gambling. They hold that so long as highly honored men who control industry, and who present themselves as leaders to be respected and trusted, are actively engaged in the manipulation of securities for the sake of profits, the average man will imitate those whom he trusts and admires, and speculation will continue to be a national disease, undermining morale and destroying interest in productive work.

When it is pointed out that, in spite of fine theory, government ownership or operation often *is* corrupt or incompetent, and that the resulting waste may be a greater tax on the public than the profits taken by private industry; and when attention is drawn to the fact that the privately owned telephone system and the railways of America often give better service at lower rates

than some of the publicly owned systems of Europe, the replies we get are not always clear or convincing.

Proponents of public ownership and operation hold that we need a new set of industrial standards and methods, and that the business men of the country should be working primarily for public service, and not for private gain. They hold that it is debasing to national character for a fragment of the surplus wealth to be handed out as charity and philanthropy, rather than for the whole to be distributed as lessened cost and enlarged service. They hold that the constant teaching by industrial leaders that government is essentially inefficient and corrupt, and therefore unfit to handle business affairs, and the habit of some utilities of endeavoring to promote their interests by controlling public officials, are in themselves debasing and corrupting influences, and that they destroy pride and faith and hope in government, leading to the attitude, 'If everyone else is crooked in government, then I will try to get mine.'

While these people have their attention centred on our faulty methods for distributing the products of industry, they often overlook the marvelous accomplishments of private industry in the production of goods. The average man who drives an automobile has little comprehension of the miracle of industrial refinement and coördination which it represents. He reads his morning paper quite unaware of the vast industrial coöperation which produced it — of mine and forest; of metal, pulp, clay, and chemicals; of factory, railway, bank, and office. The efficient and economical production of goods by modern private industry is one of the greatest marvels of human history. It represents intelligent, faithful, courageous, and persistent effort of which the public is generally unaware. To discredit that accomplishment by whole-

sale cheap condemnation is tragically unfair. It is scarcely conceivable that modern industry could have resulted from a rigid communistic or socialist régime.

II

There is a third attitude toward public utilities and public service in general, which differs strikingly from both of those I have described. It is the historic American position which has always characterized our policies where they were not interfered with by the propaganda of political theorists or by interests that have tried to manipulate public policy for private profit.

This typically American attitude is very distrustful of abstract political theory. It aims to take the course that works best in active practice. Communism, socialism, capitalism, autocracy, dictatorship — all these have been cordially approved by the American people, provided they are controlled by good motives, and provided they work well in actual practice. Let me give some examples.

Henry Ford has been an economic dictator. The economic policies of his company, so long as they keep within the law and do not greatly violate commercial usage, have been largely determined by himself. More than once he has cleaned house and dismissed his key men. Yet the public has believed that he tried to give good value and to pay good wages, and he has been a popular hero. Should the public as a whole be convinced that he is no longer working in the public interest, but is building entrenched privilege for himself, popular approval of him would quickly vanish. He has been esteemed because a large part of the public has believed that he has held his power as a public trust.

The governing boards of some of our largest and best universities are self-

perpetuating oligarchies. In many cases the boards of trustees appoint their successors as they see fit, though there has been a tendency of late to give limited representation to alumni. As I have compared the work of these private oligarchies with our democratically controlled state universities I have concluded that both types have public service to render. The state universities have given much broader service to the people and in some cases have achieved high standards of scholarship and research in their graduate schools, but our educational oligarchies also have done good work and have sometimes maintained a higher standard of academic freedom. Where is the state university that has a finer record for freedom of speech and opinion than has Harvard University? The American people has sized up this situation and is not worried about political theories. It tends to give its loyalty to the institution which best serves the public good, whether it be controlled by a democracy or by an oligarchy.

Going to the other extreme, Americans, except as they have been frightened or prejudiced by propaganda, have not been afraid of communistic arrangements. In fact, some of the customs and institutions most highly prized and most deeply entrenched in our national life are purely communistic.

Our public schools are communistic. That is, their services are supplied to the whole people according to existing needs, and not according to the individual's ability to pay. Not only that, but under our compulsory education laws, unless other educational arrangements are made, our children are compelled to accept the services of the public schools. In the early days, education was largely a private industry, conducted for private profit. When the public school system began to develop, it was bitterly opposed by

those who held it to be communistic ('agrarian' was a word in common use then). The opponents also held that public schools interfered, at government expense, with the livelihood of private schoolmasters, and that free education would pauperize both children and parents. Also, there was already great overproduction of teachers. When the private schools could not get as many pupils as they could care for, why accentuate the competition with public schools?

This fight, as to whether elementary education should be a public or a private industry, was very bitter. Americans at large turned from private to public schools, not because they believed in communism or disbelieved in capitalism in theory, but because they believed they could be better served by public schools.

At present there is a powerful drive among men in high places to change this policy, especially with reference to secondary education. A typical statement is that of the president of one of our large corporations:—

Originally, of course, the thought was only for the elementary schools, but since then progress has been made in our school systems to such an extent that the high-school education of the present day is almost as good as the college education of forty or fifty years ago, all at the expense of society, and incidentally to the taxpayer. With that thought in mind, I wonder what is to be the progression in our studies at the expense of the state, and where will it stop.

If the American people is to keep its public school system it will have to fight for it again.

III

Another communistic type of service is our fire department system. Fire service is furnished without charge.

This has not always been true in human affairs. As a boy attending the Chicago World's Fair, I read an interesting newspaper item. It seems that the Turkish Government had erected a building in which Turkish culture was represented, including a fire department on the Turkish model. When an adjoining building caught fire, the Turkish outfit rushed to the scene and the man in charge began to bargain with the owner of the burning building as to how much it was worth to put out the fire. He explained the status of a private industry by shouting, 'No money, no squirt!' Unfortunately the negotiations were only started when Chief Sweeny's men appeared with the regulation city equipment and spoiled the Turk's opportunity to reap the rewards of private initiative. Americans did not develop a communistic fire-control system because they were enamored of a theory, but because it worked best.

In the early days many of our highways were private enterprises. They were built by private companies at private expense, and produced an income through charging tolls. Later these private highways proved inadequate, were taken over by the public, and were operated as communistic public utilities, furnishing service to all the public alike without direct charge. The ferries across the rivers on these roads also were started as private capitalistic industries. When the highways were turned to communistic ownership and control, the ferries were left in private hands. This is evidence in support of the statement that the common-sense sanity of Americans was not concerned with abstract theory or with political slogans, but with the best practical solution of the problem at hand.

In early America the country roads were maintained in a communistic

manner. Each voter was supposed to give three days' work a year for road repairs. This communistic practice was so abused that it became a national joke. Sam Walter Foss reflected the general opinion in a rhyme beginning:

Oh, our life was tough and tearful, and its toil
was often fearful,

And often we grew faint beneath the load;

But there came a glad vacation, and a sweet
alleviation,

When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out, then we felt
the joys of leisure,

And we felt no more the prick of labor's goad;

Then we shared the golden treasure of sweet rest
in fullest measure —

When we used to work our tax out on the road.

About fifty years ago rural America abandoned this expression of communism, and reverted to the capitalistic method of letting private contracts for road maintenance. In recent years there has been a return to the habit of using public employees on road maintenance, but now it is with modern equipment and trained supervision.

In recent years, too, highway administration has taken another turn. It has been found that by a tax on gasoline the users of the highways can be made to pay for them in proportion to use. The government still builds and administers the highways, but, to employ terms in their ordinary meanings, pays for them as a socialist government would, rather than as a communist régime would do.

The post office is another example of pure socialism in government. In the long-drawn-out fight to establish the parcels post, the private express companies made the most vigorous charges that a national parcels-post system would be an extension of socialistic methods, which was true. To-day private capitalism in the Railway Express Company, and socialism in the parcels-post system, operate side by side.

After any method of doing business

is firmly established, it comes to seem perfectly natural, and we do not think of our pet prejudices as applying to it. It does not seem monstrous that the city government should put out our fires. Were we used to seeing burials at public expense, without the stigma of pauperism, any other arrangement probably would seem inhuman and barbarous.

IV

I hope that by now I have made my point. Human affairs in a great country like America are so varied and so complicated that they cannot all with wisdom be forced into the strait-jacket of any single political theory. It makes no difference whether that theory is communism or socialism or capitalism. Good government will use many methods, though we may have thought of some of them as antagonistic to each other. There can be no sounder political philosophy than that represented by the historic practice of America, of using whatever method will best fit the case, and of changing methods when the changes will promote the public welfare.

When the socialist rants against the evils of capitalism, the common-sense American tells him not to talk so loud until we have learned how to free ourselves from governmental corruption and stupidity. The city government of Chicago and the régime of Tammany are not good arguments for public ownership, except when we find their corruption bolstered up by private industries. The close connection of the Insull régime with the corrupt government of Chicago is significant. When the capitalist raves at the inefficiency and corruption of government ownership, the common-sense American tells him to go slow until he can clean his own house. So long as the private utility man overcapitalizes his indus-

try, robs his stockholders, overcharges the public, and bribes government officials, he had better not complain too much about government inefficiency.

Are not our publicly owned highways entirely paying their way — through gasoline taxes and automobile taxes — and helping to support industry and the government, as well as the privately owned railroads are? And are they not doing this without the stock manipulation, the vast burden of indebtedness, the legislative lobbying, and the political wirepulling that at one time characterized the American railroad industry? Talk privately to a wide-awake railroad president and he will tell you a story of a moss-grown industry, overburdened with excess capitalization, with obsolete and crudely developed equipment and bureaucratic methods. One of the most respected of our railroad presidents told me recently he believed that a billion dollars a year could be saved by eliminating obsolescence in American railroads.

The fact is, we have not handled either our public business or our private business any too well. The common-sense American is from Missouri; he wants to be shown. He thinks the world is not yet finished. He wants to keep on trying both public ownership and private ownership in the hope that better methods may develop. He wishes that both public-ownership men and private-ownership men would stop their dishonorable misrepresentation and their biased propaganda. It is time for both the managers of private utilities and the proponents of public ownership and operation to play the game openly and fairly, like mature, self-respecting, and dignified men and women. Such a change would add to the self-respect and decency of American life, and would greatly help to relieve us of prejudice and confusion.

PINK HIGGINS, THE GOOD BAD MAN

BY CHARLES ADAM JONES

I

IN our early days at the Spur Ranch in the southern Panhandle of Texas,¹ the work of acquainting myself with the many details of ranch operation called for extended absences from headquarters. During these periods — and they were frequent — there was no congenial companionship for my wife, and her days were inevitably long and lonely. There were so few people in the region that the land had become a paradise for quail, and, in casting about for something to interest her, I thought she might try her hand on them. She had never fired a shotgun in her life, but I ordered a light 16-gauge Parker gun for her and taught her how to handle it. We had a team behind which she could shoot, and when I could not drive for her I arranged with one of the cowboys to take her. She killed more than four hundred quail that first winter, and the sport afforded her pleasure as long as we lived there. Often when we had distinguished guests a great platter of quail breasts would serve as the *pièce de résistance*.

Prairie dogs were even more numerous than the quail. I made my rounds on horseback to the accompaniment of their incessant, impudent barking. One who has never seen a prairie-dog town

¹In his previous article, 'On the Last Frontier,' Mr. Jones related incidents in his early life on a Colorado ranch, and told how, in 1907, he became manager of the Spur Ranch in Texas, which comprised within its domain 673 square miles of land. — EDITOR

cannot imagine how unbearably monotonous such a serenade becomes when literally millions of the dogs squat on their mounds and punctuate each shrill bark with a jerk of their short tails. I believe I am generally considered a kindly man, but I must confess that these prairie dogs aroused in me a personal hatred such as I have never felt toward any other animate thing.

My emotions, of course, were of no consequence to anyone but myself, and, had the dogs had no other effect, there would be no point in introducing them into this narrative. The fact is, however, that they were a very serious problem, and for substantial reasons. Like all animals when left undisturbed, the species multiplies to the extent of the food supply; so that prairie-dog towns were generously spotted all over the ranch, and often a single colony would denude of grass a whole section of land. To a cattle ranch this was a threat of the first importance.

It became immediately necessary to exterminate the pests. We put in the field a 'dog outfit' of thirty men with full camp equipment, and thus inaugurated a campaign which was to extend over three years and was so successful that in the end a prairie dog became almost a curiosity on the Spur Ranch. We used chiefly maize or Kafir corn soaked in a solution of strychnine and cyanide of potassium until each kernel was thoroughly saturated. Syrup

was poured over the grain to give it a sugar coating, and it was then dried by the addition of flour, which formed a protective exterior against the elements. A little anise oil was introduced to make the bait more attractive.

With six men to cook, take care of the camp, and mix the poison, the remaining twenty-four distributed the deadly grain. Prairie dogs do not look for food in their holes, so the poison squad placed a teaspoonful of the grain on the outer edge of each mound, where it would lie undisturbed until eaten. Every man was equipped with a tin bucket to hang over his shoulder and a heavy, forged-iron spoon lashed to a long handle, which enabled him to place the poison without stooping. They marched abreast over the ranch, spaced just far enough apart to ensure attention to every hole. In this way much acreage could be covered in a day, but the ranch was so large that it took many months to complete the job.

As nearly as we could estimate, we got from 80 to 90 per cent of the prairie dogs on the first round. Most of them died underground, the homing instinct carrying them to their holes as soon as the first seizure occurred, but great numbers of their carcasses were also scattered over the prairies. These the coyotes devoured. I had hopes that we might be able to destroy these pests, too, through secondary poisoning, but in this I was disappointed. It took so little poison to kill the dogs that even a coyote's appetite was cloyed before he had eaten enough to accumulate what was for him a killing dose. Then too, no doubt, the coyotes built up a resistance to the poison by feeding on such meat.

II

So successful was this campaign in its primary object that the dog population was vastly reduced. Still, enough of the

pests survived to make it certain that the ranch would soon be restocked unless further measures were taken. So we covered the whole territory once more in the same way. Proportionate results were again secured. We learned, however, that any dog which had had a touch of poison and survived had made a 'never again' resolution; he refused to be tempted by the bait, and became what we called an 'outlaw dog.'

The only way, therefore, to make a thorough job of it — and nothing less would do — was to inject carbon dioxide or some similar gas into the burrows. Being heavier than air, it descends to the bottom of the holes, and every living thing therein must die. This plan we put into execution on the third and final round. Why, then, one may ask, did we not adopt so certain a method at first, and spare ourselves all the subsequent trouble? The answer is that gassing is a relatively expensive process; by the time we resorted to it the number of inhabited holes had been reduced to a small percentage of their original number. Otherwise it would not have been practicable. Our crew became infallibly expert in spotting the holes where anybody was at home, and these were the only ones into which the gas was injected.

The total cost of the three rounds was about \$45,000 — a large sum, but it came to little more than ten cents an acre, and the benefits of the campaign were worth immeasurably more. Vigilance along the great stretches of our boundary lines could never be relaxed, because many of our neighbors did not follow our example. Their dogs were constantly moving in on us, showing a great fondness for ready-made homes in better range than they had in the old place. In subsequent years some \$20,000 more was spent to keep the prairie-dog population under control.

For some time their abandoned holes

were a source of danger to us, for weeds and grass grew over them, concealing them from view and making for accidents to horses and riders. If a horse is given his head, with slack bridle reins, he will run through a dog town safely at high speed, but if the rider attempts to guide him with the reins, the chances for serious hurt are great. A horse can coördinate his head and leg action if left to his own devices, but not if a rider tries to do his thinking for him.

I must not fail to mention one wholly unexpected consequence of our campaign against the prairie dog. As I have said, quail were numerous all over the ranch, and coveys of the birds assembled to feed on the poisoned grain. At first we were afraid that the quail would be exterminated, and the possibility was disturbing enough in itself; at this point, however, an event occurred to give our fears a more serious turn. Not far from the town of Spur there was a farmer who killed some quail without thinking that they might have been feeding on the poison. They were cleaned and their entrails thrown to the cats; the birds were then cooked for supper. After the meal, stark terror ran through the family when they found some of the cats in convulsions and others already dead. The cause was only too apparent. So the farmer loaded his entire family in the 'hack' and drove madly to Spur, expecting, and possibly feeling in imagination, the early pangs of poison pains. Strange to say, no trace of poison was found in their systems, but it took some time for the family to convince itself of this happy fact.

Soon afterward we learned that the quail themselves were absolutely immune to the poison which proved so deadly to the prairie dogs. I have been given to understand that the crop or craw intercepts the poison and protects the vital organs of the birds; whatever

the reason, it is certain that the birds were not harmed by their strange food, nor was their meat in any way affected. The farmer's cats, of course, had devoured the craws, which were nothing less than concentrated poison sacs.

III

Wolves were another of our problems. The Spur Ranch joined all the neighboring ranches in an agreement to pay a fixed bounty for every lobo that was killed. The ranch on which the kill was made paid fifty dollars, the surrounding ranches from five dollars to twenty-five dollars each, with an additional bounty of from two and one-half to five dollars for each pup. We were always glad enough to pay the money, for a wolf covers a lot of territory in his hunting and he eats every day. Their craftiness is best illustrated by the fact that our range boss, in all his years of riding through every part of that country, had never seen a lobo, although he had seen evidence of their kills only too frequently.

My wife had the rare experience, for a woman, of being in at the death of a bitch lobo and her litter of nine pups. One day at noon one of our boys rode in from the rough Caprock country saying he had sighted a lobo, and from its actions he thought it was a bitch with a den near the spot where he had seen her. He observed her from a distance and because of his remoteness he believed she had not taken alarm. In the early afternoon several of us rode back with him, my wife accompanying us.

Under the cowboy's guidance we found the wolf's den, which gave forth a strong animal scent, but upon digging it out it appeared that the bitch was smarter than we were — fearing discovery, she had moved her whole litter. In a little while one of the boys stumbled upon the new den about a mile

away on the opposite side of the canyon. It must have been quite an undertaking for the bitch to transport her family so far in the short period that had passed since our man had first seen her, assuming that she was able to take only one pup at a time. Possibly her mate turned in and lent a hand — or a mouth.

It was evidently an old den, and prodding into it brought no sound or other evidence of occupancy. Getting the trend of the tunnel, we dug in from the surface and happened to make an opening just in front of the wolf. Whether she was blinded by the sudden light or whether she acted on the instinct to protect her young, she lay there without moving until a bullet crashed through her skull. We had to drag out her body in order to get at the pups. They were so young that their eyes were not yet open, but when they were picked up by the scruff of the neck their fighting spirit was immediately aroused and they tried to bite and claw viciously. Our windmill man begged for one of them to take home to his children, but the other eight were killed on the spot. Even the survivor was not allowed to live long, for the possibility that it might grow up and escape back to the range was a risk too great to be taken.

I had had earlier experience with wolves on the T-Heart Ranch in Colorado. In that section both wolves and coyotes were numerous, and, although coyotes were never a menace except to newborn calves, the loboes began to pick off the big calves from the milk pen when turned out at night. We tried poison, but with little effect, since the wolves seemed able to detect it and left the bait alone. One night we were aroused by the frantic bawling of a calf not a hundred yards away from where we were sleeping. We knew at once what the trouble was and rushed

out, but the wolf clung to its victim until we were nearly upon him, then bounded away. The calf was badly mangled, a great chunk being torn out of one of its hams, and it was slowly bleeding to death.

One of the old hands conceived the idea of injecting strychnine into its blood stream, so that before death the poison could circulate through its entire system. This was done, and when the calf was dead we hooked it to a wagon axle and dragged it a long, circling distance, finally leaving it in a little valley over a ridge. The following morning when we went out to examine the results, not a vestige of meat remained on the bones of the calf, and several wolves and coyotes, and one eagle, lay stretched out dead. For a day or two thereafter the circling of buzzards around the cliffs and the rough back country indicated spots where many more had snarled out their lives. For once the wolves had been outwitted.

Many writers have told thrilling stories about the wariness of wolves and their extensive depredations. The most conclusive evidence on these points that I ever encountered was at the Vermejo Park Ranch in New Mexico, which I visited some years ago. In the main room they had a huge mounted wolf, with its history hanging about its neck. It interested me so much that I copied it: —

This wolf made its appearance on the Upper Vermejo on May 14, 1912, during a big snowstorm. [The ranch was in high mountain country, the ranch house being at an elevation of about 8000 feet.] Nearly a foot of snow fell during the thirteenth and fourteenth.

On the night of May 14 this wolf killed eleven head of yearlings. From that time until he was caught, March 8, 1913, he killed for the Adams Cattle Company fully one hundred head of cattle, and nearly as many more cattle and colts for other com-

panies, besides the harm done by maiming, frightening, and running the cattle. During this time he also killed a large number of deer and wild turkeys.

The damage done by the wolf may be conservatively estimated at \$7500.

The Adams Cattle Company paid \$200 for the killing of the wolf. Other rewards were offered amounting to as much more. The wolf was caught in a trap by J. A. Black on March 8, 1913, after all the best wolf men in this part of the state had failed to catch him. The reason this wolf was so hard to catch was that he never returned to anything he had killed, and also because he would never travel a trail. As far as I know he was never seen but once, and that was at a distance of a half mile or more.

This was without doubt the hardest wolf to trap I have ever heard about, and was equal to the lobo wolf to which Seton-Thompson refers in one of his best stories on wild animals.

HARRY W. ADAMS

Vermejo Park, New Mexico

Subscribed and sworn to before me May 31, 1913
WILLIAM E. INGLIS, *Notary Public*
Colfax County, State of New Mexico

IV

Of all the ranches in the Panhandle of Texas, I think the JA was the most prolific of good stories — and for a special reason. The owners had a number of English friends, and there were some English women who often spent considerable periods there as favored guests. Most of them were really excellent horsewomen and were always eager to ride the range with the cowboys, who did not share the eagerness when it became known that the ladies were in the habit of referring to them as 'cow-servants.' Being wholly ignorant of range work, naturally enough, they were inveterate questioners, keeping at it until all hands were worn out. Nevertheless, the men did not want to be disrespectful to the guests of the ranch.

It is the custom on all ranches for the range boss to outline the work of the day from the corral. One morning when one of the English women was present the boss said to a cowpuncher, 'Bill, go up in Palo Duro canyon and bring down that steer and dogie we saw there yesterday.'

'And, pray, what is a dogie?' inquired the lady.

'Madam, a dogie is a calf whose mother is dead and whose daddy has run off with another cow.'

Anyone who has ever been about the range country knows that a dogie is a calf whose mother died before the calf was mature enough for weaning; consequently it is stunted in the struggle for existence by having to graze prematurely. Often it does not survive, but if it does it remains undeveloped — 'a little knothead,' as the cowboys say. So the description given to the inquisitive lady was not so far wrong.

At another time, as the range boss started off with one of the English women close beside him, they passed through a pasture where a registered herd was kept. About twenty-five lusty young bulls stood there with their white faces all turned toward the two riders. The romantic lady exclaimed, 'Oh, what pretty little cowlets!' 'Excuse me, madam,' remarked the boss, 'but them's bullets.'

And speaking of women on the frontier reminds me of an incident connected with my ranching days in Colorado. A young man had come out there from the East, and, cut off by hundreds of miles from eligible females, had married an Indian girl. This, I may say, was not at all uncommon in the early days when there were practically no white women in that whole region. Years went by, and so-called civilization crept up and gradually got a foothold in the section where this man and his squaw were living. The new

settlers brought their prejudices with them and were inclined to look upon marriage with an Indian as a disgrace.

After a while the Indian wife died, whereupon the husband opened up correspondence with a boyhood sweetheart somewhere in the East, and eventually went back for her and brought her out as a bride. The few white women in the neighborhood, chiefly sharp-nosed, flat-breasted old busybodies, went into conference and decided that it was their duty to inform the newcomer of her husband's previous domestic status. Selecting a spokeswoman, they waited on the bride and, with many expressions of feigned reluctance and mock sympathy, broke the news to her. At the conclusion of this recital, the bride, instead of bursting into tears, looked slowly about the circle of her visitors and said, 'Well, if this is the material he had to choose from, I don't blame him.'

V

One of the best stories of the cattle country may be said to have belonged, in a peculiar sense, to the Spur Ranch. It is the story of Pink Higgins, the good bad man with fourteen notches on his gun.

At the time I took charge of the Spur Ranch, wholesale cattle rustling was no longer practised on the scale that had once been common. It had become too dangerous. Everyone knows that the trick of the old-time rustler was to adopt a brand which was a simple mutilation of some other brand. If an honest cowman, for example, was running the $\overline{T}$ (bar-T), the addition of another bar would convert it into the currycomb, $\overline{\overline{T}}$. Our own brand at the Spur Ranch, $\perp$, could easily be converted into a pitchfork, $\perp\perp$, and we had a neighbor who had this brand.

His, however, was a big, responsible, splendid outfit wholly above suspicion, and, besides, his brand was placed on a different part of the animal from ours.

When the counterfeiting of brands, as it was called, became too dangerous, the rustler adopted other methods. The safest of these had to do with the earmarking of calves. A cattle owner always has an earmark as well as his brand, and calves are always earmarked at the time they are branded. The reason for this is that when one is riding the range it is much easier at a distance to see the ears of a calf than to distinguish a brand. Any earmarked calf is assumed to be branded with the brand corresponding to the mark.

The rustler would establish himself in or about the big ranches with a few head of cattle of his own, and of course with an individual brand and earmark. The mark adopted by a cattle thief was always one which involved enough mutilation of a calf's ear to cut away the legitimate mark entirely. His trick was to ride about the range in search of unbranded calves near the weaning age; these he would earmark with the mark of the true owner. He would then separate the calves from their mothers, usually throwing them into another pasture. The calf so separated from its mother and having a temporary earmark intended to deceive the riders, who would promptly rope and brand it if its ear was full, is known as a 'sleeper.' After allowing enough time to elapse to make certain that weaning would be complete, the rustler would finish his job by putting his brand on the calf, at the same time cutting away the preliminary earmark to produce his own.

To discourage such practices on the part of cow thieves, the company which owned the Spur Ranch before the Swenson Syndicate bought it had

carried on their ledgers what was known as a 'Protection Account.' To this account were charged the wages of two gunmen, Pink Higgins and Bill Standifer, whose business it was to ride the range and take care of those men of pretended respectability whose herds were increasing more rapidly than was regular. Higgins and Standifer were hated and feared by all the suspicious characters throughout that country, Higgins especially, for he had an uncanny ability to smoke out offenders and catch them red-handed, or to come so close to it as to cause them to make a quick change of residence.

Pink Higgins was a true child of the old frontier. He had been engaged in one of those family feuds which was in effect a war of extermination, from which he finally emerged as almost the sole survivor. At one time he was under indictment for killing fourteen men, and it was said that he actually killed eighteen, but in that raw period little was done about it, since feud killings did not take on the status of murder. When I came to the Spur Ranch, Higgins had retired from service under the 'Protection Account' and had set up for himself on land adjoining ours. I visited him on my first round, and we became fast friends. I found that he was rigidly honest in all his dealings. He was always helpful in giving me a line on the men who were apt to make trouble for us, and he was invariably right. From his own lips I learned his story.

VI

Born in Georgia in 1848, and burdened with the name of John Pinkney Calhoun Higgins, he was brought to Texas by his parents when he was three months old. His father told him that there were thirty-six prairie schooners in the wagon train, and that

the chattels of the party included more than one hundred slaves. Most of the group settled in the neighborhood of Austin. Pink's father remained there until 1857, when he moved to the head of Beehouse Creek, near Lampasas, at a point which has since been known as Higgins Gap. Although then only nine years old, Pink had already acquired a good working knowledge of horse and rifle, and, with marauding Indians ever a menace, he soon took a man's part in fighting them off. The Indian threat was so constant and serious that after two years the settlers were compelled to withdraw to Bell County, where they 'forted up' until the spring of 1862, when they ventured to return. The only education Pink had was that which he got in the rough-and-tumble of breaking horses, herding cows, and fighting Indians.

Among the neighbors was a family by the name of Watson. Pink Higgins grew up, cow-hunted, and fought Indians side by side with the Watson boys. No one could ever have supposed that a savage feud would one day break out between the two families and continue until every Watson of that generation had been exterminated. 'Old Man' Watson was a fine character and did his best to rear his boys as honest frontiersmen. Many a time he was known to take off his six-shooter belt and thrash them with it for stealing his neighbors' calves.

In the spring of 1873, much cattle stealing was going on, and the state police quietly followed one of the Watson wagons out of town until it led them to a cache of hides from stolen cattle. When the police came back to town, they found the Watsons primed for a fight. Their gang was concentrated in Dead Man's Saloon, with their pistols strapped on and with rifles stacked behind the bar. Captain Williams stepped up to arrest one

of the Watsons, who shot Williams through the head, killing him instantly. Three other state police were killed in the fight that followed. Eventually the Watsons were captured and brought to trial, but fear played its part among the jurors and they were acquitted.

The Watsons had a meat market in town, with corrals and a slaughter pen some distance out in the country. Their cattle stealing continued, and they grew so bold that they would hold stolen cattle in their corrals before slaughtering them. On one or two occasions Pink Higgins found some of his cattle among them and turned them out. When he reported the matter to the Watsons, they would laugh and say, 'Some mistake, we guess.'

After a while the meat market proved too small an outlet for the Watsons, so they began to trail cattle out of the country. They took thirty-six head of Higgins's cows and started them with a trail herd. Pink was on the alert, and, following along the trail, he caught up with the Watson cowboys and cut his own cattle out of the bunch. He had previously notified the Watsons that if they stole another animal of his he would 'get them as sure as there was a God in Heaven.' When Bill Watson learned through a messenger that Pink had recovered his cattle, he sent word that he had some 'blue pills' for Higgins and would administer them on sight.

That was enough for Pink. Against the advice of his friends he started to town and rode straight to Dead Man's Saloon. Winchester in hand, he entered. Bill Watson was in the back of the room. Not a word was uttered by either man as Pink advanced on him. Suddenly Bill went for his gun and instantly Pink fired, putting a bullet through Bill's chest and letting him have two more before he sank to the

floor. Watson fell on the very spot where he had dropped Captain Williams.

From that day for three years Higgins never knew a peaceful moment. There was never a light in his house after dark, and in the daytime he was always armed and on his guard. Some of the neighbors took sides, and a number of men were killed in each faction.

The Watsons had in their pay two Negroes who were working about town and tipping them off to Higgins's movements. When this fact was made certain, Pink and three of his men sat down to a game of seven-up to decide which pair should get the Negroes. It fell to Pink and his partner, but as it happened Pink took care of them both. In view of the time and the circumstances, one must not be too quick to condemn him: it was either kill or be killed.

By this time the Watsons had many men in their party, and the wonder is that they were not able to get Pink. He managed to elude them by planting in their ranks a spy who posed as a gunman from Mexico. This man left unsigned notes in a certain hollow tree which informed Pink of his enemies' plans. But the Watsons were not without influence. Some of their friends appealed to the Governor to send troops 'to stop this man-killing Higgins in his course of mob law.' The District Captain of Rangers, however, strongly urged the Governor to let Higgins go ahead unmolested, adding that in this way the lawless element would be cleaned up. In fact, the Rangers and state police had always given Pink their moral support because of his honesty and courage.

Nevertheless, either by warrant or by indictment, many counts were accumulated against Higgins, and their effect was to make him an outlaw. So

he wrote to Judge Blackburn of the District Court at Llano, an old acquaintance, that he would 'come in' if bond would be allowed for him and his friends. The Judge assented. The bond was fixed at \$40,000, and was quickly signed by the most substantial cowmen in the country, whose battles Pink was fighting as well as his own.

To make a long story short, things finally went against the Watsons. One by one, the brothers were killed off until only two were left. Finally, complaints of cattle stealing were made against them. The officers secured evidence of their guilt and succeeded in capturing them after an exchange of shots. The Watsons were afraid of being lynched, and begged the Rangers to turn them over to Pink Higgins and his men for safe keeping. One said: 'We have stole from him and shot at him, but I take my hat off to him when it comes to fighting. He can stand off a regiment.' Nevertheless, they were locked up in the jail at Meridian. One Sunday night shortly thereafter, the sheriff received word that his mother was dying in a near-by town. It was a ruse to get him away, and it worked. An armed mob then stormed the jail and sent hundreds of bullets through the bodies of the last two Watsons.

In the end, Judge Blackburn dismissed all indictments and warrants against Higgins, so that he was never tried on any of the counts.

VII

Higgins came up to Kent County and afterward landed in the protection job on the Spur Ranch. Bill Standifer, his copartner in that job, also came from the same neighborhood, and rumor had it that, although he had not allied himself directly with the Watsons, he had been sympathetic toward

their side — a condition which did not make for perfect amity between the two men. Standifer was evidently itching for a chance to kill Higgins, and as time went on he boldly said so when he was drunk. Apparently he got the mistaken notion that Higgins was afraid of him, for Higgins showed himself only too ready to neglect the opportunity for gun play which Standifer forced upon him.

The fact was that Pink Higgins had settled down. He now had a fine wife and family, and wanted only to be let alone. Although he had had no education in his own youth, he earnestly craved such advantages for his children. And I may say in passing that one of his sons, Cullen Higgins, studied law and for many terms served as a capable and splendid judge in one of the largest judicial districts in Texas, which included our own four counties. The other son, Thomas, also a lawyer, is and has been for many years County Judge of Lampasas County, and so popular is he that he has never had opposition at any election. The girls were also well educated.

Pink did not want to upset this domestic picture; his old troubles were now well in the background and he was not courting new ones. But Standifer became more and more aggressive, and laid plans to trap Higgins, who had heard of his boasts and was therefore on his guard. One day Standifer sent a man to Higgins to tell him that some cow thieves were at work in a certain neighborhood. Higgins knew that the messenger was a close associate of Standifer, so, instead of setting after the thieves as he was expected to do, he went only to a high point near by from which, with field glasses, he was able to spot Standifer lying in wait for him. Higgins returned home.

A day or so later, as he was going out

afoot early in the morning to drive his horses from the pasture into the corral, his watchful eyes caught a glimpse of Standifer in some rocks that were within rifle range of the horses. Again Higgins went back home, and stayed there all day. That night he heard coyotes yipping close to the house, but he knew that Standifer could give a pretty good imitation of a coyote and concluded that he was probably waiting for him to open a door. This conviction was reënforced by the behavior of his dogs: instead of giving chase, as they always did when coyotes came too near, they merely barked and remained close to the house. The next day Pink stayed at home again, but, as he said later, he knew he could not 'live holed up like a rat any longer.'

Before daybreak, therefore, he saddled his horse Sandy and rode off in the direction from which he knew Standifer would come. Shortly after dawn he saw Standifer approaching. They were riding in the same general direction, so that their courses converged. From this point I shall try to put the story in Higgins's own words, just as he often told it to me: —

'He was on my right, and I was sure he would not get off his horse on my side but would try to use his horse for protection. So I made up my mind to keep my eye on his left foot, and the minute that foot left the stirrup I would get off and go for my gun. When we were less than a hundred yards apart and getting closer every step our horses took, he slipped her out and off I went. My rifle sorter hung in the saddle scabbard, and as I got it out Standifer shot, hitting old Sandy. He jumped against me and made me shoot wild — I always hated to lose the first shot.

'Standifer was shooting, but he was jumping around like a Comanche and his shots were going wild. He was

sideways to me, and so thin I knew I had to shoot mighty accurate to get him. I knew he could n't do any good with his gun till he stopped jumping. So I dropped on my knee, trying to get a bead on him, and when he slowed down I let him have it. I knew I had got him when the dust flew out of his sleeve above the elbow and he started to buckle. He dropped his gun into the crook of his other arm and tried to trot off. I called to him, saying if he had had enough I would n't shoot again and would come to him, but he fell face forward, his feet flopped up, and he did n't speak.

'I was afraid to go to him, fearing he was playing possum after being shot, so I got on my horse and started home. I got another horse and rode to a telephone and told the sheriff at Clairemont I thought I had killed Standifer. He said if I was n't sure I had better go back and finish.'

The shooting occurred on Higgins's place at a spot that became known as the Standifer Thicket. It was in plain hearing of Mrs. Higgins and the girls, who knew that the battle meant death to one or the other of the men. In her suspense, Mrs. Higgins sent one of the girls to the top of the house and asked her what she could see. Presently she replied, 'I can't see anything but Daddy, and he is coming this way in a lope.'

I asked Pink if Standifer was buried where he fell. He replied, 'Damn him, no! Do you think I'd let him stay on my place?'

VIII

With anyone who was interested, Higgins would discuss this shooting just as though it had been a wolf hunt, and with no more feeling, which is understandable enough when one considers that a human wolf was the victim. Most bad men — and I do not

put Pink in that class — do not like to talk about their killings or to have others mention them, but Pink had no such qualms. As a general rule, men who kill, no matter how just the provocation, are never the same afterward. A conspicuous illustration of this fact was a neighbor of ours, Burk Burnett, who had had to kill Farley Sears in self-defense. It was a clear case, but Burk was a changed man ever after. He said if he had the scene to reenact he would let Sears kill him rather than live with such a memory. There was nothing of this about Pink Higgins. He had it to do, he did it, and that was all there was to it — no regrets, no cause for any.

I had long wanted my wife to meet Pink and his nice family, so I took her over on one of my trips. Without any difficulty I led him around to talk about his trouble with Standifer. Just then his little crippled girl came to his side,

and he took her on his lap and gently stroked her hair while he related the story of the killing. My wife remarked to me afterward upon the inconsistency in his character which this incident revealed. He won her sympathy, however, by his great love for his family and his devotion.

During this visit Pink went on to talk about the old days of the Lampasas feud, and he frankly told my wife of his indictment for killing fourteen men. But he remarked that it got so down there that if any man was found shot to death or had disappeared everybody said, 'Pink Higgins did it.' And he added, 'Now, Mrs. Jones, I did n't kill all them men — but then again I got some that was n't on the bill, so I guess it just about evens up.'

Pink died many years ago, and not by violence. He dropped dead upon the hearth of his home while lighting a fire.

A COURAGEOUS LETTER

DEAREST ELIZABETH, —

You say in your letter, 'Do not scold or sympathize — I can do plenty of that for us both. Just tell me as completely as possible what you did and why, and whether or not it has paid.'

How could I scold you? Don't you suppose I know that a desperate woman is a mad woman, and that none of her reasoning will bear the earmarks of sanity?

And even though you forbid it, I do sympathize. I realize that this last blow is altogether merciless because it comes at the end of four almost unbearable years, and because it comes at a time when you believed that the worst really was over. It's all so futile — like the killing of a soldier in that last hour before the signing of the Armistice!

But, merciless or not, the emergency is here and has to be faced. Since you feel that my meeting of a similar emergency may have in it something of practical value for you, I am opening wide the book of my experience. What I did and why, and whether or not it has paid, is all here for you to read.

The first thing I did was to call the children into conference. Because of the gravity of our situation, it seemed to me to be the only way. I felt that our only hope for survival lay in complete coöperation.

I began by reminding them that their father is a man of rare ability, and that his record of achievement is such that we all have justifiable reason to be proud. I assured them that eventually a man of their father's ability and experience must find his place in the economic world. I warned them,

however, that I did not know how long this readjustment might take, and I refused to hold out to them any false hope. Meanwhile, we were going right on being proud of him and having faith in him.

I felt this was of infinite importance to Jim and to myself, for the children's pride and faith in their father have been very precious to us both.

Then I did a very prideful thing: I got out the history of their father's family and traced for them the part these men and women, whose name they bear, had played in the founding, the developing, and the perpetuating of this country. I said, 'You see, once upon a time this country had need for men and women like you. That need may come again. Consequently, I am not going to allow you to be wasted.'

I told them that the history of mankind was full of periods when just to survive was triumph. (And this, Elizabeth, is my answer to your question, 'If I can offer my children nothing but a bare existence, why bother with that existence at all?')

I admitted that, for the present, adequate shelter, the simplest of food, and something in the way of clothes were the very most we could do for them. With these bare essentials they must learn to be content, though naturally I neither expected nor wanted them to be satisfied with so little.

You see I was almost brutally honest, because I had to be. I knew that if I tried to play 'Pollyanna' and went about singing, —

Just around the corner
There's a rainbow in the sky . . .

and then that rainbow failed to make its appearance, I should no longer have the confidence of my children. I *had* to have their confidence if I was to see them through.

I told them that the fight for survival was always a grim business, but that we were not going to be one bit grim about it. On the contrary, we were going to be the jolliest group of soldiers that were ever put through a forced march.

I warned them that each one of us would have to develop great respect for a penny, but that we did not have to come to worship it. To me that has always seemed one of the most unpleasant characteristics of so many people of little means; they overestimate the importance of money and underestimate the value of everything else.

Frankly, I told the children that we were going to be poor, — this had been wished upon us, — but that we did not have to become impoverished unless we wished, because we were still rich in so much that made life worth living. I went over these riches one by one because it seemed to me that this was definitely a time for taking inventory.

‘You children,’ I told them, ‘have more than average health and intelligence. There has always been harmony in your home and there always will be — something of which few children of this age can boast. You have beautiful memories of places, and your lives have touched interesting and worth-while people. You have always had the best in books and they are friends who will stand by you in the worst of days. You have a good radio which frequently brings you the best in music and sometimes splendid bits of drama as well. These are your riches; with them you will have to be content for the present.’

Then, since it was still inventory time, I told each one how I thought he was **particularly** well adapted to go

through this adjustment period and where I thought he might prove to be particularly vulnerable. I went even further and did what only a twentieth-century mother would do: I told them just where I anticipated trouble in myself.

‘No crisis has ever yet found me lacking in courage,’ I told them, ‘but I am not certain that I have enough of the dogged, persistent kind of courage which can hold out day after day. If I am lacking in that, I shall have to develop it, and you children will have to bear with me and help me in every way you can while I am learning. In fact, our success in this new venture will be determined largely by the sympathy and understanding and tenderness we display toward each other.’

It was a big order I was giving my children and no one appreciated that fact more fully than I. First, no matter what happened, they were to keep intact their pride and their faith in their father. Second, they were to be content with existence, keeping in mind that people of their calibre were not so common that their country could afford to waste them. Third, they must learn the nice art of respecting money without worshipping it, and the equally nice art of being poor without being impoverished. Finally, though each one of them would be passing through a period of intensive change and adjustment, each must be patient and tolerant and kind to the other.

As I said, the order was large — much too large to hope to fill completely. But these children of ours have come so close to filling the order that our pride in them is colossal.

You want to know if the rewards have been worth the struggle. I do not know. It is too early to tell because I am still so close to it all.

There *is* a law of compensation.

You and I both believe that. But whether the compensation is or is not proportionate remains to be seen.

My children know more about courage and steadfastness and self-control than many people learn in a lifetime of living. Besides that, they have gone far in tolerance and understanding. Never will they say as their mother used to do, 'How in the world did people like that ever get into such a jam anyway?' because they know too much about 'jams' to be impatient with anybody who is in one.

They have taken big strides in the art of coöperation, and it is no mean art to master. They have developed perspective, for, when one fixes his eyes upon the mountains, the molehills over which he stumbles slip by unnoticed.

I thought of that about Thanksgiving time when a girl whom I used to see often in the old days ran in tearing her hair because her Christmas cards were going to be a bit later than she had expected. I sat with my hands idle in my lap — they should have been doing so many things just then — and I thought to myself, 'No daughter of mine will ever take on about nothing.' I know it is true, too.

But still, with all this to their good, I wonder if it is best that my children should have to learn so much so soon. It is very like sending a ten-year-old child to college. It is possible that he could do the work, but why should he? I like an ordered existence, with everything coming along in its rightful place. I like childhood to be childish, and age to be dignified. This pushing of a child into adulthood — either in mind or in character — has no appeal for me.

As a family we have become genuinely fond of each other and beautifully friendly. Not many families can make a similar boast. I realized that the other day when a girl who seemingly has everything enviable in the

world said, 'I'm so glad that Joan is old enough to take to the movies,' — Joan is four, — 'because now I know what to do with her on Nana's afternoon out. She used to drive me so frantic that by the time it was seven o'clock I just fell into bed unconscious.'

Perhaps I am vainglorious, but I could not help contrasting that mother's experience with one of my own. Last fall when little David started off for his first day of school, he stopped at the drive, turned around, and came back to say to me, 'Mother, I just want to tell you that I think you and I've had a bully time here together.'

Mother complex? I don't believe so, for of all our children he has adjusted himself to school the most easily and the most happily. You see, he was fortified by his intensive course in coöperation here at home.

As a family we have become rank opportunists. Our faith in 'to-morrow' has been so often betrayed that we put no stock in it whatsoever. To-day is here. To-morrow may never come. So we set out to squeeze every last drop of pleasure and fun out of each day as it passes.

The other morning, while we were at breakfast, a gorgeous Kentucky cardinal perched on a snow-covered limb just outside the window. I carried that picture with me the whole day through, even when the washing machine broke down in the midst of the washing.

I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that it is just an affectation — this prizing of such simple and commonplace experiences. I used to believe that, too, in the days when my plate was so heaped with good things that my only dilemma lay in choosing. But, when that plate goes suddenly bare, one learns to appreciate the little that is left or else one spends his life in drooping melancholy. We, as a family, do not choose to droop.

In some ways it is easier to have a good time than it ever was before; first, because we are so eager for happiness, and then because we are no longer weighed down with the ap-purtenances of nice living. For example, picnics used to be the bane of my existence because there was so much to prepare and then to pack. Now, we take a meat pie out of the oven, put a couple of bottles of milk and a few apples into a basket, and, with these very trifling impedimenta, wander down to the creek to eat our dinner. It's surprising how delicious this simple fare becomes when eaten under the trees.

Still, I miss nice living, and so will you. You will miss much else besides, such as folks that are stimulating, places that are new and different. You'll miss comfort and luxury, and, above all, you will miss the future. I have, anyway. Until I became an opportunist I never realized how much of my time I spent dreaming of the children's future. I wanted to do so much for them, especially for the girls — one feels that a man-child can get by somehow, if he has the proper stuff in him. Now all that has changed, and the change has been very difficult for me to accept. But I think I am a bit more reconciled than I was a few weeks ago, and all because of an experience which I know will interest you.

We were invited to the Town Club to a dinner party, and I did anticipate it, not only because that sort of thing is rare now, but because I very much wanted to meet one of the guests. If I were to tell you her name you would recognize her at once, for her father is a personage. The best of everything has gone into the making of that girl: the finest schools, extensive travel, unusual contacts — all that a mother most covets for her own daughters.

My dear Elizabeth, I have never in

all my life been so thoroughly disappointed in anyone. She was most un-prepossessing in appearance — thin and sallow and neurotic. Her voice was shrill and her manner shrewish. Her husband, who appeared to be a very likable fellow, bore the brunt of her ill temper. She 'rode' him mercilessly and was anxious that we all should be an appreciative audience to the 'riding.'

Afterward several people made it their business to tell me, confidentially, that he drank too much. No wonder he drank! If I were he I should go out and drown myself in the hardest liquor I could find, for his only hope of peace or of happiness lies in some sort of oblivion.

In the same party was a girl who impressed me more than any stranger ever has. She was lovely to look at, she was beautifully poised, her voice was charming, she had the 'grand manner' and yet was delightfully gracious. I kept thinking, 'Someone has made a mistake. Surely *this* is the girl with the many advantages!' But when I inquired I found that she had been her husband's secretary before her marriage and that her education had been confined to high school and a very short business course.

Now I have not lost my good common sense to such an extent that I instantly conclude that every secretary who marries her employer is a lady, and every girl of unlimited opportunity necessarily develops into a sallow, neurotic shrew. But this experience did remind me that the word 'educate' means to draw or lead forth, and, if there is nothing to lead forth, not one or a dozen schools can truly educate. On the other hand, if my daughters should have in themselves something worth while, it is possible that they will become true gentlewomen anyway.

That thought has been something of a consolation to me, and I pass it on because I know that your darkest hours

will come when you allow yourself to contrast what you *can* do for your children with what you had intended to do.

There is another pitfall, too, against which I would warn you, and again I am going to tell you of an experience of mine which might help you. When a family of eight children moved into the house across the street I was all ready to throw up both hands and sink for the last time. I knew, of course, that there would be noise — quarrelings and wranglings and scoldings. And it was summer! To my surprise and delight, none of my fears were realized. In the whole time they lived there I never once heard the mother's voice raised in scolding. She was one of the calmest and most beautifully tranquil persons I have ever seen. I was both relieved and astonished, but much too busy to wonder how this new neighbor had come by so much serenity.

Then one day I saw my son looking at me speculatively, and presently he asked, 'Mother, do you think *you* could raise eight children without raising your voice?'

I confessed that I not only *thought* I could n't but *knew* I could n't. I said, 'Suppose you find out for me how it's done.'

After considerable sleuthing my son turned in his report, and what he discovered has stood me in mighty good stead. The mother of eight, he reported, was very wise in her choice of discards. Somewhere along the way she had come to accept the fact that she could not maintain the same standard of living with eight children that she could if she had but one. Jimmy reported that the house was always in order, but that often it was not dusted. The children wore serviceable clothes which did not show soil and were not too frequently washed, though the children themselves showed signs of frequent bathing. Furthermore the

sheets were washed but not ironed, and the same was true of the towels. This sort of compromise went right on down the line.

To women like you and me, such a compromise is difficult to effect. Spotlessness — not just cleanliness — has been our birthright and the birthright of our children. But I warn you that in this new and changed world into which we have been thrust spotlessness comes at too high a figure. It is just another luxury which we must learn to do without.

Of course in fiction one does encounter women with unlimited strength, and, since authors of unquestioned integrity continue to write about such people, I am certain they must exist — somewhere. It has never yet been my privilege to meet one of these tireless souls. On the contrary, all the women I have known have had definite energy limitations. When they push themselves past those limitations, they become cross and unreasonable and not at all pleasant to live with. So I warn you that, unless you are certain you are one of these indefatigable souls, you must learn to compromise. If a film must gather somewhere, let it be on your windows and not on your spirit, which must be bright enough to show your children the way.

You and I, Elizabeth, have been dealt a no-honor hand. If ever we are able to take a trick, it will be because we have made such wise and careful discards. I think that we are going to take some tricks yet. When or how I do not know. But I am not ready to throw down my hand in disgust, and I feel confident that, when you have had a little longer to accustom yourself to your changed circumstances, you will want to go on playing the hand, too.

Meanwhile, I love you and believe in you.

MARY

A LONG-RETARDED SPRING

THE spring has come at last. At last the spring
Has come. O give me grace, divining leaves,
To burst the bud of time and cast, myself,
Your shadows on hot sidewalks of the town.
Shyly and unbeknownst to shed cool haven
To many weary unto death. Let joy
That streams along my veins as sap in yours
Communicate with a soft windy music
Joy to my race that never should be sad
Or angry.

Now the robin on the lawn
Sings his good-night song, and the whirling sprinkler
Makes little rainbows like a little rain.
And stilling in my heart my song of pleasure,
I say, 'What right have you to leaf when many,
Your countrymen, stand winter-killed and leafless?'
The gardener says: 'That was a brutal winter.
The privet hedge is gone, the climbing roses,
And nearly all the shrubs. We must cut back,
Back to the roots.' 'O cut them back,' I said.
'The roots are sound. It may take several years.'

Holy America, your topmost boughs
Are leafless because greedy frost has killed them.
Your roots are sound; only the showy leaves
Are dead. Let us cut back to the sound roots.
The spring has come, a long-retarded spring —
Tears for lost planting, and I learn that weeds
And weevils also suffered. Let us not
Be angry, for the spring at last has come.
O give us grace, divining leaves, O burst
The bud of time into the future rose.

ROBERT HILLYER

THE LAST LEG

From MED to MUM. V

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

[AFTER the wreck of the *Pro Patria* on the uninhabited coral island of Timoe, her passengers and crew betook themselves to near-by Manga Reva, where there was a settlement of kind-hearted folk to welcome the refugees. Manga Reva is just a speck on the map of the South Pacific. Its sole links with the outside world are occasional trading schooners from Tahiti, nine hundred miles away. Several months must pass before the next one arrived. Instead of waiting for it, eighteen men, James Norman Hall among them, decided to put to sea again in the only craft available — a five-ton cutter. As this final installment of the narrative opens, they are well on their way, homeward bound for Tahiti. — EDITOR]

I

No one had spoken for an hour or longer. We seemed to be floating, or, better, hanging suspended in a silence as wide as the sea, as deep as heaven itself. The breeze was so light that only by turning my ear in the direction from which it came could I be certain of a faint movement in the air; and yet the *Hinaaro* felt and answered to it. I could see a ghostly ripple, without a bubble on it, dividing at her stem, and when one of the sailors threw a drained coconut over the side, it glided gently away aft as though the power of

movement were in itself, not in the cutter.

Of a sudden, while lying with vacant mind, staring into the sky, I seemed to be snatched away out of my body, and found myself lost in the depths of space, gazing in awe and dismay toward the sun as it shrank to the size of an orange, a pea, a grain of sand, a mote of shining dust, its satellites dwindling as rapidly with it. Yet I could still see the earth — its oceans, continents, islands, scaling down and down to infinitely less than microscopic proportions; and no array of belittling words or imaginative fractions of integers would serve to express how small the Pacific Ocean appeared, viewed from a receding point on the far side of Betelgeuse. Having been shown all this, I was again dropped, with the speed of thought, into the shell of my body, which lay in the same cramped position on the deck of the *Hinaaro*.

Voyagers in the eighteenth century, to say nothing of those of yet earlier periods, were not plagued with these scrambled points of view for which we twentieth-century folk have our astronomers to thank. I sometimes wonder whether our thanks should not be expressed in the coolest possible manner, by a mere polite lifting of an eyebrow, or a barely perceptible shrugging of the shoulders, when one of them insists upon enlarging our already

more than adequate sense of the insignificance of the globe we inhabit. Why should we listen to these celestial prestidigitators who monopolize so much of our time, who distract our attention from our own proper affairs? How often do they break in upon our meditations, the quiet, comforting flow of our mundane thoughts! How often, in the silence of midnight, are we aroused from peaceful slumber by faint, far-carrying whoops and yells; and, rushing from our dwellings to learn the cause of the untimely clamor, we find that it comes from a distant mountain eyrie where we behold a group of tiny figures — astronomers and astrophysicists — bathed in a goblin-like, infra-red light, throwing hats, spectroscopes, and caution to the winds between the worlds in their excitement over some new discovery they have made, or think they have made. How can they be so sure, so soon? Or, if they are sure, why must they tell *us* about their findings?

In former times astronomers rarely disturbed common folk. They were content to remain in their watchtowers, conversing with one another in their weird mathematical language. But in our day they insist that we join their midnight orgies, and they so bemuse and befuddle us — and themselves as well, I often think — that days, if not weeks, pass before we recover from our debauches. They entice the unwary to their mountain fastnesses and there bewitch them with awe-inspiring instruments of magic; or, failing that, having translated some of their latest songs and legends into the vulgar speech, they rush down en masse and scatter among us books and pamphlets and other celestial propaganda which we are foolish enough to read. Whenever we see them coming we should do well, in my opinion, to draw our imaginative faculties in out of harm's

way, for they appear to think that ours, like their own, are of infinite elasticity. Give the gentlest of them an inch and he will take fifty million light years before you can draw breath to protest.

My musings were interrupted by Mr. Miller, who crawled over me to go to the cutter's side. Returning, he wormed his way back into the place he had left, the impulse of his burrowings sending a succession of ripples, crested with a light foam of sighs, growls, and muttered curses, to the outer limits of our collective body.

'Awake, Winnie?' he asked.

Captain B—— grunted. 'Do you expect me to be asleep after you've stepped all over me?'

'I'm as glad we've neither of our lady passengers with us,' Mr. Miller proceeded. 'We could n't have managed any privacy for them, that's certain. The best we could have done would have been to look the other way.'

This observation called for no confirmatory comment, and none was made.

'We'd better shift Terii aft,' Captain B—— said, presently. 'We're down by the head with him in the bow.'

Terii, our three-hundred-pound cook, was, in fact, something of a problem in so small a boat. There was no place for him amidships, for, even when he lay flat, his stomach interfered with the swinging of the boom. If he sat aft, what with the others there, his additional weight gave the *Hinaaro* the appearance of a speed boat doing seventy-five miles an hour.

'Hall, you're skinny enough,' said Mr. Miller. 'Could n't we fit you right forward, into the V against the stem?'

'It's the place I've coveted the whole voyage,' I replied. 'I'll be that much nearer home.'

'Good. We'll sort ourselves over once more to-morrow. We may as well stay as we are for the rest of the night.'

II

The *Hinaaro* was a fine little craft, so alert, so sensitive to impulse that, as Captain B—— had said, failing a breeze, all we needed to do was to sigh or whistle for one in turn, and, with the air thus expended, she would get us home. But she was not built for the load she was carrying. There must have been well over a ton and a half of the *Pro Patria's* former company on board, not counting Terii. We were, in fact, eighteen, precisely the number Captain Bligh had had, counting himself, in the *Bounty's* launch on the voyage to Timor. Despite the fact that the *Hinaaro* was three feet and six inches longer and two feet beamier, we must have made an even tighter fit in our boat than they did in theirs; for, not only were we filled with good food, but we had food and to spare in reserve, as much as we could carry of the *Pro Patria's* salvaged stores. Furthermore, our cutter was decked, and the temperature in what little unoccupied space there was below must have been 120 degrees Fahrenheit, even at night, for the only ventilation was by means of a two-by-two hole. We all preferred the topside, even in bad weather. We were fast eating our way into better accommodation, but there was still little enough room.

What would Captain Bligh and his men have thought of the amount of provisions we tucked away at a meal! I believe that we ate as much at a squeezed-together sitting as would have sufficed to carry them all the way to Timor. Often as I sat with my plate before me, heaped high with tinned beef and asparagus, boiled rice and ship's biscuit, a picture of the *Bounty's*

launch at mealtime would gather into focus against the background of empty sea. I would behold seventeen bundles of skin and bone huddled in silent misery, their hollow eyes fixed on the eighteenth bundle, weighing out, in the improvised coconut-shell scales, just enough decayed ship's bread—all of a year and a half old—to balance the pistol-ball counterweight: one twenty-fifth of a pound per man, with a quarter of a pint of water to wash it down. And I would hear Bligh's voice, as the rations were passed from hand to hand: 'Eat slowly, lads. Don't take your bread at a bite. Do as I do: soak it in your water and make a meal of it.' Then I would again become aware of the well-filled plate in my hand, and I would hear our Captain B—— say, his mouth filled with succulent tinned sausage or fine Columbia River salmon: 'More rice, Hall? Where's your appetite? You're eating nothing to-day.'

If wishes could have had retroactive virtue in a time long past, Bligh's men would have been well provisioned from our own more than abundant supplies. But, on second thought, their achievement seemed best as it stood. The splendor of it still gave light; it had been gathered into one of the fixed stars. Men in tight places, in desperate situations at sea, could always steer by it, gathering new hope and fresh courage as they did so.

We were in a tight place only in the sense of our fit into the cutter. Otherwise we had had nothing but good luck ever since leaving Manga Reva. But I have forgotten the loss of Terii's rooster. He was blown overboard in a squall some days back. I had a last glimpse of him, his outspread wings supporting him for a moment as he rocked over the crest of a wave. His attitude was still one of dismayed defiance; then he was lost to view in

the scud and the blinding rain. There had been no possibility of retrieving him; we were too crowded to come about and row back in search. We mourned his loss as though he had been one of ourselves, as indeed he was. As Tepou said, we might better have lost our compass. There was much gloomy shaking of heads, and all the sailors believed that our good luck was now at an end. Nevertheless, it still held, or it had thus far.

The strength of our combined wishes may have had something to do with our progress. A little after noon, eight days after we had lost the rooster, we had sailed down the great lagoon and out of the pass at Hao. Hao, the Harp Island of Bougainville and the Bow Island of Cook, we were justified in considering our halfway point, for it lies about midway in the Cloud of Islands. At dawn the next morning we had passed Hikueru, the richest of the pearl islands, and, at dusk the same day, Haraiki. The following evening we had coasted within fifty yards of the reef enclosing the enormous lagoon of Anaa, or Chain Island.

We passed the southern end of Anaa; it was just at sunset, and I shall not soon forget the lonely beauty of the scene before us. We could look between the small islands, as we passed, into the lagoon. The long swells that swept under us ran high up the beaches, and a perpetual cloud of spray hanging between us and the green lands was shot through with golden sunset light. Birds were the only living creatures we saw. At this time one of our number, — myself, perhaps, — enchanted by the perfection of the present moment, must have broken the current of our westward-wishing thought. However that may be, the breeze became lighter and lighter until at last the flame of a match scarcely flickered in what remained of it. By that time we had lost sight of

Anaa; Manga Reva was seven hundred miles astern, and little more than two hundred stretched between the *Hinaaro* and Tahiti. From my point of view on the far side of Betelgeuse, either distance was as the n th root of nothing, and we were already at home; had been there, in fact, before we started. Viewed with the eyes of sense, both were appreciable.

III

At dawn Terii shifted his bulk aft as far as the galley, a tin-lined box filled with sand. Although we had little more than steerageway, we seemed to smell from afar the dewy early-morning fragrance of Tahiti, and the talk was more than cheerful at breakfast. Nevertheless, I was a little uneasy about the water situation. We had left Hao with our fifty-gallon drum filled with fresh rain water and a five-gallon demijohn beside, a supply ample to see us through if all went well; but I did not like the cheerful assumption of Captain B—— and Mr. Miller and the rest of the company that all was bound to go well. Not that I believed in assuming the contrary; but, with eighteen of us aboard, it seemed foolish to me to make no allowance for possible emergencies. In the three days that had passed since leaving Hao, water had been siphoned down our thirsty gullets as generously as though a spring of it gushed up beneath the fifty-gallon drum. Every man could drink as much as he pleased, whenever he pleased. Captain Bligh would never have permitted that.

Breakfast over, we prepared for another hot and thirsty day. We made an awning by tying our bedquilts together, fastening one end to the boom and the other at the tow-rail. While this was being done I took the opportunity to measure the level of the water

in the drum. It was more than half gone.

Mr. Miller and Captain B—— received the news with complete equanimity.

‘We’ve only two hundred miles to go,’ said one.

‘We’ll be tied up at the Papeete wharf in time for Sunday-morning coffee,’ said the other. ‘Don’t think about water, Hall. Think of the tall glass of ice-cold beer you’ll be enjoying at Bohler’s bar forty-eight hours from now.’

‘I was becalmed once in just such a cutter as this,’ I replied. ‘We lay within one hundred and fifty miles of Tahiti for ten solid days and nights. Luckily there were only five of us on board. Had there been eighteen, or ten, or six, for that matter . . . As it was, we’d been without a drop for eight hours when at last we got the breeze. We found that we’d drifted within fifteen miles of Makatea. The water I had there still seems to me the sweetest I’ve ever tasted.’

But my gentle hints had no effect upon my fellow voyagers. We toasted Tahiti in another quart each, but, secretly, I invoked Taaroa, one of the ancient gods of Polynesia, begging him, since he had endowed all those who have even a drop of Polynesian blood in their veins with such a childlike trust in luck, that he would not betray their trust because I happened to be on board the *Hinaaro*.

Those whose sea voyages are made in floating hotels know little of the majesty, the sublimity, of the element they cross with such ease. There is much to be said against cutter voyages from the point of view of comfort and expedition of travel, but as I sat on the *Hinaaro* with my feet dangling ankle-deep in the water, — there were no sharks about, — nothing seemed to matter save the fact of being there.

We had a good mainsail, but the jib was patched over with flour sacks, and in the belly of it was one patch with the faded but still legible inscription: ‘Eventually — why not now?’ I found my contented, contemplative self reversing the legend for the benefit of my more impatient, movement-loving self. ‘Now? Why not eventually?’ it asked. So the *Hinaaro* seemed to feel about the matter. There was a great swell from the south, with only the faintest breeze to wrinkle the surface of the mighty undulations over which we rode so smoothly. The backs of them were so broad that I could count ‘four,’ slowly, as they passed beneath us, and the valleys between must have been all of one hundred and fifty yards wide. ‘We’re favored, that’s certain,’ said Captain B——, who sat beside me. ‘There’s been some dirty weather down below; we’ve missed the lot of it.’

The confident statement was premature. Two days later the *Hinaaro* was again lying in a flat calm, but after having passed through a perceptible segment of dirty weather. Our jib, which we had nursed with the greatest care the whole voyage, was gone. Tatters of it were still festooned along the boltrope, and on one of the patched fragments that stirred languidly from time to time the words ‘not now’ could be read — a jeering comment upon our predicament. We had no forestaysail, and without a jib we were helpless. Being Polynesians, we had, of course, neglected to provide for such an emergency; so we lay there, well within view of Tahiti, as we believed, if only the sky would clear and permit of a view.

‘Matuku, rig the oars,’ said Mr. Miller.

We had a pair of fifteen-foot oars aboard, and with the help of these we proceeded, at the rate of about a mile

and a half an hour, in what we believed was the direction of home. Captain B—— was certain that we were at least forty-five miles offshore; Mr. Miller was much more sanguine. We had eight gallons of water left in the drum and the five in the demijohn.

I have rarely seen a more ominous-looking sky than that above us at this time. Great masses of greenish-black cloud hung so low that they seemed only a few yards above the mast, and the light that filtered through them was like that in a Doré drawing of the Day of Judgment. On the under surface of the clouds, rounded bubble-like projections sagged down here and there as though made heavier by the great weight of moisture they carried. The stillness was something beyond mere soundlessness; the heat was stifling, and sweat streamed from the naked bodies of the men at the sweeps, though they were frequently relieved.

‘I’ve never seen more perfect water-spout weather,’ said Mr. Miller, cheerfully. ‘Hall, we’ll be able to fill the drum a thousand times over before we reach home.’

For an hour and more we crawled on like a disabled water spider over the glassy swell, the clouds thickening and darkening as we proceeded. Our voices sounded so large and shut-in between sky and sea that, without realizing it, we talked in subdued tones.

‘There’s nothing but water overhead,’ I remarked. ‘Not a sign of wind in those clouds.’

Captain B—— nodded. ‘Wish some of it would fall,’ he said. ‘We’ll see nothing of Tahiti until it does.’

IV

Taaroa more than answered my supplication. The rain that fell within the next sixty minutes would have filled all the reservoirs, tanks, drums, and demi-

johns the world around. We could scarcely breathe in it, and yet there was not the slightest movement of air save that churned into froth by the falling water itself. It slackened at last, and with a splendid spectacular effect the horizon line moved swiftly outward as though we lay at the centre of a bubble being blown out to enormous size. Here and there vast curtains of rain still hung suspended, but all were lightening perceptibly, and against one of them, with faint sunlight glinting on their wings, a throng of sea birds circled and dived and flapped hastily this way and that, while the water beneath them was churned white by a school of fish.

‘Look!’ said Mr. Miller, triumphantly. ‘We’re close in with the land, that’s certain!’

I was about to reply when one of the men gave a joyous shout: ‘*E poti!*’ We all turned our heads in the direction he pointed, and saw a small motor launch which had just emerged from a wide curtain of rain. One man sat forward, steering and driving the engine, while his two companions stood aft, plying their eighteen-foot rods of stiff bamboo. Up went the rods simultaneously, derricking a pair of big tunas out of the sea; up once more, and again and again.

Our rowers ceased their work at the sweeps, and all the *Hinaaro*’s company, forgetful of our predicament, watched this congenial spectacle with glistening eyes. Every native is a keen sportsman and an equally keen merchant so far as fish are concerned. They were calculating mentally, and sometimes aloud, how much these fine tunas would fetch in next morning’s market in Papeete. Not a glimpse did we have of Tahiti, nor did any of us speak of it. We knew that the launch would not be more than fifteen or twenty miles offshore. Our voyage was all but ended.

The tunas must have found an immense school of young mullet or other small fry, for they remained stationary for a long time, while the birds overhead fed ravenously and the launch plied back and forth in their midst. No man in her paid the slightest attention to us as we drew near, and it was not until the tunas sounded, with the abruptness of their kind, that the launch turned and steered for us. She came close alongside. We all knew the men in her and they knew us. They knew that we were the *Pro Patria's* company; that we had gone off, months ago, in an eighty-ton schooner and that we were returning in a five-ton cutter; but it is not etiquette in Polynesia to show surprise; furthermore, mishaps at sea are too common for an additional one to give rise to much comment. The steersman waved a casual hand.

'*Nofea mai outou?*' he inquired.

'From Hao,' said Mr. Miller. 'How far are we offshore?'

'Fifteen miles, perhaps.'

'*Éaha te parau api?*' (What's the news at Papeete?)

The man reflected for a moment. '*Aita hoé,*' he replied. (Not one.)

The *Pro Patria* had left Tahiti the middle of August, and November was now well along. And yet not even one news had happened since we left! I smiled, inwardly. How typical that was of Tahiti! One could go away for three months, six months, six years, and, coming back, find everything about as it was upon leaving.

'How's my family, Tihoti?' I asked. He grinned. 'All well. I saw the three of them in town yesterday.'

'Will you give us a tow in?' Mr. Miller asked. 'We'll make it worth your while.'

Tihoti pondered this suggestion for a bit, and then talked it over with his companions. One of them sprang up

suddenly and looked to the north. A cloud of birds in that direction showed that the fish had reappeared, about a mile away. Tihoti sprang to his seat, forward. As he threw in his clutch, he shouted a single word to us over his shoulder: '*Hieru!*' — and away they went. This word might be translated 'presently,' 'by and by,' or even 'one of these days.'

For all my years in Polynesia, I still suffer, occasionally, from my old illusion that time has value. I was dismayed at the prospect of waiting, but none of the others were. All hands eagerly watched the fishing each time we rose to the swell. Noon passed, and early afternoon, and still no wind stirred, though rain fell heavily again, everywhere save on us. The launch had long since disappeared, and we were rowing once more.

Then at last we saw Tahiti. Little by little, as the rain squalls melted away, the dark-green windward coast was revealed with its deep valleys and waterfalls and wooded cliffs, all gloriously fresh and vivid in the soft gray light. We were about twelve miles off the coast of Hitiaa district, but a good thirty-five miles from Papeete harbor. It may be that Bougainville had his first view of Tahiti in the same light, with the higher mountains hidden by cloud save where an occasional jagged peak pushed its way through into the clear air above. How his land-famished men must have stared at the sight as he sailed his ship through the break in the reefs that still bears the name of Boudeuse Passage and cast anchor in the Bay of Hitiaa!

V

We were bound for Papeete, and we resolved to go on even though we should have to row the entire distance round the coast. We crawled in, nearer

land, so that we might catch the *hupé* — the night breeze that flows down the valleys from the interior after set of sun. We could manage in a fashion without our jib, and be at home, very likely, before noon of the next day.

But Tihoti and his men had not deserted us. A little after sunset we caught sight of the launch, a long way off. We knew, now, there would be no more '*Hierul*!' They would be as eager as ourselves to get home. The chugging of the launch grew louder, and presently they were alongside with a splendid load of fish.

'How many?' Terii sang out.

'Two hundred and seventy and three.'

'All tuna?'

'*É*. Not a bonito in the lot. Throw us your line.'

What a relief it was to be moving again! For all the load of us aboard, the cutter towed pretty well; and presently a fine squall struck us, so that, with our mainsail receiving the full force of it, the launch had all it could do to keep ahead of us. But this good luck was only of about ten minutes' duration. We then settled down to a much more leisurely pace.

The eighteen of us sat facing the land, absorbing the beauty of it with all our senses and through the pores of our skin. We were too deeply content for much talk. Mr. Miller broke a long silence to say, 'I suppose I must have come back to Tahiti from at least five hundred voyages, and if I were to have five thousand more I should not be tired of seeing what we see now.'

'She's the first ship I've ever lost,' said Captain B—. He was still thinking of Timoe and the *Pro Patria*.

'Now, Winnie, that's enough!' said Mr. Miller. 'Look up Mahaena Valley and be glad you're alive to see it.

Hall, are you going home as soon as we land?'

'What do you expect me to do?' I asked. 'Rush off boating again before I've seen my wife and children?'

'No, but I'll tell you what we should do, you and Winnie and I. We won't be in until nearly daylight, and our families will all be asleep. They don't know that we are within five hundred miles of Tahiti. Let's let them have their night's rest. We can go to early-morning market for our coffee and anticipate a bit. It will make going home all the better.'

Mr. Miller is an artist at living; he knows how these things should be arranged. Captain B— and I both agreed that his suggestion could not be bettered.

The fishermen lit their port and starboard lights and hoisted an old-fashioned dashboard lantern to their masthead. By the light of yet another they were cleaning their fish — not slitting the bellies open as white men do, but removing the entrails through a small hole cut in the fish's side. The hearts and livers were saved, and, as each tuna was cleaned, it was held over the side for a moment to wash the blood away. As the fish were cleaned they were tied in pairs by the tails with strips of bark, of which a great bundle lay on the cockpit floor, and then hung over light wooden frames, ready to be carried to market.

We had seen the fishermen enjoying a course of *hors-d'œuvre* — raw tuna hearts. Afterward they grilled a heap of tuna livers on the exhaust manifold of the engine, which was square, and very hot. Having cooked a lot of these, salted and dusted with pepper, they wrapped bundles of them in banana leaves, slackened speed until the cutter came alongside, and tossed this most welcome supper across to us.

Every man had a good feed of them; then we proceeded on our way.

We were abreast of Point Venus light about 2 A.M. The sky was now bright with stars, and here in the lee of the land we glided smoothly along at four knots. We crossed the shoals of the Dolphin Bank where Captain Wallis's ship, *Dolphin*, struck and was nearly lost, in 1767, when white men laid eyes for the first time on Tahiti. Here was Matavai Bay, where Wallis and Cook and Bligh had anchored in turn. I could make out, in the starlight, the shadowy heights of One-Tree Hill, where, in Captain Cook's day, men with flaming torches had been stationed ten feet apart to light the rocky path for the great chief, Pomare. We did not enter the Toaroa Passage, for the inside channel to Papeete is too tortuous to follow in the dark. Yet the *Bounty's* men had towed their bluff-bowed old ship through this narrow pass and moored her, not far from the entrance, where she lay while the breadfruit trees were being gathered.

But what interested me more at the moment than the site of the *Bounty's* former anchorage was the present site of the home of one James N. Hall. We were not far offshore; I could see the dark shadow of the land, but there were no lights showing against it. The district of Arué was asleep, and had been for many hours.

We passed Pirae and Taunoa and felt the cool weight of air flowing like water from the recesses of the great gorge of Fautaua. Then the scattered lights of the little sleeping town came into view, and when the two beacon lights fell into line we turned sharply and headed into the Papeete passage. The moon was setting, and in its last light I could see the line of schooners moored along the wall of the Quai de Commerce. The engine of the launch

slowed down and began to idle with the clutch pulled out. Losing way slowly, the cutter moved on toward the sea wall. An old native fishing dreamily there took the line we threw to him and drew us along to a convenient place for mooring. We made fast and the eighteen of us clambered stiffly ashore. 'Well, here we are,' said Mr. Miller. 'Now, then, how about some of Drollet's good hot coffee?'

VI

The water front slept in profound silence, but at the market all was noise and bustle. Chinese carts, with lanterns clamped to the dashboards, came rattling in with the day's supply of vegetables. Tethered pigs grunted and squealed, ducks quacked, and roosters crowed in their crates. I was glad to observe that there was no glut of fish in that morning's market. A small crowd gathered about the load of fine tuna Tihoti and his mates were now hanging up for display. No sales would be permitted till the policeman rang his bell at half-past five.

The lights were bright and there was the usual air of good cheer in Drollet's coffee shop. Mr. Miller, Captain B——, and I took our places at one of the small tables looking across the market place. The sky above the line of two-story Chinese restaurants on the east side was brightening with dawn, and the figures of passers-by grew momentarily more distinct. Old Maître Legrande, the barrister, passed by, his market basket over his arm; you could rate a chronometer by the moment of his arrival at the market place. A two-seated carriage of the 1890 epoch drew up in front of Drollet's, and Madame Durant stepped out as she had done every morning for the past forty years. Wizen little Ah

Pau, who has provided my family with vegetables ever since I have had a family, waved at me from his creaking cart, and Polypheme, a large, mournful, one-eyed dog, appeared on his morning round. He touched my leg with his nose, caught in mid-air the bit of sausage I tossed to him, and moved on to the next benefactor. His visit at the coffee shop was timed as precisely as the arrival of Monsieur Legrande.

It was good to be at home. I realized more clearly than ever before how deep was the affection I felt for this little tropical town where nothing ever changes. If a photograph had been taken of the market place in Tahiti from the door of Drollet's coffee shop on the day of my first arrival at Tahiti in 1920, and another on the morning of the return of the *Pro Patria's* company in 1933, the second might have been

perfectly superimposed upon the first. A composite photograph made of the two would show nothing out of focus; even Polypheme would have been in his place; or, if not the present Polypheme, another precisely like him.

A thirteen-year-old Ford car passed at a snail's pace. Tané, the driver, caught my eye, grinned, and motioned with his thumb, questioningly, in the direction of Arué, three miles distant. I nodded and the car shuddered to a full stop.

'Do you think you could get me home, Tané?' I asked.

'I've done it enough times,' he replied. 'Guess I can make it once more if you're not in too big a hurry.'

'He's in no hurry at all,' Mr. Miller put in as I wrenched open the battered door. 'Take your time, Tané; take your time.'

(The End)

THE WATER HAZARD

BY PEGGY VON DER GOLTZ

I

OLD ONE-EYE, the sunfish, felt hungry and depressed. He was always discouraged at the end of winter, and this had been the longest, coldest winter the water hazard had ever known. Circled by sheltering hills that broke the icy winds, the water hazard was a prosperous and self-supporting community, and, even this year, had fared better than many of the neighboring waters.

The lazy little creek had always been there. Thousands of generations of sunfish, dace, shiners, and darters had lived and died, had hunted and been preyed upon, in its drifting waters. But it was only a few years, as we count time, since golf-course architects had dammed up the south end of the creek, stilling its waters. The banks overflowed, widened, assumed the proportions and the characteristics of a miniature lake. The darters moved out, into running water, and turtles moved in. Frogs came from everywhere. A colony of *Daphnia* settled in the hole near the dam, where dirt and sediment drifted. Cattails and arrowheads sprang up along the shore. In the still, shallow water, baby fishes grew fat on the wriggling larvæ of mosquitoes. Water striders and boatmen, frogs and turtles, grew fat on insects and little fishes. Living was generous and dangerous in the water hazard.

Old One-Eye was its undisputed

patriarch. He was born the year the dam was built, and his father had died trying to protect a handful of wriggling babies against the avalanche of earth dumped into his nest by heedless workmen. Only one of the hundreds of babies lived to reach maturity, and he had watched the darters leave and the invading frogs and turtles move in. He had learned their ways and had, so far, outwitted them.

II

Old One-Eye swam out from behind the pile of sheltering stones and looked around for food or trouble. The frogs and the turtles had not yet stirred from their winter-long sleep — and it was just as well, for he was a ragged shadow of himself and in no mood for battle. Fungus and intermittently freezing weather had shredded his fins until they barely served to propel him. His scales were dull and tightly compressed. Hunger had tightened her belt about his belly until it was shrunken and concave; yet it felt enormous and very empty to Old One-Eye.

Slowly, warily, he slunk down to the *Daphnia* hole. Not a water flea in sight, but a school of gaunt little dace hovered anxiously at the edge of deep water. Without producing the slightest current, Old One-Eye crept up on them, his dorsal fin down, the ventrals drawn tight to his empty belly; then,

with a mighty heave of his frayed tail, he lunged. The startled little dace scampered in every direction and Old One-Eye was left — fins spread and quivering with rage — empty-mouthed.

Can't even catch a miserable, stupid little dace, he thought. I'm not as strong as I used to be.

He considered the advisability of digging in the mud for pond snails, or baby mussels; but, of all things in the world, Old One-Eye most hated to grub in the mud for his food. It was beneath his dignity as the oldest resident of the water hazard. Besides, he was a mighty hunter who won his food by stealth and skill and the power of his great jaws.

There were no protecting rocks near the Daphnia hole, and the summer crop of Anacharis had not yet begun to sprout; so, remembering that there might be an early turtle about, he turned and swam toward the mouth of the creek.

A few yards up the lake, he saw a dead fish. It was last year's wife, bloated and obscene. Old One-Eye moved over slowly, conscious of the fact that he was the tiger of the water hazard and no carrion-eating jackal. But he was n't above eating the jackals if any of them appeared. Sure enough, three large pond snails were crawling with gluttonous deliberation over the empty eye sockets of last year's wife. Snap, he grabbed the first snail and crunched it between the powerful teeth in his palate and his hard tongue. He spat out the shell in a fine spray of tiny particles and ate the next snail — and the next.

He felt better. Getting old, what nonsense that was! He was the biggest, strongest fish in the water hazard.

Battered, but debonair, Old One-Eye swaggered up the shore in search of more food and, if the gods of little fishes willed, adventure.

III

As the days lengthened and all the inhabitants of the water hazard woke from their long winter's nap, there was food for everybody and everybody was potential food. The snails ate discarded bits of dead fish and the minute algæ plants that grew on water weeds. The fishes ate snails and bugs and other fishes. The turtles and the frogs ate anybody. A belted kingfisher and his wife set up housekeeping in the side of the dam and began their tireless, vigilant watch. Minnows and frogs disappeared by the hundred, and Old One-Eye had several narrow escapes. The kingfishers were solitary, morose birds who sat silent, unmoving for many minutes, until the inhabitants of the water hazard forgot them; then, a graceful, swooping dive — and a minnow, or a newt, or a frog was gone.

But close behind the kingfishers came the golfers and the caddies, and the rain of golf balls over, but more often into, the water hazard. As solemnly as they had come, the kingfishers left. The dace and shiners schooled closer to the surface. Frogs sunned themselves fearlessly amid the duckweed, and Old One-Eye began to think of love.

He was tired of solitude and thought longingly of last year's wife. He wished he had not driven away quite all of his daughters, but that is the way of sunfish. Fat and gleaming, red and green and blue, he began to circle the water hazard; always from left to right, so his blind side was toward the bank where least danger lay. Two or three of last year's children, rickety little wretches, hung around; but they were hardly old enough to breed and no mates for Old One-Eye, who would as soon eat them as not.

With some misgivings, he ventured out of the water hazard. It was the

first time he had ever gone up the creek. Darters hopped about on the rocky bottom. Crayfish crawled out from under stones and menaced him with their huge claws. There was little vegetation, and sandy spots, where a sunfish could raise a family, were few and far between.

He was beginning to think that there were no sunfish in the creek, when out of a little inlet, barely two feet across, swam the loveliest female he had ever seen. She was an Amazon, nearly as large as he, and her plump sides shone in the sunny water.

With one grand delighted swoop, Old One-Eye sailed in front of her, spread his fins to splitting, and blushed as he had never blushed before. She stood, her pectoral fins just paddling enough to keep her there, while he posed again and again, but always with the good eye toward her. When he thought she had seen enough to be properly impressed, he butted her in the side and bit a chunk out of her tail.

Herding and leading, biting and dancing, Old One-Eye started back to the water hazard with her. She was n't eager, but females never are at first and the sunfish is a strenuous lover.

They had traveled twenty feet or more down the creek and were making fairly good progress when something hit Old One-Eye hard on his blind side. Furious, he whirled, and there, quivering and slashing, was, obviously, the lady's husband. He was not quite as large as Old One-Eye, but he had two good eyes, he was defending his own on his own territory, and his wrath was righteous.

Old One-Eye dodged and circled, sparring for time until he could gain the protection of the bank for his blind side. The creek fish, disconcerted by Old One-Eye's peculiar behavior,

rushed recklessly, again and again, ripping and slashing fins.

Finally the changed current told Old One-Eye that the bank was near, and by that time the creek fish had mistaken caution for cowardice and the invader's lopsided habit of swimming for infirmity. He rushed for the nearest pectoral fin, missed it, but landed in the centre of Old One-Eye's body with a force that sent him sprawling and ripped off a mouthful of scales. Old One-Eye sank until his anal fin scraped bottom; then, just as the creek fish lunged again, he turned on his side and struck up at the belly. His jaws seized the right ventral fin and together they crashed through the water, against the rocky bottom, scraping the bank, until the fin gave way, and, with it, part of the flimsy pelvic girdle. The creek fish was hurt, but he continued to fight — not so steady and not so strong, but desperate.

Old One-Eye took his time. He dodged and circled and snapped until his enemy weakened, then struck for the nearest pectoral fin. Chewing, flailing, he dragged and banged and scraped his rival against the rough bank until he pulled the fin out and the creek fish sank, unbalanced, helpless and hopeless, to the bottom. A little haze of thin, pale blood spread through the water. The snails and the crayfish drew near.

IV

When Old One-Eye remembered his bride, she had disappeared. Frantically he blundered up the creek, until he reached the little inlet where he had first seen her. There she was, sleek and pretty as ever, chewing on a yearling dace. Its tail protruded a little from her mouth and she looked as unconcerned as though lovers fought for her every day.

Old One-Eye took a joyous small nip out of her tail and they started again for the water hazard. She went more willingly this time, so they loitered here and there for food. Old One-Eye was hungry and he was anxious for his bride to eat plenty, so that she would lay many eggs.

They passed the scene of the battle, where a nervous, hungry little crowd had gathered. The creek fish was little more than a skeleton, but the scavengers were still picking over the bones.

A little farther down the creek, they saw a school of dace grazing on an algæ-covered rock. They all faced upstream, heads down, little tails up and wagging to balance them against the current.

Quietly, side by side, Old One-Eye and his bride sneaked past, then turned and crept upstream behind the dace. A pounce, a second's chase, and the sunfish swam downstream again, chewing and spitting out the bones.

Back in the water hazard, Old One-Eye undertook to show his mate some of his own choice feeding grounds. He took her to the shallow stagnant spot where Tubifex worms writhed. Gayly they chased bugs and the larvæ of dragon flies. They found an earthworm in the bank, whose tunnel had been broken by the eroding water. Old One-Eye tried to get the worm for himself, but the female bit off a small piece before he could entirely swallow it.

They were idling along, when suddenly she darted ahead. Old One-Eye saw that his female was headed for a worm that, contrary to all the laws of the water hazard, dangled far out from shore and moved upstream, against the slight current. He knew that worms pulled wriggling from the bank were rare and delectable food; but just such a worm as this, coiled and suspended by a string, had cost him his right eye.

It happened during his second summer, yet Old One-Eye never forgot that such worms bite. He could still remember the searing pain in his lip and his terrified rush into the branches of a submerged limb, the struggle among the branches, and the shock of finding half his world in darkness.

He had no means of telling her what had happened to him, but he could and did prevent her from biting that worm. He rushed on her in fury, he bit and bumped her away from the worm. She was sullen and reluctant, but no female fish can argue with a determined male.

They traveled faster after that, until they reached his own rock-sheltered little cove at dusk. Late as it was, Old One-Eye began to clear a place for his nest and chased out the newts and dace who had moved in during his absence.

The cove was Old One-Eye's permanent home and was specially suited to his needs. It was protected on two sides by a natural curve in the bank, on the third side by the wall of the dam, and was partially barricaded in front by rocks. Handicapped by the lack of an eye, he could not have raised his babies in open water. The cove seemed impregnable.

V

Next morning, before the first slanting rays of sun struck across the water, Old One-Eye was at work on his nest. First, he cleared away the drifting muck with curling sweeps of his anal fin. Then, with only his body and his mouth for tools, he began to excavate the nest. Round and round, every whirl of his body swept away another layer of sand. He shoveled out pebbles and shells with his big mouth and arranged them in a rough circle around the edge of the nest hole. Gradually

the nest took shape, more than a foot across and several inches deep in the centre. He shaped it and packed the clean white sand until it was, in its way, a perfect thing.

The female hovered near all morning, eating and watching him work, but when the nest was done she became coy and reluctant. She hid behind clumps of *Anacharis*; she chased tiny, gilled newts until Old One-Eye was exasperated. He beat her back to the nest and, roughly, the mating dance began.

Quick and eager, to some unheard rhythm of their own, they danced, just above the nest. They whirled in an endless, tireless circle; but always from left to right, for, even in love, he could not afford to forget his blind right eye. As they whirled, the eggs fell, now rapidly, now slowly, into the nest. When the female tired, he lashed her on with his jaws and with sharp blows of his tail. If she tried to run away, he brought her back. He would not stop until the last ripe egg was laid; then, far more brutally than he had courted her, Old One-Eye drove his wife away and took charge of the nest alone.

All afternoon and all night he hovered over the nest, fanning the eggs with his fins so no dirt or fungus could settle on them. Next morning he was still untired and unconscious of hunger. He chased away a school of inquisitive little shiners, crushed marauding snails, and threatened the heavens and the earth as well as the inhabitants of the water hazard. A golf ball struck the water with a splash and a bounce before it settled slowly, just outside the nest. Old One-Eye rushed out furiously and shoved it away.

His wife was troublesome. With bugs and worms and little fishes so plentiful, she wanted to eat her eggs.

Time after time he drove her out of the cove.

Afternoon shadows had begun to lengthen, and Old One-Eye was beginning to feel a little bored with his job, when over the rocks, into the cove, swam the most dreaded enemy of all the water hazard — a turtle. Dace can slither away, newts can hide, frogs can leave the water in any emergency; but Old One-Eye could not, would not desert his eggs.

He knew the turtle could crush him as easily as he crushed a shiner in his jaws; so, avoiding the dangerous head, Old One-Eye darted under the turtle and bit a flabby, pendulous hind leg just where it emerged from the shell. He hung on desperately. He must, somehow, drive the turtle out. He shifted his position and bit again and again, always near the tough shell. The turtle did not seem to resent his attacks very much, but swam aimlessly out of the cove. Old One-Eye followed, still fighting. When the turtle raised his head above the water surface to breathe, Old One-Eye slipped out from under him and, once safe, swaggered back to his nest very proud of his ambiguous victory.

VI

At the entrance to the cove he knew something was wrong, even before he could see clearly. The water was turbulent, not clear as it should have been. He approached cautiously, but when he saw the hundreds of dace who were devouring his eggs, Old One-Eye went mad. He charged into the school with insane fury. He slashed and bit. The little dace scattered wildly. They jumped out of the water, up the bank, over his head; still he littered the cove with mangled and dead fish. When the last dace had been killed or driven out, Old One-Eye looked at his nest

hopefully, then sadly, then despairingly. Not a single egg left, and his clean white home was a shambles.

He huddled behind his favorite rock and sulked. After a while he came out and ate a bug. He sulked some more. The scavengers were already at work, and soon the cove would be clean again — but he missed his eggs. All night he hovered dejectedly over the empty nest.

In the morning he felt better, but he felt aimless without eggs to guard. The situation could be remedied, but where was his wife? Despised and dangerous yesterday, she was again charming and desirable. Old One-Eye cleaned up the cove and repaired his nest, then he swam out in search of her.

He looked in the Tubifex swamp, along the bank, and in the Daphnia hole; no sign of her. He had to find her, so he started to circle the water hazard slowly, turning and looking everywhere.

Something was happening up toward the mouth of the creek. Dace and

shiners streamed past at top speed. Newts scuttled along, from rock to rock. Cautiously, Old One-Eye crept up toward the creek, hiding and slinking and pausing.

Suddenly, as he rounded a little bend, he saw his lovely fat wife fighting and lashing at the end of a string. A barb stuck through her upper lip and half an earthworm dangled from her cruelly stretched mouth. As he watched, she disappeared into the fathomless blue heaven above the water hazard.

Old One-Eye crept into the sheltering gape of an old shoe and meditated. How stupid wives were; he had tried to tell her that such worms were dangerous. Now she would never come back. Fish never did when they left the water hazard at the end of a line.

He swam out of the shoe. He ate a bug, another bug, a shiner. He scratched his side on the sand. He shook himself; then, with all fins spread, Old One-Eye started up the creek again to find him a wife.

WAR AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

THE Great War had scarcely begun when societies were formed in many countries to consider the prevention of future conflicts by means of a League of Nations. The principal body for the purpose in this country was the League to Enforce Peace. The name signified its attitude, for it differed from those formed elsewhere because, while their plans usually provided that if war broke out the representatives of the nations should meet to consider what action to take, our society urged automatic sanctions, the countries agreeing, as it were by a universal alliance, to take part against the nation resorting to war.

The proposal of the League to Enforce Peace was based upon four assumptions, or rather three assumptions and a hope.

The hope was that all nations whose adherence was needful would join a league of this kind.

The first assumption was that, having made such a mutual treaty, they would carry it out strictly.

The second assumption was that, in face of such an agreement for summary and irresistible action, no nation, however strong, would venture to resort to arms without submitting its case to judgment or arbitration.

The third assumption, or belief, was that only by such an agreement to take part with the nation attacked could war by an aggressor be effectively prevented.

How far those assumptions were, or were not, justified has a profound significance, because on their validity turns much of the history of the League of Nations, and no small part of the recent anxiety over hostilities and armaments.

The hope was in part fulfilled, for the League of Nations was formed at Versailles, most of the small nations joining it, and all but three of the Great Powers. One of them, Germany, came in later, while for Russia internal conditions and external relations rendered it out of the question for the time; and the United States, foremost in framing the pact, failed to ratify it by a two-thirds vote in the Senate. The Covenant provided, in Article 16, for economic sanctions of a universal and automatic nature; and as these, if in practice applicable, would either be conclusive in themselves or result in war, the essential point, the deterrent effect of overwhelming power, seemed amply secured.

The League of Nations has done a great amount of good in manifold ways. By creating the Permanent Court, it has settled many disputes that would, indeed, probably not have led to war, but might well have left bitter feelings, and perhaps open sores. In its earlier years it helped to prevent smaller wars that might have spread; through the system of mandates it has been a moderating influence; and it has col-

lected much valuable information about labor and other matters. Moreover, at the times for meetings of the Council, it has brought together the foreign ministers of great nations to discuss questions of general interest. But in the primary object of removing from mankind the scourge of war its path has not been smooth; and this involves our first assumption that the Members, having agreed on the outbreak of war to certain measures, would strictly and unanimously apply them.

Formed under the shadow of the most vast of wars, the League had its inception at a time when there was a strong sentiment in favor of sanctions needed to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe, but it had scarcely got to work before reluctance appeared; and difficulties in determining who was the aggressor, what was war, and how the sanctions would affect non-members. From the outset there were two conflicting motives: one, the desire for security, and hence effective guaranties against war; the other, hesitation to commit one's nation in advance to any definite course of action, and still more to the direction of any authority not its own.

An example of the divergent points of view came in the early years, when Canada proposed first to delete from the Covenant Article 10, whereby the Members of the League agreed to preserve against external aggression one another's territorial integrity and political independence; and later to substitute a modification of the article believed to weaken it. The replies to the proposal by various Members of the League declared Article 10 the key of the Covenant; and Poland stated that the willingness of the Members to accept interference by the League was conditional on this article, and that they could not 'be required seriously to

contemplate the question of the reduction of armaments unless they were assured of their territorial integrity and political independence.' The proposal to amend Article 10 was, of course, dropped; but I mention it here because it illustrates the perplexities by which the League has been confronted throughout its life.

The final form of Canada's proposal raises a question which must be understood at the threshold of any discussion of sanctions under the Covenant. It was an addition to Article 10 in these words: 'no Member shall be under the obligation to engage in any act of war without the consent of its Parliament, legislature or other representative body.' Of course no nation can or ought to go to war contrary to its own constitution, which often requires the consent of its representative body; yet that body is sometimes so bound by treaty that it is under the strongest moral obligation to vote for war. This is the case in all treaties for mutual alliance and defense, and when the occasion provided for arises the nation is pledged to act. It must, indeed, always decide for itself, not what it wants to do, but only whether or not the case falls within the provisions of the treaty. If it were not so, such treaties would be little more than scraps of paper. In the Great War, France decided that her alliance with Russia obliged her to declare war on Germany; Great Britain that her treaty to maintain the neutrality of Belgium obliged her to do the same; while Italy did not think that the case came within the terms of the Triple Alliance, and hence she was not bound to take part with Germany. Now the proposal of Canada, although not perfectly clear, seems to remove the pledge altogether by saying that 'no Member shall be under the *obligation* to engage in any act of war without the consent of its

Parliament, legislature or other representative body.' Mark! Neither here nor in any other part of this article is there the slightest intention of judging any action as wise or unwise, right or wrong; and in fact any country is perfectly right in limiting its engagements with the consent of everyone else concerned, and that is all Canada proposed to do.

II

Let us look at Article 16 of the Covenant, for on that much of the following remarks will turn. The first paragraph is as follows: —

Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not.

As early as October 4, 1921, the Assembly asserted the automatic principle in the following resolution: —

4. It is the duty of each Member of the League to decide for itself whether a breach of the Covenant has been committed. The fulfillment of their duties under Article 16 is required from Members of the League by the express terms of the Covenant, and they cannot neglect them without breach of their Treaty obligations.

Now the object of Article 16 was to bring to bear such an irresistible and overwhelming threat that any intending aggressor would desist and turn to the methods of adjudication or conciliation provided by the Covenant. But

this clearly involves unanimous concerted action, and, what is more, such certainty thereof that every Member can rely upon it with confidence. The framers of the document assumed that the fact of resorting to war would be self-evident; and, indeed, had they supposed it would be a matter of doubt and difference of opinion, perhaps no country would have been willing to commit to any Council or League power to involve it in sanctions against another nation which it did not itself deem guilty.

The meaning and effect of Article 16 engaged the attention of the League from the outset. In fact, the Council took the matter up before the first meeting of the Assembly in 1920; whereupon the question of how to secure among all the Members a common opinion on the facts calling for the economic sanctions, and common action in applying them, became at once prominent; and both of these bodies concurred in the appointment of an International Blockade Committee to study the problem. In its report this committee suggested that all cases of alleged violation of the Covenant should be referred as a matter of urgency to the Council, which should summon, not only the parties to the conflict, but also the States most interested therein; that it should thus examine the circumstances and determine whether or not a breach of the Covenant had been committed. Although the Committee was perfectly aware that the opinion expressed would be only an opinion, not binding upon the Members of the League, yet it thought that 'a decision taken under such conditions could not fail to exert the greatest influence on the other Members and also to make a deep impression on the Covenant-breaking State.'

The League was, in fact, on the horns

of a dilemma, as appears clearly in the comments of a committee of the Assembly on this report. It said:—

Article 16 does not recognize that any organization of the League of Nations has the power to decide, in such a way as to bind all the other Members, that a given Member is a treaty-breaking State. Such a power would not be consistent with the sovereign rights of the various States.

On the other hand, this principle certainly does not mean that the Members of the League may of their own free will withdraw from the obligations incurred in virtue of the Covenant. When cases provided for by Article 16 arise, and as soon as a Member of the League is convinced that a breach of the Covenant has occurred within the meaning of Article 16, it is bound to co-operate in the application of the sanctions provided for in this article. . . .

It is therefore a question of reconciling the liberty and independence of the States in the determination of a breach of the Covenant on the one side, with the obvious necessity, on the other, of arriving at an agreement between Members of the League as to the existence of a substantive breach of the Covenant within the meaning of Article 16 and of co-ordinating their action on the basis of a joint plan.

Later the Report went on:—

It is the great moral authority of the Council, strengthened by the presence of the States concerned, which must confer upon its opinion that convincing force which is essential for bringing the Members of the League into agreement, and for inducing them to take joint action. Faced with the Council's opinion, deeming a State to have broken the Covenant, it will be very difficult for the Members of the League to evade the fulfilment of their engagements.

This point of view was in substance adopted by the Assembly and Council; and thus a consultation was substituted for instant action, a procedure less terrifying to an aggressor. Perhaps, if not certainly, the League could have

come to no other conclusion; but, if so, it was because the conception of the framers of the Covenant was impracticable. We shall see what effect the method of consultation had in the case of Japan.

In its deliberations the International Blockade Committee met another lion in the path. Recognizing that 'unanimity is . . . the very essence of the action contemplated,' they felt that the sanctions must be applied by the Members at the same time, and that a date ought to be fixed by the Council at which this should be done. Now Article 16 says that the economic sanctions shall be in force 'immediately,' and although setting a future date when all will be ready may be in most cases the best and wisest procedure, it must entail delay, perhaps enough for the aggressor to contrive a *fait accompli* on which to negotiate. This also happened in the case of Japan.

Moreover, some of the smaller States urged that they, especially if bordering on the aggressor, might be exposed to disproportionate danger if they tried to enforce the boycott on the date fixed; so it was agreed that the Council might postpone action in their case—another relaxation, though not a very serious one, in the principle of the Covenant.

The International Blockade Committee touched upon another kindred subject, more fully elaborated by other committees to which their report was referred. That was a gradation of the economic sanctions under Article 16—to begin with milder measures, and become, if these were not effective, more stringent under the advice of the Council. Naturally this also might give the aggressor more time to occupy and negotiate; and we must not forget that it is one thing to deter a nation from resorting to war, and quite another to

take territory away from a victorious conqueror.

The Assembly adopted all the foregoing suggestions in a series of Resolutions on October 4, 1921; but the Amendments to Article 16, which it proposed to give them effect, have not been ratified by the Members of the League. Nevertheless the discussion has shown a weakness in the Covenant as it stands, as well as an unwillingness by the Members of the League to remedy its defects. Referring five years later to the gradation in sanctions,—on behalf of a committee of the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference,—M. de Brouckère remarked:—

To say that ambassadors only will be recalled under an article which definitely requires the breaking-off of all personal relations; to say that certain commercial relations will be gradually severed when the text demands that they should *all* be broken off *forthwith* is to make an almost ridiculous use of a clause in which the peoples most exposed to aggression see their supreme safeguard. It means weakening it dangerously and at the same time weakening the whole League.

Two other remarks from reports of subcommittees of the same Preparatory Commission may be quoted here. From M. Politis:—

The degree of security thus provided [by Articles 10 and 16], however, is not generally regarded as adequate, because the guarantees on which it rests are left indefinite in their principle and uncertain in their application.

From M. Rutgers:—

The great question would be whether the principle of Article 16 was or was not a living reality. To carry out the grave obligations contained in Article 16, States would have to be inspired by the spirit of responsibility and solidarity which is at the root of Article 16 and of the whole League of Nations.

III

That the security provided by the Covenant was inadequate the League saw when its proposed Amendments to Article 16 were not ratified, and it made two attempts to supply the deficiency. First, by the Draft Treaty for Mutual Assistance in 1923; but, after learning the views of twenty-five of its Members, this was abandoned, and the next year the second attempt with a similar object was made. It is known as the Geneva Protocol, and sought to avoid the difficulty of determining the aggressor by providing that, when hostilities break out, any State that has refused to submit the dispute as required by the Covenant, etc., 'shall be presumed to be an aggressor, unless' the Council shall decide otherwise. It also gave the Council power to order the sanctions. But this again failed of the ratifications needed to bring it into being, and Article 16 was left unsupported, with its original uncertainties and those that discussion had gathered about it. Thus another well-intended resolution was added to the traditional pavement—for, as General Sherman said, war is hell.

Since the discussions in 1921 a further doubt has arisen about Article 16, which, as you will remember, begins, 'Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15.' In the earlier drafts of the Covenant it read: 'Should any of the States Members of the League break or disregard its covenants under Article XII'; and the change was made by a redrafting subcommittee between March 26 and 31, 1919. But motives for the alteration need not concern us here, because David Hunter Miller, a member of that subcommittee, tells us in his book on *The Drafting of the Covenant* that it was

done because of a change in the articles referred to; and certainly it had no connection with the question since raised about what is a resort to war.

Now M. de Brouckère, in his excellent report already mentioned, took up the meaning of these words, and was of opinion that, apart from a case where the aggressor has formally declared it, two conditions are necessary to constitute a resort to war. First, that one country must have committed an act of war against another; and second, that the country attacked must have admitted the existence of a state of war. Both of these conditions have led to a weakening in the security designed by the Covenant.

The first, that the aggressor must have committed an act of war, has provoked much discussion about the use of military force less than war. It has long been recognized in international law that reprisals for injury done, pacific blockades, and even the occupation of territory, may take place without creating a general state of war with the country so chastised. If so, such action may not be an act of war, and the nation that does it may not have resorted to war. Authorities on such matters have, in fact, claimed that this is true of any use of force less than war — that is, of hostilities with a limited objective, as distinguished from the aim of vanquishing another nation by all the means employed in war; and Japan made use of this principle in maintaining that her occupation of Manchuria was not a resort to war. It has even been argued that since at the Conference at The Hague, in 1907, the Convention on the Opening of Hostilities provided that no nation should go to war without declaring war, no hostilities can amount to war unless there is such a declaration. Could it not be argued also that, since another Convention at the same Con-

ference forbade any nation to use in war poison or poisoned arms, therefore any gas actually used cannot be poisonous?

The second condition mentioned by M. de Brouckère — that, if the aggressor does not declare war, its actions do not constitute war unless the nation injured admits the existence of war — places that nation in a lamentable dilemma. It must either forfeit its claim to protection by the League or open all its ports and territories to attack — with the added danger that by proclaiming a state of war, which is very near declaring war, it might itself be regarded as the aggressor. For these reasons China did not venture to assert the fact of war, or withdraw her ambassador from Japan.

The framers of the Covenant would seem to have used the words 'resort to war' without careful thought of a distinction between war and lesser forms of hostility. In fact, in Article 10 they speak of preserving one another's territorial integrity against external aggression, probably meaning the same thing. To ask what terms they would have employed had they considered the matter is as futile as asking, 'If you had a brother, would he like cheese?' *Littera scripta manet*, and they used the expression 'resort to war'; yet the refinements and interpretations placed on these words, if generally accepted, would make it possible for any powerful nation to work its will on a much weaker one without incurring the sanctions of Article 16.

IV

After reviewing all these discussions about that Article, which have surely lessened confidence in its application, and therewith its moral force, we may ask ourselves whether in a clear case the Members of the League would, in

fact, put it into effect. To answer would be in the nature of prophecy, to which no wise man can make a claim. One can only base a guess on what has already happened. In the case of Manchuria, the Council tried every means of bringing about a settlement, until finally the Commission headed by Lord Lytton was sent out to investigate the facts. Following its report, the Assembly resolved in substance that Japan, without justification, had forcibly seized a large part of Chinese territory, and implied that in doing so she violated Article 12 of the Covenant. But the resolution did not formally state that Japan had resorted to war, or ask for the use of sanctions; and in fact the Members of the League silently abstained from action. Contrary to the expectations of the International Blockade Commission, this opinion, for it cannot be called a decision, did not exert any influence on the Members, or make a deep impression upon the Covenant-breaking State.

The conflict between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Chaco is another case where the League has refrained from putting Article 16 into effect. Of course in each of these cases there were peculiar conditions making the sanctions difficult, but so there always will be. If war should break out between Japan and Russia, is it not probable that the other Great Powers would meet to consult, not how to stop it, but how to preserve their own neutrality?

A similar conflict of motives has arisen on the question of disarmament. The preamble to the Resolution on the subject by the Assembly on September 26, 1927, contained the words 'being convinced that the principal condition of this success is that every State should be sure of not having to provide unaided for its security by means of its own armaments and should be able to

rely also on the organized collective action of the League of Nations.' That condition would appear to be self-evident; and the next year M. Politis, for a Committee on Arbitration and Security, referred to an even earlier resolution of the Assembly, which, he said, had made absolutely clear the interdependence of disarmament and security. He drew the logical conclusion: 'Thus security under the Covenant is subject to too many elements of uncertainty for States which feel themselves threatened to be able to decide, in the present situation, to diminish to any considerable extent the guarantees which they find in their armaments.' Such has always been the attitude of France; and mark! — security means a sense thereof on the part of the nation urged to disarm, not on the part of others. M. Politis went on to say that, a general agreement among the Members of the League with a view to greater security being impossible at present, it should be sought in separate or collective agreements. This had, in fact, been done by the treaties negotiated at Locarno, the most important of them, for our purpose, being the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, whereby Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Italy guarantee the frontiers fixed by the Treaty of Versailles between Germany and Belgium and Germany and France — including the demilitarized zone on the German side of the Rhine. By the same document Germany and Belgium and Germany and France 'mutually undertake that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other,' the Council of the League to decide whether a breach has been committed. Moreover, the Treaty provides that if the Council decides a breach has occurred the signatory Powers severally agree that 'they will each of them come immediately to the

assistance of the Power against whom the act complained of is directed.'

So far so good, but a fear that Germany will attempt to recover territory from France or Belgium is not in itself serious, nor is it the primary source of difficulty in disarmament. Trouble may arise in another form. Germany claims that the provisions limiting her military forces were associated with the agreement for general disarmament and virtually contingent thereon; while France is convinced that disarmament was to depend upon security, which she does not enjoy because of the growing uncertainty of the sanctions of the League, and because of the failure to ratify the treaties for her protection negotiated with Great Britain and the United States at Versailles. Having been three times within a century invaded by German troops, she is not inclined to reduce her arms without adequate security; and the recent attitude of Germany under Hitler does not make her more disposed to do so. She is now seeking a treaty with England, for a guaranty that Germany shall not exceed any armament that may be allowed her. But such a treaty between these two nations would be a very different thing from the one at Locarno. That was mutual; it purported to protect Germany against France as well as France against Germany; but this would be more like the former treaties of alliance against outsiders.

V

The sanctions of the Covenant seem to have been slowly fading away, and with the United States, Russia, Japan, and Germany not in the League, it is hardly possible at present to carry out the provisions of Article 16. All the world is now arming, or refraining from disarmament, and so far as the prevention of war is concerned we ap-

pear to have returned to much the same position as before the great conflict.

Some people still believe that the public opinion of mankind will prevent war. There are two kinds of idealists, those who strive for a great end by making use of the real conditions and turning them in the right direction, and those who aspire without looking at the facts. At times we have all been of this last class, and those who rely upon public opinion to preserve peace are in danger of finding themselves there now. Public opinion may even promote strife, or it may have no effect at all. In the World War it had an effect, not in stopping the war, but, rightly or wrongly, in arraying other countries against Germany. Never was the opinion of mankind more nearly unanimous than in condemning Japan's conduct in Manchuria, and it had no effect whatever.

As our Spanish War was about to break out, it was said that one of our diplomats in Europe was approached by a high official of a foreign government who told him that the European nations were proposing to send a remonstrance to this country. Our diplomat, we were told, advised against it on the ground that we should pay no attention to it. What, pay no attention to the general opinion of Europe! No, none whatever. Instead of being chagrined, even those of us who disapproved of the war thought this answer worthy of our nation. Our people were not to be deterred from what most of them thought the noble cause of intervening in behalf of the maltreated Cubans because Europe did not see it as we did. What was then true of us is true of others, of Japan, Paraguay, and Bolivia. If Japan and Russia should come to blows, it will be on each side a holy war. Every people not only thinks itself in the right, but is

usually terribly in earnest in thinking so when it takes up arms.

Now what about our relation to the League of Nations? The fact that sanctions — and therewith the active prevention of war — have lost much of their substance is no ground for our not joining it; although it is an excellent reason why we should not assume obligations which the present Members no longer seem to feel bound to carry out. We should consult with the League, of course — consult with any association of nations that discusses matters of interest to ourselves as well as to the rest of the world; and do so fully and openly, not clandestinely or with excuses, as if we were a little ashamed to be seen in such company, not as Americans did with their bootleggers in the days of prohibition. But the question of joining the League as a full Member may depend upon what its future is to be. If it shall recover its lost partners, and again become a convention of almost all the nations upon earth — Yes, by all means. But if it is

to be a partial body, dominated by England, France, and Italy, in contrast with other countries whose interests may be divergent, then it will resemble former alliances of some States against, rather than with, others, and the question assumes a different aspect.

The aspirations men cherished, at the close of the World War, of an organization powerful, united, and determined enough to suppress aggression, by force if necessary, have so far failed of fulfillment. Yet if the spirit of nationalism has at the present time overpowered the desire for common action among nations for the welfare of mankind, we must not, we cannot, abandon the attempt to prevent war; for if civilization does not remove this scourge in its terrific modern forms, it is lying in wait to destroy civilization. But peace among nations will never be achieved by sentimental self-deception, by phrases that soothe the spirit and mean nothing, but only by looking facts boldly and steadily in the face.

THE QUIET DAY

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

I

THEY are all gone, and the house is empty and quiet and full of sunlight. No one rushing up and down, no voices, no heels across the floor. All the tenseness dissolved and the air empty of sound. The room is so still you can hear water sucking down in the earth of dry geranium plants, and a mumbling of the first spring fly.

It is good to be alone and quiet at last — to sit still and watch the gold sieve of light through the jasmine leaves and its pattern of shadow on the floor. The sun is warm through the glass, splotted on the boards and across the big empty shoes, gaping like open jails. Lord, how wonderful warmth is! To stretch, unwind oneself without shuddering, and feel no sudden drench of coldness, no chilly draft along the poor bones. It is one of the greatest and simplest pleasures of all life. To sit and stand and move in a river of warm air, no longer screwed tight as a winter wire. And now in the mind too the tight wires loosen; the days of fear and all the jagged rawness — the adjustments, conciliations, concessions — are blotted out, warmth creeping quietly through the hollow bone, dissolving the taut and brittle strings.

The air has a warm and yellowish sweetness from broken corn bread, hot, still, and gold, — a smell good and nourishing enough almost to live on without eating, — and there is the fry-

ing smell from one enormous pancake of meal and rice and buttermilk stirred together and round as a cart wheel in the pan.

It is a good pancake, but will not hold together, and no spatula is big enough to flop its great body without breaking, so there is nothing to do but leave one side pale and unfinished and lower it gently down on a plate for the dog, with a sprig of carrot to top its face.

The empty kitchen is a pleasant place now; no sound except a faint wheezing of the kettles — their furious boiling done and the crashing of the pots long past. There is time to look about and see the strange, homely beauty that it has — the high gray jar, wide and gnome-like, with a bar of sun streaked across its barrel and a white tear dried from some plunge of the sour milk. There is a pan of brown blotched eggs and on the top a long giant egg, slim and white and very pure-looking — the kind of egg from which a white peacock might be born, but which is really only the freak of some frowzy Plymouth with scaly legs.

The pussy-willow shoots in the window box — shoots stolen out of the dump heap behind a very rich house — have grown tall and the light comes gold behind their greenness. The old buds fell and lie around the pot like mangy kittens, but with still a faint aureole of pollen. Last year's

tulips have an unpleasant slimness and barren look, but the hyacinths are squat and sweet. It is strange about scents, — the hyacinths and the corn bread and the frying pancake, — how they can make one happy without reason. You pass a pot of hyacinths, not seeing or thinking of them, and are suddenly happy even in the middle of noise and confusion and hate, and feel a second of positive joy. I think that in the moment of despair it will not take those Easter voices of Faust, but only the hot gold smell of corn bread to turn one back from death! And now in this peace the good smell is more than a momentary happiness.

II

It is pleasant and a relief to eat alone at times — a peace in being dull, in thinking of nothing to say and saying nothing, and having only the blind white plate with its mound of rice witness to this stupidity. Let the mind stretch, blink torpidly, sink back in its own warm mud. There is only the plate to bear witness, and it is duller even than I. It does not wish to be entertained anyway, and the carrying of endless rice and egg mounds has chastened its spirit, wiping away all ambition long ago.

There is not much mail to open and read between spoonfuls in the place of talk, — only a little catalogue and six packages of seed, — but the heart has been tormented and twisted and gone foolishly happy too often over a letter. It is better to trust the small and not human things for a more enduring happiness, and it almost seems sometimes that the vast and important experiences we go stumbling after will never give as much happiness as the little sound, the streak of color, or the brief taste of something in the mouth. It is not very wise to trust too

much in people or expect very much of love or name or place. Perhaps, after all, the meaning of life is written along the margin and not on the page itself. . . .

Anyway, though the catalogue is small and thin, it is great with enormous words and promises, and full of hands holding out giant tomato bodies. There are pictures of monstrous morning-glories, large as dinner plates and not to be sold at any price, but only to be given away free with the purchase of yard-long beans and banana gourds.

There in the catalogue too are giant white radishes that look like the beards of ancient gnomes, and long cucumbers to startle your neighbors with their uncanny resemblance to coiling snakes. Page after page of giants, mammoths, exotics, — mysterious, delicious, unparalleled, — until the mind is mazed and intoxicated with ambition, and the heart pounding more dangerously than over any letter of love or praise.

It seems a long and exasperating time to wait for the planting — six packages here in the hand, and one that mysterious peach itself which grows luscious and fragrant *on a vine*, and the ground warm with a spring smell, dry and sweet on the wind. But it is only the middle of March now, the earth treacherous under its mild and broken clods, and the air still fanged with hidden frost.

There is nothing to do but wait and wander out in the garden, feeling the warm flow of the air in this brief interval, and wonder where in God's name there will be room for all these strange monsters of the catalogue if they grow to their promised size. How shall we live ourselves and escape them if they come? The racer bean will devour the house in its arms, and the pumpkin field slowly spread and rise like some terrible acre of gold balloons, swelling

and expanding one against the other and then outward to the house, till some day we wake up and feel a dull knocking against the walls, and the windows are blotted dark with great yellow bodies, and even the giant tomatoes and the radishes are leveled to earth.

Pondering this nightmare doom, it is not so hard for one to wait and put away the white packages, locking them down with awe and care lest their tremendous vitality cause them to grow regardless of proper time or place. It is so still one could hear even the hopping of prisoned seeds and it is well to put up a package to the ear, listening with apprehension for sounds of overabundant life within. There is, however, no ominous knocking as yet, and it is possible to go in peace — though not without some suspicion.

III

The house has been kind, — quiet and full of sunlight, — but is not wholly safe. It is too known, too treacherous. At any moment there may be voices again, doors opening and shutting, the shrill of a telephone or sound of people one wishes were dead or dumb or a long way out at sea with sharks swarming around their broken raft. It is better to go away quickly while it still holds this blessed quiet and walk very fast out through the orchard, beyond the barren plums and down out of sight in the ghost field of gray milkweeds and the asters' brittle stems.

Dear God! — one is alone and free and there is nothing to hate and fear, to question or desire, any longer. All these things are less than the dwarf body of some old woman left behind and no longer heard. Returning, she may come out to meet us again and put out her sour old fingers, and her

voice like insect shouting be loud in the ears again, but not now, not here in this air and the smoky smell of spring.

We have not answered yet what way life shall take, nor what we shall do next, nor whether to deny the root which is both poison and life. There are poverty and insanity still; every hour is decision, arbitration, denial or acquiescence. . . . We have not answered, and yet in this hour no decision is necessary. Out of confusion and haste how shall anything be born which is untainted? Out of the sick mind only sickness. Leave, then, the old woman utterly behind. She is forgotten; she is nothing. Shadow of rat — ghost of hawk. She no longer concerns us. The mind, which has been mad and tired and full of winter and dusty thoughts, is clean again.

Here at the field's edge the sun is warm all over the crab trees, turning rose and veined purple now, and some branches have the gray living silver that comes on them before the red. In the spring sun they look like wild old witch heads. It is too early yet for all the overrichness of spring, and the first leaves and color have more meaning than they ever will again. The willow branches are yellow wax, and wound to one twig is an old spider sac with gold threads that glitter like spun wire. It is empty now, the hundred or so little spiders having hatched, devoured each other, and the survivors gone on their way.

There is no rush, no hurry. One can walk slowly and without effort; move like a snail between the ploughed field and the woods. The dry oak leaves smell like honey, and one weak little spider crawls along their edge. All around are the gall-distorted twigs, the oak galls hanging like thin bronze globes, hollow and wind-rattled, and the galls of the goldenrod are

hard as wooden balls; but the tortured symbolism of these plants seems only foolish and unimportant here in the sun — cruelty and disease are homely things, not sinister, and their deformity only another shape of life.

The dead grass lies heavy as gray thatching where the fields are left unploughed, and makes warm secret places for the rabbits — or where the rabbits ought to be, for they seem to spring out of chilly hollows instead, or from stony hoofprints in the mud. It is queer how useless it is to suggest comfort to anybody or anything. All the warmest holes are empty, the choicest tree forks unnested, the fattest stumps uninhabited; but it is not for one who has managed his own living with such miserable results to suggest any change. If the rabbit prefers his shallow scoop of mud he is welcome to it. I am through with advice!

It is too early for frog eggs or even for the snails that clung on twigs above the water like colonies of little old men sunning their lichen-covered backs, and the pond is dry where they used to spawn. But the marsh creek trickles still, so narrow that a very big foot might span its banks, and the fairy shrimps are crawling along the bottom, doing nothing that one can understand, but very eager about it. The shadows of the water spiders' feet are little transparent fans darting around on the stones and then suddenly herded together in a corner while the great human shadow passes. The stream is grooved through a pasture, and there is one great elm alone, brown now with snail-like buds, but the shadow sharp on the grass, still and without the soft blurring of leaves.

It is good to be shut in on every side with hills — to feel for a while out of sight and hearing and protected even from the mild wind.

It is cold on high places, and in the great views there is too much that is better left unseen sometimes. . . . The valley mind is sane longer.

It is warm and the leaves dry and there is no confusion of bird voices. Only a bluebird once or twice and a cardinal in the marsh. It is so still when the wind stops that you can hear the small trail of sound that the dry leaves make shifting back into place after feet have passed. There is no reason why one could not lie down in the sun and sleep, face down in the leaves and the light warm as a blanket all over; and suddenly there comes an awful tiredness, not as from hard and recent work, but as though all the days and nights of living were added up and the small too much of everything done accounted for at last.

Time is lost count of and does not matter. For a little while you can hear faint sounds — a fly on the oak bark and the swish of a cardinal, turning in mid-air at sight of this large and lumpy thing sunk in the leaves; then, as you drift down deeper in this warm river of sleep, there is only a great and blessed darkness. The last words conscious to the mind: Your life is your own . . . each of us finds his own healing. . . .

IV

The field carries the walnut shadow like a mirror, long and clean-patterned on the grass, and the shadow stretches slowly, crawling eastward, and lies against the stone wall of the quarry. It does not matter how many hours have passed. There is light still, the sun pale now through a mild and reddish fog, and the colors of the fields seem to dissolve into each other, gray-violet turning into a fog of green, and then to a blue like the smoke of burning leaves.

Only the crows, night gathering, and done with their childish clamor, see the long sack-like thing sit up and stretch and brush off the oak leaves from its face. The squirrels are gone, and the fly hidden under a shred of bark. A red ladybug crawls down a stem and flips away.

This sleep is like the sloughing of an old, too narrow skin. It is to wake up feeling curiously strong and well, as though one could walk out and step from hill to hill or run light as a dog along the hollows, outgalloping every wind. To those who have always known strong blustering health and energy this momentary upspringing of strength means nothing, but in that hour it seemed a strange and wonderful thing — brief, sudden resurrection from a death, so familiar that it had passed as life.

It is not hard to go back now — to turn home through the coming dark-

ness, still warm and moist with the unborn spring, and a mild gray where the weeds are huddled; realizing that the old fears and obsessions and causes still wait there, and that absence has changed nothing behind us, but knowing also that the calm seeing of these things can change them, and that, though the stone of fear and pity will lie unmoved, yet its shape and strength are only made by the seeing eye.

And it is to go back knowing this dwarfed old woman is less than cinder dust or a puff of fog in comparison to the enormous and even yet only half-discovered beauty of life, manifest in a thousand quiet ways and times. And if in the corner of hourly living, under the grief and irritation and fear, one can know there will be always these intervals of peace, then there is no reason to desire death. It is enough to wait and be certain of their return.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MISCELLANY. I

HUNG JURY: INCIDENT

*All night we argued, argued. And all night
A chimney swallow beat around the room
Dark-winged and frantic. At the crack of
light
One of us, yawning, rose and sealed his doom.*

CHILDHOOD CHRISTMAS

*The night was charmed; if any single star
Had swerved, we would have stormed the darkness,
all,
And found the dusky stable door ajar,
And crowded trembling to the ox's stall.*

WALL STREET

*Beneath these stones are lost the age-old tracks
Of wolves that hunted here in pairs and packs,
Rending each other and the weak at will:
Sometimes we almost hear them snarling, still.*

IMMIGRANTS

*'These foreigners with strange and avid faces
Crowding our shores, marring our pleasant
places . . .
They must be curbed. . . .' So mused King
Powhatan —
Hundred-per-cent, red-blood American.*

MILL CHILD

*One of the children at the looms is quick
Of step: she learned that, chasing butterflies
When she was young and foolish. It's a
trick
That serves her well, now she is old and wise.*

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

*Sometimes at dawn in dreams, a boy again,
Along a level where the fog has thinned,
Bareback he rides with never spur nor rein
His kicking colt, Republic, down the wind.*

NANCY BYRD TURNER

A PATENT FIVE-CENT UTOPIA

EVEN thirty years ago political philosophy had so run down at the heel that he who elected to study the subject in college was considered a little queer by his fellows. Where ten of us were shepherded from Socrates to Tom Paine by a single high-domed professor, then already old and now the last of his kind, hundreds rallied to the group in political science, with its beautiful charts and its bold young instructors.

Under our philosopher we studied, among other things, Utopias. This in itself was enough to mark us, on that campus, as something less than upstanding youths. And yet we have lived to see the practicalities swept out to sea in a tidal wave, and Utopianism financed to the tune of billions. Waiting thirty years for social experimentation has been expensive. To paraphrase Tom Marshall, 'What the country needs is a good five-cent Utopia.' Having delayed Utopia-building from Roosevelt to Roosevelt, billions must now be spent in experimenting where millions might have served in the simple days of the old Republic.

In Course I on Political Philosophy each of us was required, at one stage, to submit a plan for a Utopian commonwealth. The high-domed professor estimated that he had read of some thousand Utopias, most of which were not even fun. While the majority of the compositions reeked of Plato, More, and Butler, an original idea occasionally rewarded our teacher. One of them deserves notice in these times and straits. It set forth a rather neat plan to bridge this stock dilemma of political philosophy: The state is the guardian of security, yet security promotes accumulations and inequalities of wealth which tend to range citizen against citizen.

The original mind that addressed itself to this problem sketched a country in which the government, after granting a patent on

a machine or process, retained the right to buy it back from the patentee at any time within the life of the patent if in the judgment of experts its effect was prejudicial to the common weal, through its being either too efficiently or too inefficiently used. Such a plan restrained progress slightly, but made greatly for security, since this wise little country could also require manufacturers under its patents to pay their royalties in goods, which were then exchanged for grain and other raw materials to be warehoused against time of dearth.

Our high-domed professor demolished most of these gingerbread edifices gently but firmly. Regarding Utopias in general, he reminded us that, alas, most of them were geared to small areas and well-favored isles where the blessings of nature were all present and outside contacts were not. What would we do with immigration, war, national defense, overpopulation? He had us there. Our minds did not run so far.

But on the Patent Utopia outlined above he waxed quite commendatory. It seemed nowhere to deny liberty, except by a restriction for which the sovereign state gave a *quid pro quo*. Letters patent being a state grant of value, enforceable in court, a reasonable price might be exacted by the state in return for the temporary monopoly granted. In recalling that monopoly, it would compensate the inventor and presumably such others as might lose through the change. Those who entered the patent equation after the grant and before recall would do so in full knowledge of what might happen to their interest. While progress might be slowed down somewhat, the first interest of the state — security — might very well be enhanced by the arrangement.

There was certainly something to say for the idea of requiring users of state patents to pay royalties in kind. This would have the effect of stabilizing prices, always a point for social security, and put the state in position to distribute goods to its citizens when need developed. The tendency would be for the state to exchange promptly such style goods as came into its possession for durable non-style goods of universal use and application, so that even if production slowed down through war, drouth, bad harvests, strikes, or the errors

of producers, life could still go on amid plenty for a time. The very fact that not all the returns derived from improved processes could go into profits would tend to keep down the debt burden created by investing profits. To some extent the national margin would be invested in consumers' goods, and only part of it in capital goods to be used in further production. So, when the warehouses began to overflow, the producers of the nation could take a month's holiday and yet continue eating and drinking if the servers of the nation could be induced to take their vacation at another time.

The more the high-domed professor thought of this Utopian idea the less Utopian he thought it. He has been turning it over in his mind for thirty years, and he insists on discussing it whenever we meet.

'Consider,' said he recently, 'what such an arrangement would have meant to us when America entered the World War. The nation would have possessed enough wool and cotton to clothe an army and enough chemicals and steel to arm it. A nation so fortified might never have been challenged to enter war; its resources would have been too apparent. But let us say we were challenged and entered; then we might have lent the Allies, not so many dollars, but so many tons of this and that. One of the miseries of existence rests upon this truth: that, whereas no nation has a monopoly of any considerable commodity, each has a monopoly of its currency. Our debtors can get dollars only by purchasing them from us, which renders repayment impossible; but if we could take their goods and use them, either for consumption or for storage against future need, then we might make our collections and they could save their honor at the price of labor.

'Coming down to these distressing later days, would there have been the long delay in feeding and clothing the workless multitude if the United States had held, in granaries and warehouses, as Egypt did of old, the wherewithal to fill bellies and cover backs? The opposition which delayed federal relief work all centred around the fact that money and credit had become scarce, while goods were superabundant. Not even government, with its money

monopoly, could easily put goods into consumption, because its chiefs considered they had to tax out of some of the people the money to buy the goods for others to consume. Money does seem, occasionally, to get in the way of the national welfare.

'There is only one catch in the plan, and perhaps that is not as important as it used to seem. The difficulty is in building a government which can be trusted. It seems to be in the nature of sovereignty to break its contracts and to play favorites among its citizens. The Patent Board might be manipulated. The management of the government stores might get into politics, and then we might see cotton farmers complaining because the government would not exchange an airplane for a bale of cotton, with Southern Congressmen ready to fight a political campaign on that issue. Nevertheless, a country which is beginning to understand some of the shortcomings of uncontrolled progress might do well to consider this matter of keeping a whip hand on patents and collecting taxes on their use in kind rather than in currency, which of itself feeds no bodies and clothes no backs.'

I asked the professor if he thought an inflation of goods ought really to distress a nation organized to promote the greatest good for the greatest number.

He crossed his fingers gently and waggled them at me. 'There does seem,' he said, 'to be a poison at the root of life, but I am afraid I shall not live long enough to discover precisely what it is.'

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THE Bosphorus, the moon, the Pleiades
All arch themselves through interstellar ways.
Have they not swum to these intensities,
Outweighing far the rigours of these days,
Fecund as flame, lambent as morning song?

Now, reader, have you yet seen clearly and for certain that you are reading nonsense? That is the essential point. For poetry is sense, very strong sense, expressed with beauty. And not to recognize nonsense is surely to make insufficient distinction between it and poetry.

I implore you, reader, not to think that I am so rude as to be trying to deride you,

even if you have not instantly placed those five lines in their proper category, which is with waste paper. It is no fault of yours. There have been so many writing lately along the edges of poetry, or in a sort of no-man's-land between Parnassus and Bedlam, that they have already overstrained your generosity by expecting your intellect to go a little further than theirs has been able to, and to make that sense for them which they so nearly make themselves. If they were clerks in the employment of your banker and sent you accounts that as nearly made sense as their poems do, what a row you would make. Or if, instead of the excellent author who does it at present, they were to write Bradshaw, and play about with those letters that mean 'Saturdays only' and chronicle trains for the railway lines as vague as the lines of their poetry, again what an uproar there would be.

But they use delicate words, and words hallowed by the great poets of the past, and — and can we be quite sure that they don't really quite mean anything? They have demanded too much of their reader's generous coöperation, knowing that the readers of poetry are hard-working people who rightly believe that they owe it to a poet to get at his meaning. That is a debt that the reader of poetry really does owe, whether the veils round the meaning be the sometimes obscure language of Browning, or the flowery beauty of Swinburne, or the Greek of Homer, or the dialect of Burns, or any other obstruction whatever. But here the duty of a reader ends: it is not his duty to find a meaning that is not quite there.

Let us believe and accept that poetry is sense; that before ever it is clothed with beauty there is first of all a statement profound or joyful, and well worth passing on from one mind to others; let us accept it as being the duty of the poet to make his meaning as clear as ever he can, and the duty of the reader to find that meaning out, where the exigencies of rhyme may sometimes have slightly dimmed it. In the fields of many arts we are wandering too far down the labyrinths of dark and intricate thought, and so are getting further and further away from the richest field of all for the labor of all artists, and that is simplicity. Let us try and get back to it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

For a decade and a half there has been a growing awareness in the English-speaking world, at least in its more fortunate and self-conscious upper regions, of a fresh stirring of the Christian evangelical movement. Those who have not come in actual contact with the Oxford Groups have certainly heard tidings of the new 'Apostle to the Twentieth Century'; and 'Buchmanism,' the embodiment of Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman's spiritual message, has become a term almost familiar enough to appear in the next supplement to the Oxford Dictionary. In **Henry P. Van Dusen** the *Atlantic* has an informed appraiser of so important a movement. 'It was in the autumn of 1919,' he writes, 'exactly at the time when I became related to the work of the Princeton Christian Association, that Mr. Buchman began his first drive upon the American colleges. For two years I was very intimately associated with him and the others in that work. During the recent phenomenal growth of the Movement's influence I have made it a point to keep indirectly in touch with developments, both in this country and in Britain.' Dr. Van Dusen is Associate Professor and Dean of Students at Union Theological Seminary. **Margaret Chanler** introduces herself so gracefully in 'Roman Spring' that we allow the reader the privilege of meeting her there, if he does not already know her as Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, friend and contemporary of 'the shining ones' since the Age of Innocence. Δ Another of 'the shining ones,' **Albert Jay Nock** is a perpetual wonder to younger and more jaded spirits. One who had just read 'The Gods' Lookout' commented on its essential Nockism, the formula for which, he pointed out, is 'one part paradox against two parts of rare and pleasant distillations.'

William Wister Haines is a younger writer — in fact, 'Just Plain Nuts' is his first published story. Born in 1908, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1931, he began line work (work on wood-pole and steel-tower transmission as well as railroad

electrification) in the summer of 1927. He worked at it intermittently while he was going through college and steadily after college, with the exception of a few weeks spent convalescing from an accident, until the end of 1932, when he quit to write *Slim*, a novel about linemen which will be published in August by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Nora Waln's** romantic sojourn in China, as set forth in *The House of Exile*, accounts at least in part for these exquisite 'Fragments from a Flower Diary.' Δ Even more adventurous has been **Owen Lattimore's** Chinese experience. His knowledge of the frontiers of China is unsurpassed, bringing such recognition as the Elisha Kent Kane Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Geographical Society. 'Open Door or Great Wall?' is written with the authority which characterizes his numerous books, including the recent *Mongols of Manchuria*. He is editor of *Pacific Affairs*. Δ 'Invisible Kingdom' brings **Freda C. Bond**, companion in poetry of Humbert Wolfe and Richard Church in the British Ministry of Labor, once more to our pages.

Ruth Faison Shaw is known to readers of New York newspapers, parents of 'progressive school' children, patrons of modern art, chiefly as the inventor of a new medium of expression known as 'finger painting' by which children and grown-ups have achieved results hitherto undreamed of. A large and fortunate group of parents in Rome, Paris, and New York, however, know her also as a teacher 'whose psychological approach to the study of the child amounts to something close to genius.' Certainly her method of teaching can produce something close to genius, as the stories 'Out of the Mouths of Babes' aptly demonstrate. Further elaboration of her work will appear in book form this fall. Δ As president of Antioch College, as president of the Dayton-Morgan Engineering Company, and as head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, **Arthur E. Morgan** enjoys a strategic position from which to survey 'Government in Busi-

ness.' Charles Adam Jones, in 'Pink Higgins, the Good Bad Man,' continues the story of his life 'On the Last Frontier.' Δ The writer of 'A Courageous Letter' prefers to remain anonymous. Δ 'A Long-Retarded Spring' is one of Robert Hillyer's first utterances since he received the Pulitzer award for poetry this year. Δ From his home in Tahiti James Norman Hall sent us 'The Last Leg' of his journey, after he had arrived exactly as this exciting narrative recounts, to the relief and joy of all his friends. Peggy von der Goltz ('The Water Hazard') has been working steadily with animals since 1925, establishing the first free clinic for birds in New York. While she has written many strictly factual articles, this is her first story — and at that, Old One-Eye, the Sunfish, was a friend of hers. Δ 'War and the League of Nations' is the Phi Beta Kappa oration delivered as part of the Commencement exercises at Harvard this June by the University's distinguished President Emeritus, A. Lawrence Lowell. He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace during almost the whole of its existence. Josephine W. Johnson ('The Quiet Day') has just won a coveted scholarship to the Bread Loaf School of English this summer.

/ / /

The harmless, necessary comma.

Dear Atlantic, —

Being a conservative in matters of punctuation, and also a constant reader of the *Atlantic*, I was startled to find recently in a pupil's composition the sentence, 'In an invalid chair sat Aunt Eva who was paralyzed reading the *Atlantic Monthly*.' At first it looked like a case for the censor; yet I had myself read the magazine for years without experiencing any such disastrous result. Was I of coarser clay than Aunt Eva? But a second glance at the sentence showed me that I was merely remiss in my classroom duties. Teachers are sometimes accused of being 'comma-chasers'; but surely one is justified in trailing a pair of fugitive commas when their recapture saves the reputation of one's favorite magazine!

HAZEL B. POOLE
Orange, New Jersey

Again the comma.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the course of an opinion on an election suit involving the absence of a comma, Judge O'Brien of the New York Court of Appeals wrote: —

'It is related of an eminent member of the

British House of Commons that once in the heat of debate he called one of his fellow members a scoundrel. This was held unparliamentary language and the speaker, or perhaps the House, ruled that the offending member must apologize, and the latter submitted to the decision and tendered the apology in these words without punctuation: "I called the honorable gentleman a scoundrel it is true and I am sorry for it."

'Thus conveying either one of two meanings, one utterly the reverse of the other, depending entirely upon the punctuation.'

JACOB MARKS
New York County Court House

On being an aunt.

Dear Atlantic, —

There is one advantage of spinsterhood which I think the author of 'A Spinster I' in your May issue might well have mentioned, and that is the joys of unalloyed aunthood.

The joys of motherhood are naturally more intense, but so are the sorrows — and the two are much more evenly balanced than is the case with aunts. Aunts, being primarily responsible for neither manners nor morals, can afford to be amused and intrigued by quirks which mothers feel morally bound to frown on. When children do something to be proud of, aunts can puff out their chests and shamelessly brag about 'our children'; when they suddenly revert to savagery, aunts can assume the completely detached air of being connected only by the accident of birth.

Aunts don't have to be policemen, courts of inquiry, or executioners; therefore they are safe for startling and delightful confidences. Aunts can buy ice cream when mothers must be buying toothbrushes; they can treat to movies instead of a trip to the dentist; they can give red neckties and pink ribbons when mothers are buying undies and flannel pajamas. In other words, they can outrageously curry favor, and enjoy that favor with a not too guilty conscience.

ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON
Washington, D. C.

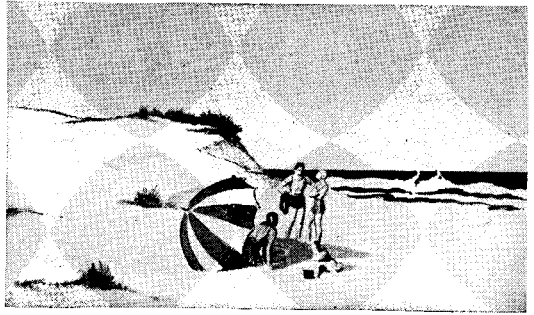
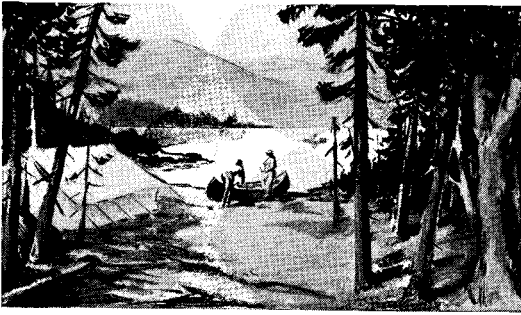
'The ageless qualities of a classic.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Not often does one read a piece which has the ageless qualities of a classic. In James Hilton's 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips!' I find the color, reality, and philosophic distinction of a masterpiece. A certain mellow quality seems to be an essential ingredient in stories of the schoolman and the bookman.

An old teacher of mine once remarked that one of the modern essayists had become mellow before he was ripe. Hilton's style should be mature enough for any critic.

RAYMOND R. PITTINGER
Cleveland, Ohio



Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.



VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.

Do not go in swimming when you are overheated, or within two hours after eating.

Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.

Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.

If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor. Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water. Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Shall it be dog or cat?

Dear Atlantic, —

It is not a matter of great importance and I do not mean to hurt your feelings, should you have definite ideas on the subject and be yourself pronouncedly either a 'cat' or a 'dog' person, but I cannot agree with Mr. Charles Stewart when he implies that lovers of cats are more refined than lovers of dogs. They are not that, but emotionally lazier.

And not just lazier in matters of daily walks with or without leash, but lazier in the sense of being less willing to engage in the complicated and difficult tasks of adjusting personal affections. A cat can be counted on, like a stout-souled friend, to look out for herself and never to pull at your heart like a dog or a lover. You are not teased by the notion that a cat is doing this thing or that thing only to please you. She makes no desperately touching or embarrassing attempts to understand you. It is no tragedy that she cannot talk. The cat is only a privileged house guest. She may or may not know her place. She has seen to it that you know yours. The dog is a dependent, often a pathetic one. He is nearly an equal. To a sensitive person all the poignancy of the relationship lies in that 'nearly.'

So — aside from the people whose animal loves are all 'hearty,' and who keep a cat and dog on principle, one for the cellar or barn, and the other for the children — it is those whose affections are both tough enough and tender enough to stand another pull who take a dog, and those who are willing to love but not to be loved in return who take a cat.

S. R. E.

Other times, other manners.

It is startling to realize that in the youth of those not yet old the standard of that generation still held with little wavering, as witness the following letter to his grandfather submitted by J. L. Patton of San Bernardino, California: —

AUGUSTA FEMALE SEMINARY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
August 11, 1882

Dear Sir:

I fear I have most unintentionally alarmed you unnecessarily, in reference to Fannie. I did learn this summer, to my surprise, that Fannie had exchanged notes with some of the boys during the session. The boys are of good families, and well behaved, and I do not imagine that there was anything improper in the notes, save that they tended to divert her mind from her studies, and the correspondence was in direct violation of my rules. The information came to me in a way that prevented me from mentioning names. Except to let Fannie know that I had become aware that notes had passed, so as to guard her from a repe-

tition of the act in the future, I do not see that further investigation is necessary.

How far it is best to restrict girls and boys from all intercourse, is a problem hard to solve, as you yourself have doubtless found. Some parents insist on the necessity of occasional association, to prevent prudery, stiffness, and too great a desire for a debarred pleasure. To meet this requirement, I very occasionally admitted to my soirées such young men and boys as would only have been received in my parlor. In the presence of myself and teachers, they were allowed one half hour's conversation — no more. Of course on commencement nights the time was prolonged to an hour, but still under strict regulations.

If Fannie would only consent to give up all thought of boys until her education is completed, and apply herself to her studies, she would make one of the loveliest, most attractive women I know. Nature has done so much for her.

I expect to be more stringent than ever, with reference to notes and letters, but if young people are bent on correspondence, there is no limit to their ingenuity.

Yours respectfully,
MARY J. BALDWIN, *Principal*

Advice to contributors.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I call your attention to the enclosed clipping taken from the pages of a technical journal, where it probably escaped your eye. It was marked 'Author unknown.'

C. C. HUBBARD
Hawkesbury, Ontario

If you've got a thought that's happy —

Boil it down.

Make it short and crisp, and snappy —

Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,

Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter —

Boil it down.

Fewer syllables the better —

Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain — express it,
So we'll know — not merely guess it,
Then, my friend, ere you address it,

Boil it down.

Cut out all the extra trimmings —

Boil it down.

Skim it well — then skim the skimmings —

Boil it down.

When you're sure 't would be a sin to

Cut another sentence in two

Send it on, and we'll begin to —

Boil it down.